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MARCH 1900  
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# The Leisure Hour.

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W. STEVENS.

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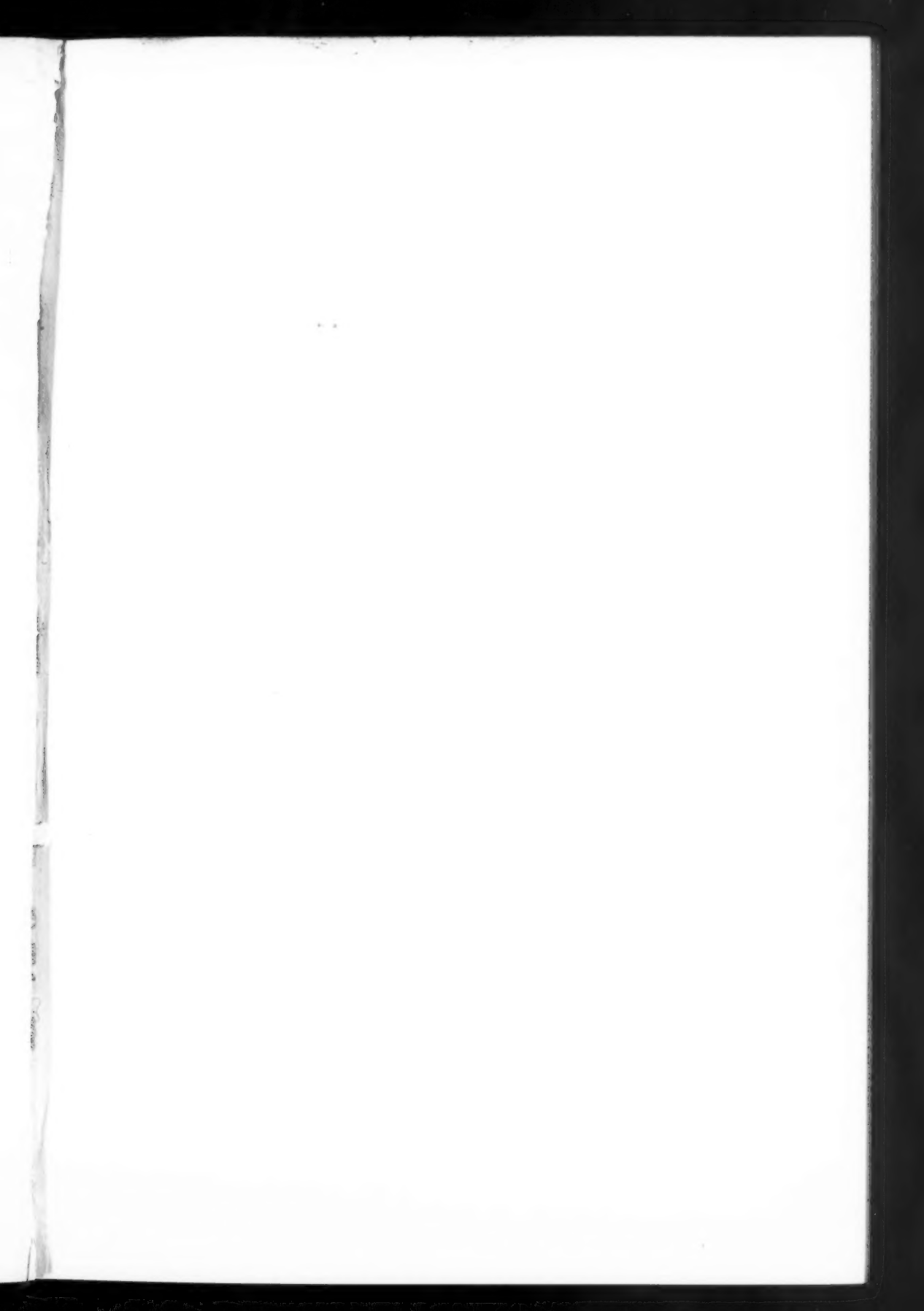
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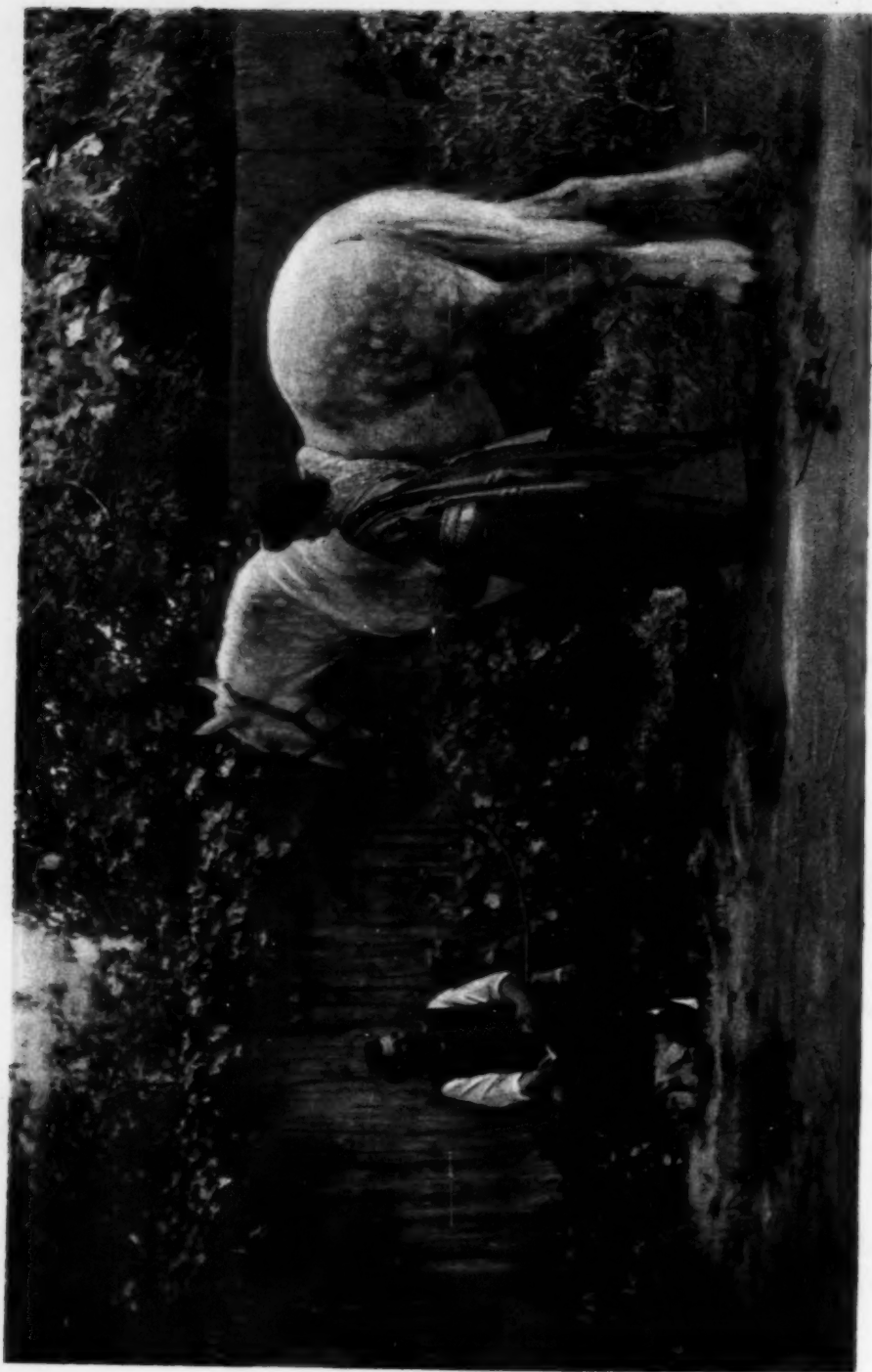
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"MUST HE BE SOLD?"



# THE ALABASTER BOX

BY  
WALTER BESANT

## CHAPTER XIV.—THE HOOLIGANS



MAN may walk about the streets of London—any part of London—any day, even at all hours of the day, for many years, and come

to no harm and meet with no molestation from pickpocket, footpad, or murderous ruffian. Formerly it was necessary in certain quarters to go in small companies of two or more together; formerly, no one went abroad without a weapon—for choice a trusty club. Formerly, if a stranger ventured into certain courts and lanes the attention of the collegians was immediately invited to his intrusion; bits of slate flew across the street inflicting pain and loss of blood on various parts of the head and face; flower-pots fell from upper windows—window gardening has many uses; water was thrown out; angry voices addressed the visitor from open windows or doorsteps.

The social reformer concludes that the old deeds of violence are no longer known or practised; order, he says, has been restored to the streets, the Mohock has been civilised, the Board school, the parish visitors, and Sunday-school, the policeman and the magistrate, by their united efforts, have effected a complete reform; the people of the slums, if they have not become all-round followers of sweetness and light, have learned to keep order.

The social reformer is an optimist; he concludes too hastily; when the presence of law and the police is removed the natural man reasserts himself. Nay, there are

times when the temptation to assert himself once more causes the natural man to believe, against the facts, that the law has neither arms nor eyes, and can neither see, nor seize nor strike.

There is a street—a mere end or cul-de-sac—near the Settlement, which is now entirely deserted. On one side stand three or four empty warehouses, famous among the boys of the place as the haunt of certain rats as big as rabbits and as fierce as weasels; they have been so long empty that one is surprised to find the rats still occupying these premises. The rat, however, is a sagacious creature, who knows the advantage of roomy and comfortable quarters. On the other side of the street is a row of tenements boarded up and condemned. Nothing could well be more deplorable than the aspect of those houses; the boys have found a way into them, and have torn up the staircases and even the flooring; the windows are broken, the roofs are falling in; the poor old disreputable houses look like a company of aged criminals, racked with diseases of their own making, able to sin no more, sitting in an infirmary ward, so many dismal bundles of groaning, creaking joints, waiting to be carried away one by one. At the end of the street is a square doorway with a narrow passage. The children come to this place, which is full of attractions and dangers and possibilities. Here they find an ancient "stairs," with steps worn and hollowed, leading down to the river. The place is no longer used for landing or embarkation; no

## The Alabaster Box

barges are brought here; only one or two boats remain, and these are never taken by anybody; at high tide the children play in the boats and on the steps, at low tide they play in the grey mud and sand of the foreshore, where they pick up things—coals, for instance, and, occasionally, more valuable jetsam; they have traditions about treasure sometimes found here. Once, they whisper, a boy picked up a gold watch and chain; once a dead body was washed ashore, and the boys found a purse full of money in the pocket. In the summer they can bathe in the grimy water. It is not wonderful, therefore, that the place is a favourite spot for the boys.

One morning—it happened to be that morning when Gerald paid the visit to his newly discovered relations—a little company of half a dozen lads was gathered together at the corner, the north-west corner of this street. They were lads past the school age, being from sixteen to eighteen or twenty years of age; the street lads who wait about for odd jobs, losing whatever capacity for steady work they may have possessed at first, and learning to desire but one thing of all that the world has to give—its drink; all of them lads of the class which Jem Crozier tries to get into his boys' club. But they were also, unfortunately, lads who as yet held aloof from that civilising association. In plain terms, they were young ruffians of the most dangerous kind, ready for any villany, provided the policeman did not see them, and restrained by no kind of scruple.

They were gathered together conversing eagerly in whispers. They might have spoken out loud, for there was no one to hear or to see them. The children, who might have been running up and down the river stairs, were all at school; the street leading to the stairs was completely deserted; that which crossed it on the north was nearly as quiet.

Presently there came along this cross street, walking slowly, his eyes looking straight before him and seeing nothing, the young fellow called Childe Robert.

One of the gang gave a sign, the rest crouched against the wall; they were waiting for this man—the man who had given evidence against their pals, and they were going to have their revenge.

As Robbie passed the corner of the street the lads rushed out and seized him. They said nothing—they simply seized him—and they carried him off between them; moving

with the swift and stealthy footstep which is the sure and certain mark of the London slum loafer, whose footstep resembles his ways, being silent, secret, and tortuous.

They said nothing; they carried him, unresisting, along—three on each side—to the doorway at the end of the street, and so through the passage to the river stairs. They were going to have their revenge; there is no more quiet and comfortable spot for a gentleman to have his revenge than the foreshore of the Thames at low tide below the Pool, particularly if one can find a convenient barge which may conceal operations of a violent character from the passing steamer.

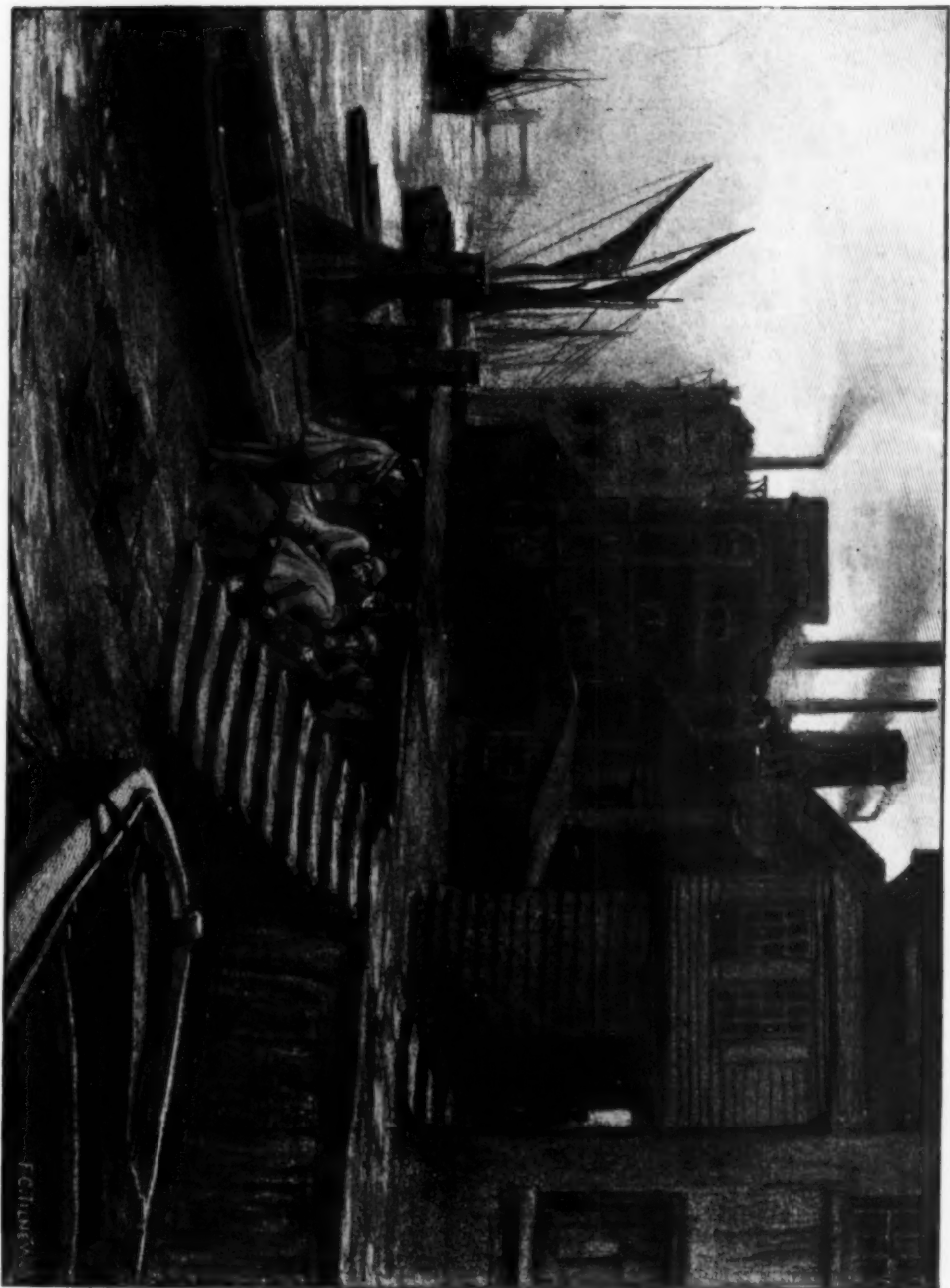
Two or three minutes after this seizure, Gerald came along the same cross street. He was struck with the picturesque appearance of the condemned street, and turned down, looking at the gaunt and empty warehouses, with their broken windows, on one side, and the falling tenements on the other.

At the end he came upon the passage, and observed to his surprise quite a charming view—a moving panorama of the river, framed, so to speak, by the walls of the passage.

He walked down the narrow passage; he stood upon the stairs and looked out upon the river with the sense of freedom and relief which falls upon the senses after walking through long lines of confined and narrow streets with the crowded humanity in every house.

The tide was out, the lower stones were green with some river weed; a narrow pier of flat stones ran out for a short distance across the foreshore; two boats lay in the mud below the stairs; three or four barges lay on their sides in the mud. Before him passed the procession—which never ceases all day long, and all the year round—of ships that pass, and loaded lighters, and noisy tugs and passenger boats and packet steamers; not of the great ocean steamers, for these go in and out of the docks below.

Gerald stood at the head of the steps. He was not aware that behind him stood, watching, the young fellow he had defended the day before. George the Slogger, no work offering for the day, was hanging about the streets in aimless fashion, when he saw his defender and rescuer turning into the passage that led to the stairs. Now George knew by old experience that the stairs at low tide, where there is so much that may



THEY WERE GOING TO HAVE THEIR REVENGE

## The Alabaster Box

be picked up and so fine a field for a fight, or for a little gamble, is a favourite haunt of the "boys" who are out of work. George also knew, because he had been told, that the boys were much disgusted that the toff who bearded beak and coppers together, and carried off his man free and acquitted, had not, at the same time, stood up with the same courage for the rest of them, so that the whole lot would have been got off in the same manner and with equal ease. And he knew, further, that if they got a chance they would probably let the toff understand clearly their own views on the subject. Therefore George followed. He did not give warning, first, because articulate speech with him did not always wait upon thought; secondly, because he did not know for certain that the boys were there; and thirdly, because it was against his instincts to prevent a fight by personal interference too early in the proceedings. Therefore he stood at the entrance, and waited for the event, while Gerald stood at the head of the stairs and looked about him.

There is always a noise on what used to be called the silent highway. At this moment two tugs were lugging up-stream their following of barges with a mighty strain and puffing. Gerald looked after them as they passed by. When they had gone he became aware of another kind of noise: the voices of some who swore and some who encouraged others, and some who trampled on the stones and shingle and in the mud of the shore. And looking round he cried out something strong and loud, and leaped down the stairs.

For, down below, between a barge and the piles of an old wharf, half a dozen of the boys had got something—somebody—down, and were jumping upon him and kicking him about the head, and using language which made up in earnestness what it lacked in variety.

Gerald was not an athlete, like his friend Jem Crozier; but he was young, tolerably strong, active, and by no means without courage. He leaped down the steps and charged the cowardly assailants with a light stick, which broke at the first rush over the head of a young fellow making a football of his enemy's head.

"Cowardly brutes!" he cried, driving out with his fists right and left. The boys fell back—they fell back right and left—there were six of them; then they rallied and all came on together. They sprang

upon him like hungry wolves; they hung upon him; they fought with fists and hands; they tried to bite him. In a moment Gerald was down; they yelled in triumph; they rushed to follow up the victory by kicking at his legs and head; but their triumph was short. For into the midst of them sprang none other than George the Slogger; no one along the riverside was better known or more respected. George, like another Hector, bestrode the prostrate form of his advocate; he let fly with his long arms; he wasted no breath in shouts; he acted in impressive silence; he laid them low one after the other; he gave them no time to rally. They broke; they fled; they fled along the foreshore, down the river.

George picked up his friend. "Just as well," he said, "that I came along in time. I ought to ha' told you. Have they hurt you much?"

"Not at all, I believe, except a few bruises. But who is the fellow they were kicking about?"

Whoever he was, he lay motionless. The soft ground, half mud, half grey stones, was trampled into holes which were filled with water; the body lay partly in one of these holes, it was covered with mud from head to foot, his head lay on the left arm; Gerald lifted it up; it was bleeding in half a dozen places. Gerald wiped off the mud and blood from the forehead and the mouth. What! It was the fellow they called Robbie, or Childe Robert, the saintly acolyte, the young man with the saint-like face and the limpid eyes. Alas! the eyes were closed, and the face was lined with red rivulets, or black with the riverside mud.

"The boy they call Robbie," said Gerald. "The boy who says he had a call! They've murdered him!"

George looked on the prostrate figure more carelessly. "I dun know," he said; "I've seen 'em like this when the boys have been at 'em, just as bad—but they came round. It's the kicking, you see. First they has him down, and then they jump upon him, and then they kick him about the head."

"Help me to carry him. I suppose we must take him to the Settlement."

George lifted the lad, still unconscious, by the shoulders, Gerald took the feet; and so they bore him between them up the stairs.

"Do you know the boys, George?"

"I know them fast enough."

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"If this lad is killed there will be a hanging at Newgate on an extensive scale. You will have to give evidence, George."

The champion made no reply. To give evidence against his old pals; to take the side of the law and the police, seemed an impossibility. However, he put the thought aside.

in 'arf a hour he'd a been covered with the water. When he'd float—with the ebb—he'd go down river and p'raps never be seen no more—see? That's what they meant!"

"How did they get him down there?"

"Carried him; made him go, I s'pose. It's a lonely place, with the houses falling



THEY BORE HIM BETWEEN THEM UP THE STAIRS

"Did they mean to murder him?" asked Gerald.

"Well, it's like this. They meant to bash him 'cause of his evidence. They got him down there, and they knocked him over, and they jumped upon him, and they kicked him about the head, so he couldn't sing out—see? and there was nobody down there on'y themselves—see? and they had that barge between them and the river so's they couldn't be seen from the ships—see? and the tide is on the turn, and

down and the warehouses empty. I guess they caught him unawares and carried him down."

"All because he gave that simple evidence?"

"Well, they didn't like him, before. He goes about at nights and sees things. Some of the boys were pinched a week or two ago over a little crib they'd got for Sundays. They put it on to this chap."

"You mean that he told the police about a gambling crib?"



## The Alabaster Box

"Yes; they always get together somewhere on Sunday, and some of 'em got run in. O' course they didn't like that, and he won't let 'em alone. He speaks up in the street about their ways—and about the girls—and the drink, and all. O' course they don't like that. He's a poor little chap to look at, and anyone could knock him over. There's no credit in knocking him about. But he wasn't a bit afraid."

"Did no one caution him?"

"Glory told Miss Wentworth, and she said she'd speak to him. But I suppose he wouldn't mind. Seems as if he wanted to get his head bashed. Reg'lar little fool, he is."

They carried him up the stairs and through the streets—a miserable object, covered with the mud and the coal dust and the slime of the foreshore, save when the red blood oozed out upon his head and face and hands. His eyes were still shut; he showed no signs of consciousness at all.

It was significant of the place that no one seemed surprised; the women looked after them, but no one followed, there was no curious crowd gathering at their heels—it might have been a sack of coals that they were bearing between them.

And so they bore him to the Settlement. The place in the morning is mostly deserted. But Helen was in the library—and the physician who lived there was in his room.

They carried him upstairs to his own room. On the wall hung the lad's uniform, the cassock and the biretta of his guild; there was a faint smell of incense—the smoke which the poor boy mistook for true religion—clinging to the long skirts of that ecclesiastical robe; there was a crucifix on the wall, the possession of which, he thought, marked the Christian; a book with red edges and a black cross on the cover, called "Guide to Confession"—that rite which Robbie firmly believed to contain the very essence of the Christian faith—stood on the mantel-shelf; for furniture there was nothing but the narrow bed, a chest of drawers, a wash-stand, a small table, and a chair. One expected to find a hair shirt and a knotted scourge, and other instruments of maceration. Perhaps they were in a drawer.

They took off his torn and muddy clothes, they washed him and laid him on the bed. He was breathing, so much was gained; and when the doctor lifted his hair to examine his wound he became conscious

with a shriek of pain and a shudder, and then closed his eyes again and seemed to fall into unconsciousness once more.

When the wounds were dressed he lay on his back, his eyes closed, breathing slowly and with effort.

Gerald looked at the doctor, who shook his head.

Helen, who had appointed herself nurse, bent over the patient and whispered, "Robbie! Robbie! Can you hear? Do you understand?"

"It hurts to speak," he replied. "Who was it?"

"The boys set upon you—Mr. Moorsom rescued you. Now be quiet. You are at home and in your own bed."

He obeyed for a while. Presently he murmured: "Is Mr. Moorsom here?"

"Yes—I am here."

"Is it all for ease and pleasure?" he murmured.

"What does he mean?" asked Helen, surprised, for the question raised a flush on Gerald's face.

"I insulted him the other day; he reminds me of it. Robbie, forgive me—I did not understand."

"Of course he forgives you. Now go away, all of you, and leave me to look after him."

"We can do nothing more for him," said the doctor. "If there is any injury," he touched the boy's forehead, "we shall discover presently."

Now, as he lay there, Gerald became aware of a remarkable change that had fallen upon the boy's face. With his eyes closed, with the pallor of faintness and weakness upon him, with the cloud of dull pain lying upon his forehead, he looked even more saintly than when Gerald first observed that wonderful expression which he rashly assumed to be affectation. It was the boy's life and habitual thought which were thus visibly stamped upon his face. You know a certain tomb in Westminster Abbey—a new tomb—on which lies the marble effigy of one who lived a saintly life and now lies offering his very face as an example to those who follow after—teaching how such a life may lend an outward and visible mark of purity and sanctity which seems to be not of this world. As is the saintly face which crowns that saintly life, so was the face of this boy—so pure—so sweet—so holy.

"Helen," Gerald whispered, "I have done him a great injustice."



"Since he forgives—oh! Mr. Moorsom—since he forgives."

"Though he forgives, I cannot forgive myself. If he should recover——"

"I think he will recover. He is young—he is stronger than he looks. Besides, his work is only just beginning. I do not think that he will be suffered to die yet. Some time or other, but not yet; he will first live long enough to become an example and an influence and a memory."

"That is your way of putting it?"

"Yes," she replied simply. "And—Mr. Moorsom—what better life can a man live than to be an example and an admonition to those around him? And what better death can he die—if this boy dies to-day—than to be struck down in the midst of his work, by the very people for whom he has given his short day's work?"

In her soft and tender eyes he read a reproach. They said, in addition to those words, "You—whose whole thoughts are of self, whose days are troubled with a selfish terror, whose life is fettered and bound with chains of self—look upon this bed of pain, and ask which of the two is the nobler, you or he?—which of the two is the more to be pitied?"

## CHAPTER XV.—HIS COUSINS

**G**OOD gracious!" cried Janet; "what has happened?"

She was making another round among the tenements: she had already fought two or three battles against drink and dirt and thriftlessness; she had washed two or three children with her own hands, she had done two or three bits of house cleaning and tidying for the sake of other children, she had encountered the woman of the ground-floor back who had, as usual, a "head" upon her, and she came up expecting to find this obstinate pair in the last stage of starvation.

"Good gracious!" She looked about her with amazement.

For Burkle, whom she had left in rags, lying on the bare bed, too weak to stand, was now upright and clothed and strengthened with good food. The remains of a noble breakfast (with the fragrance of bloater) and more than half a loaf were on



"YOU WILL FIND IT RIGHT TO A PENNY"

the table—there was once more a table—nay, the humble apartment of the Burkles was transformed. The furniture had returned to it, including some of the solid old "sticks," relics of the former greatness of the master painter; the clothes had been rescued from captivity, the cups and saucers, the pots and pans had come back; the room now presented a well-furnished and comfortable appearance, betokening prosperity and "good money." There was a blind before the window, and Mrs. Burkle sat in her own armchair, no longer rocking to and fro in the misery of starvation, but upright, needlework in her lap, and once more enjoying in imagination the character of the respectable matron.

"What, in the name of goodness, has happened?" Janet repeated with amazement.

Burkle himself replied with dignity. "Nothing, Miss, that I have not expected for thirty years and more. Sooner or later the luck would turn—I always said so. Ask my wife here if I didn't. Your rent,

## The Alabaster Box

Miss, for four weeks is due." He handed over the amount with a little ostentation. "Count it. You will find it right, Miss, to a penny. As for the rooms, we expect shortly to exchange them for a house—a house of our own—with a shop. Meantime, these must do."

"I congratulate you, indeed, Mr. Burkle, on this good fortune. How did it come?"

"Now," said his wife, "it will be seen how wise Burkle was not to make himself cheap among those looking for jobs."

"The gentleman came here—he said that this was not the place for a man like me. 'Burkle,' he says—says he—my wife, there, heard him, 'you ought to stand in your own shop—decorator, and carpenter, and cabinet-maker—that is your proper place.'"

"What gentleman?"

"Presently, Miss, presently." Mr. Burkle spoke with evident enjoyment of the situation and the surprise of his visitor, who, indeed, had only known him in his late deplorable condition. Things must not be hurried. If we were only not in such a hurry to get through the situation, life might consist of a thousand tableaux to every act. Think of the lover, how he simply throws away his chances!

"I was surprised, Miss," Mr. Burkle continued, "as you may believe. My wife will bear witness that I was surprised. For though I have always known my own value—nobody more so, I'm sure—it has been difficult to get other people to acknowledge it. In a poor place, like this, they are selfish. They think about nothing but themselves."

"It is a common fault. But pray go on. I will take a chair." She sat down and listened.

"So I replied, as was but right, 'Sir, you only tell me what I knew before. A master I have been, a master I ought to be.' Then he ups and says, giving me his hand to shake, 'And a master you shall be again, Burkle. Leave me to find you a shop and a house and fittings.' 'And as for me,' I says, 'I will borrow the capital to work it with, same as I did before.'"

Miss Britton looked dubious. "You have had enough of borrowing, I should think; with your old experience."

"I am going to borrow it off of the young gentleman himself," Burkle explained. "I haven't told you, yet, who he is."

"Well, who is this young gentleman who recognises merit so long concealed?"

"His name is Moorsom."

"Mr. Moorsom? Our guest at the Settlement? Mr. Moorsom? Why——"

"Moorsom is his name—which was likewise my own mother's maiden name before she took the name of Burkle."

"Well—but Mr. Moorsom is a gentleman?"

"Of course! of course!"

"What has Mr. Moorsom to do with your mother?"

"Mr. Moorsom's father was my first cousin."

"Oh!" No one can be a rent collector without coming across many remarkable cases illustrating the ups and downs of families, now in the valley of humiliation, anon in the not ungrateful shade of obscurity; now in an unwelcome glare of light, and again in the mellow sunshine of prosperity and a good harvest. But this case was unexpected. The young man was a private and personal friend of Jem Crozier's, who held tenaciously to the old-fashioned prejudices concerning family; he looked and spoke as an aristocrat, he had acceded, in Janet's own hearing, to the doctrine that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, she herself, Janet, being doubtful as to the first. Three generations to make a gentleman! And Burkle his cousin!

"I can hardly believe you, Mr. Burkle, she said. "Pray, who was this Mr. Moorsom, your cousin?"

"If you'll step round the corner, Miss, and go straight up the street you'll come to Triangle Place, where there's a burying-ground with three gravestones and a house in it, and next to the burying-ground is a shop with the name of G. Nobes, late I. Moorsom—that's Isaac—carpenter, decorator, painter, and undertaker. Funerals on cheap terms. There's a model coffin in the window which I made myself, forty years ago, for my cousin Isaac, and a fine piece of work it is. Very well, that was this young gentleman's father's shop."

"Oh! Are you sure of what you say?"

"I'm quite sure. Isaac took to putting out money on interest. He got on and ruined many, me among the rest. Then he sold the business and went away, and commenced business among the toffs, and that's how he got rich. Where he lived I don't know, nor when he died. That's his son, Miss, as sure as I sit here; there was no other Moorsom in the place except only Isaac. This young man is like his father, but with a difference—more set up, like, not

## The Alabaster Box

so foxy in his eyes. If he wasn't Isaac's son, why should he come here to find me out?"

"Because I sent him," said Janet. "When he came here, he knew nothing whatever about you."

"That makes it all the more certain. For it shows that the moment he set eyes on me, he says to himself—'Burkle is my cousin. There's the family likeness and the family cleverness. I must do something for Burkle.'"

"Did he tell you that he was your cousin?"

"No, he did not. Why should he spoil a generous act? He just says to himself, 'We understand each other—we do. Burkle is my cousin. He knows it, I know it—why should we talk about it? All in good time. We shall shake hands upon it.' So—if you catch my meaning, Miss, we shall go on being friendly. I shall wait his time. I shall not talk about things unless he pleases. Isaac got rich—I got poor. Perhaps he's not ashamed of a cousin who is deserving, though down on his luck. And I shall borrow my capital off of him, same as I did off of his father."

"Who sold you up—"

"But the son won't. Isaac, who was greatly respected because he knew how to get money off of everybody—was hard—cruel hard, he was. But his son is soft."

"It was he who gave you money to get out your sticks?"

"He it was, and no other. 'Burkle,' he says, 'for patience and not deserving of it, you haven't your equal. Take that, old woman,' he says, putting the money into the wife's hand."

"He did," said the wife, "and bless him for it!"

"Well," Janet rose, "it's like a dream. I can hardly believe it. He came down here, among his poor relations, to find you out and to lift you up while he talks about three generations. Oh! I don't understand it at all. How can a man carry on such deception?" She looked about the room again—there was evidence of gifts at least. But that Mr. Moorsom, who looked like a belted earl— "Pray," she asked, "when, do you think, Mr. Burkle, you will get this fine shop of yours? Take care it does not prove a dream."

"No dream," said the wife. "If ever any gentleman looked true and spoke true, he did. He's gone to look about for the shop."

Her husband also testified to the rock-like foundation of their hopes. "What he said was, 'Leave it to me,' he says. 'Leave it to me. I'll see to all, Burkle,' he says. 'You're a man again,' he says. 'Next time your hand drops, your shopmen shall do your work for you. Set down,' he says, 'with your pipe in the back garden while they do the work.'"

Janet rose, gathered up the money, put it in her bag, made the entry in her notebook, shook her head, looked doubtfully at Mr. Burkle, and with pity at Mrs. Burkle, as upon a couple carried away by the vision of some mirage in their Great Sahara of poverty, and disappeared.

### CHAPTER XVI.—HIS UNCLE

GEORGE came to the Club on the evening after his acquittal, a veritable hero by reason of his escape, not of his innocence. To be knocked down by him this evening was a personal distinction. Not one of the lads but pressed forward eagerly for the purpose of receiving such a distinction from the chap who had been run in, locked up, brought before the Beak, defended by a swell in a wig and gown, and actually let off. George bore these honours bravely, but consciously. The recognition was not only honourable but it was deserved. The Champion of the Club took himself seriously: to a less worthy person this surprising event would not have happened. Consider the situation—look in the glass, read your own mind in such a situation—and you will understand the pride of George's heart.

He brought a message from his father. "Tell Jem Crozier"—it was his humour as an ex-gentleman to use this familiarity—"that I want to see him."

"Oh!" Jem replied, "he wants to see me, does he? And he is good enough to command my attendance. Well, perhaps it would be better for me to wait on him than for him to come here. What does he want me for?"

"I dunno—nothing that's any good. He's got his paper and his pen on the table for to-morrow. And he's begun to drink. It's something—it's about Mr. Moorsom."

"What about Mr. Moorsom? Is he trying to get money out of Mr. Moorsom? If so, he will probably fail."

"He's going to try, and he says you're going to help him."

"Oh! That is a very likely thing to

## The Alabaster Box

happen. Well, George, I'll look in to-morrow morning."

He kept the appointment. The Impenitent One was looking his worst, so to speak. That is to say, there were times when some faint survival of a better time showed on his face; to-day there was none, his face betrayed his real nature—it showed a creature debased, sodden with drink, without scruple, without the least sense of shame or self-respect.

"I am obliged to you, Jem Crozier," he said slowly. "I am very much obliged to you for coming. It is some time since you saw me. Take a chair—take a chair."

"I hope you have been doing pretty badly of late."

"You mean well, Jem, but you have prejudices. No, I have done pretty well—I made quite a little haul the other day; but in the evening the luck turned against me, and I lost most of it. However, you will be interested in hearing that I am about to return to society."

"Alas, for society!"

"I expected you to say as much. Fortune turns her wheel, as Tennyson says. We are in the slums to-day: we are in Pall Mall to-morrow. You shall dine with me at my club."

"Shall I? Really? And walk arm in arm with you down Piccadilly, I suppose."

"I was advised by our young friend, our mutual or common friend, Gerald Moorsom, to consult you. I have made many acquaintances at the Settlement, including the little spitfire who collects the rents, and the sweet little cherub who prays, and the lady warden who stands before one and gazes until she can find something to say, and the very pretty girl who listens to my stories and weeps. The Settlement has been a great boon in many ways to this district, and especially to me. It enables me to converse once more with persons of birth and breeding. Above all, it has brought Gerald Moorsom, my friend—my friend, I say—to call upon me."

"Your friend? Come, now."

"He was here yesterday. He said, 'Have you no relations, among all the people of your early days, who would help you at this present time of trouble?' I replied that most of them had long since refused to have anything to do with me. It is a way with relations. I've been a relation myself. No one knows, who hasn't tried it, the pleasure of casting off, once for all, a relation, say a cousin, or even a

brother. The pretence of superior virtue, the show of indignation, the relief of thinking that for the sake of virtue there will be no more advances for that fellow—you don't know the pride and the pleasure of it. I do. My own family was brimful of scandals. Before I was cast off myself, I assisted in casting off other cases as deplorable as my own."

"Look here, I've told you many times that I don't believe your stories against yourself. If you are so bad as you pretend, then you are incapable, as well as villainous. But stick to the point; you drink so much that you cannot restrain your tongue—you grow tedious."

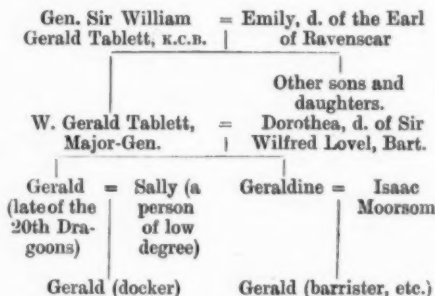
"Blaze away, Jem!"

"Mr. Moorsom suggested that you should consult with me as to the possibility of getting some of your relations to do something for you. Is that what you mean?"

"Precisely. It is a pleasure for me to recall the past; but only so long as it pleases you. If you refuse to be pleased or to believe what I say, most of the pleasure vanishes."

"If I am to advise, would it not be well for me to know what relations you have, and which of them would be likely to do anything for you?"

"I've put down, here, a little genealogy of the family." He produced a paper very neatly drawn up, as follows



Jem Crozier began the study of this paper with amazement. "Tablett?" he asked. "Why—I know Tablett. What Tablett are these?"

"The Tablett of Somerset. We are an oldish family, Jem Crozier—Mushroom Jem, I may call you."

"You one of the Tablett?"

"Your grandfather began as a quill-driver, I believe. Mine was a country gentleman of long descent. He was a



## The Alabaster Box

younger son. There were other sons and daughters. I have not entered their names because I know nothing about them. It is a long time since I went about in their world."

"Well, there are Tablett's in the diplomatic service and in the Church and everywhere. They must be your people. And Lord Ravenscar is your cousin. And you were yourself in the dragoons. Man! you have indeed fallen."

"A good way down, is it not? Never mind. I am going back to society, as I said before; and you shall dine with me at my club."

"Indeed! Your marriage was with one Sally——"

"Quite a low creature. Like the little animal that my son is to marry."

"Well, you have cousins in plenty to choose from. Will you bring your case before the present Lord Ravenscar? You will have to tell the whole story."

"No, not to Lord Ravenscar, nor to any of the Lovells—my mother's people—they've

ashamed of it. Go on with the genealogy. Finish it."

"Your sister Geraldine—married to—Isaac Moorsom—Isaac Moorsom—her son—Gerald—Gerald? You are actually the brother—the brother of—of the mother of my friend Gerald Moorsom?"

"Just so, that is the exact truth; and now you understand how I'm going to get back to society."

"Does Gerald know this?"

"I don't think he does. Perhaps he's playing a game. Let me see, it must be seven and twenty years since my sister married the fellow. My father sold her. But he kept me out of it. I got nothing. But he was always a miracle of selfishness, my old dad."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"The old man was cleaned out. Not one single sixpence more could he raise. Moorsom—he wasn't called Moorsom then—but Rosenberg of Golden Square."

"You mean—you mean—Rosenberg the famous money-lender? Moorsom? Man, I believe you are the greatest liar in the whole world."

"Believe what you like. Moorsom made an arrangement with the old man. He gave him an annuity of £500 on condition of marrying my sister. She was not to know his profession: he would marry in his own name; he would give her a fine house and everything. Very well—very well—it was not only ruin but it was starvation. The old man had nothing left, not even his family. No one would help him any more than they would help me. I was already out of the army. So my sister agreed."

"Poor thing! Did she never find out?"

"Her husband never told her—nor did her father. I believe she found out through some letters I had to write to her."

"Oh! you are indeed a——"

"I am—I am. Now do you believe my story?"

"Can Gerald know? He has always told me—— Oh! it is quite impossible that he should know."

"I don't care whether he knows or whether he does not. The fact is that his father was the most notorious money-lender at the West-end. My nephew's money was made by the cent-per-cent. business—every farthing of it."

"Gerald cannot know," Jem repeated.

"He cannot; it is impossible."

He threw the paper on the table. "If



JEM CROZIER BEGAN THE STUDY OF THIS PAPER  
WITH AMAZEMENT

given me the boot long ago; nor to any of the Tablett's—they are accustomed to the family disgrace and they're no longer

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this is another batch of lies——" he began.

"Don't excite yourself, Jem. It's gospel truth. Gerald advised me to consult you about applying to a relation for assistance. To whom should I apply but to himself? First, because no one else will listen to my pathetic story of sufferings undeserved; and next because he himself advised this course and it will please him so much—so very much, especially if he really doesn't know—to find that I have taken his advice."

"What have I got to do with it?"

"You are the friend of both parties, especially of me. Go to your friend Gerald Moorsom, and tell him that you come from his poor uncle, his mother's only brother, who is down on his luck and is living in this den. I don't know how much he is worth—and I don't ask for shares to keep me quiet. I am not exorbitant, I want only comforts. The least he can do, however, for his mother's sake, is to treat me as his father treated mine. Let him give me £500 a year, and he shall have no further trouble with me."

"He will have no further trouble with you," Jem repeated the words mechanically, because the thing seemed like a horrid dream.

"That is the figure that I would put it at. It may be worth more to keep a disreputable relation quiet, but I am not greedy; what satisfied my father shall satisfy me. His habits were more extravagant than mine; I am satisfied with as much."

"Does Gerald know these things?" Jem repeated. It was so amazing, so incomprehensible, that his friend, a man of the most candid soul, should have kept the family history in the background, that he kept returning to the point.

"I say that I don't care whether he knows it or not. What difference does it make to me?"

"I am not thinking of you."

"If his father is dead——"

"He is dead."

"Then his death would be in all the papers. The famous Rosenberg couldn't die without a send-off notice in the papers."

"I do not know that anything at all has been said about him in the papers."

"Then Moorsom died under that name. Never mind. You give Gerald my message."

"Oh! You think I am going to deliver that message?" Jem's face darkened. "And what if I refuse to give that message? What if he refuses to give you that annuity?"

"Then, friend Jem, my course is clear. I shall prepare an account of the life and death of the famous money-lender, and I shall send it to the papers. It will read very sweetly for my nephew. Eh? Listen"—He took up a written document and began to read: "The notorious usurer, Rosenberg, whose death will be received with mingled feelings by so many of his victims, has left an only son, Mr. Gerald Moorsom, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Barrister-at-Law of Lincoln's Inn."

Jem rose and pushed back his chair. "If I were Gerald," he said, "I should reply, 'You abominable villain! I will not stir a finger to help you. Stay where you are. Starve and cheat, and be—as you will—not one penny: not one penny shall you get from me! And do your miserable worst!'"

With these words Jem Crozier walked away.

"I'm disappointed," said the gentleman Rogue. "But it's only thirty years or so since Jem's grandfather was made a Peer. He doesn't yet understand the feelings of a gentleman, especially of a gentleman low down—who's got no other weapons but a pen, some powers of invention—and blackmail. We shall see, however—we shall see."

### CHAPTER XVII.—AT THE SIGN OF THE SYMBOL

THAT same day Helen Wentworth met Mr. George Nobes. The worthy practitioner, who was up and down the streets on business which, in this quarter, is always brisk, was well known at the lectures and entertainments of the Settlement. As a prosperous tradesman and a vestryman he occupied a higher level, so to speak, than the common run. He took a front place, he assumed the air of one who knows all about the subject of the lecture, he listened to the concert with a critical air. He had no objection to the Settlement, which, he perceived, had made no difference to the rates, so far; on the other hand, he felt no enthusiasm for their work, which he regarded as an amateur attempt to do what the clergy and the parish officers were paid to do.



## The Alabaster Box

"Yes," he said, in answer to an observation of Helen's, "there is a good deal to do. It's not a paying business—in fact we lose by it; but there!"

"The mortality among the children here is very high, Mr. Nobes."

"It is, Miss, it is. Though, if they all grew up, what would they do for work?"

"If we could get them better food——"

"It always was so, and it always will be so. That's the comfort of it. Meantime a funeral, even a cheap funeral, conducted, as I say, with dignity, is a moral lesson to the neighbours."

Helen smiled, and would have passed on. But Mr. Nobes had more to say.

"You've got a new young gentleman at the Settlement, haven't you?"

"There is no new member."

"I mean a tall young gentleman, quite the toff to look at."

"We have a guest, if you mean him—Mr. Moorsom."

"Moorsom? Moorsom? I said it was Moorsom! I told the missus that it must be Moorsom! Well, now——"

"What has Mr. Moorsom to do with you, Mr. Nobes?"

"Come this way, Miss—only into the next street. Two doors or so—and I will show you."

He led the way to Triangle Place, where, beside the little burial-place, with the tombs of the dead and the cottage of the living, stood the little shop.

"There, Miss," he said, pointing to the house front. "Read that! 'Successor to I. Moorsom, established 1855.'"

"Well; but Mr. Moorsom is a gentleman."

"So he is—so he is. He looks it, through and through."

"What has Mr. Moorsom to do with your predecessor?"

"I bought this business of Isaac Moorsom. He bested me over the job. Now I knew Isaac Moorsom, who was but a year or two older than me, since we were boys together—at school together. We were apprenticed together; we were friends. But there's no friendship in business; that was Isaac's motto, and it's mine. No friendship in business. Therefore I do not grumble, though he bested me when I bought his business—ah! made me pay half as much again as I ought."

"Well, but what has this to do with Mr. Moorsom?"

"I'm coming to that, as fast as I can. When Isaac was a young fellow he was a proper young fellow, tall, and what you might call, if you know what I mean, good-looking. I remember him, the same as if it was yesterday."

"Quite so. Mr. Isaac Moorsom, your predecessor, who knew of no friendship in business and bested you, was, in his youth, tall and good-looking. We have got so far." Helen's time was precious, and the man's round-about method was tedious.

"While Isaac carried on this business he was a money-lender as well, in a small way. Everybody went to him who wanted money, and he lent it out on security. Sooner or later, of course, they had to pay up. Then there was a row. For Isaac was just as hard as they make 'em—couldn't make 'em harder if they was to try. He bound 'em and he ground 'em," repeating the rhyme he considered so happy and so effective—"bound 'em and ground 'em. He rose the rents and sold 'em up; he put 'em into the county court; he ruined 'em every man. There was his own cousin—Burkle——"

"I understand, Mr. Nobes. The man was a money-lender. Now let us go on."

"After a bit I suppose he saw his way to something better, so he cleared up his accounts here, got in all his money, sold his business—I bought it of him—and he went away."

"Well, where did he go?"

"I don't know."

"What became of him?"

"I don't know."

"What is the connection between him and Mr. Moorsom, now staying at the Settlement?"

"I don't know, either. From the time he went away I never saw or heard anything of Isaac. I used to look in the papers, especially if there was a money-lending case on, but I never saw the name of Moorsom mentioned."

"But the connection—where is it?"

"It's this way. The day before yesterday, in the morning, I opened my shop door and I stepped outside for a bit of fresh air. There I see standing just where you are, Miss, a young gentleman. And I do assure you, Miss, if you know what I mean—that I fairly jumped when I saw him. Because, Miss, before my eyes—stood the very image of Isaac Moorsom—my old friend who bested me, just as I knew him years and years ago."

## The Alabaster Box

"That was a strange coincidence."

"You can call it what you please; I call it a staggerer. He walked up to me as cool as brass, and he says—says he, 'Name of Moorsom,' he says: 'Any Moorsoms about? I'm curious about the name of Moorsom,' he says."

"Very well. And what then?"

"I told him a good lot—what I thought would interest him; how old Isaac was a skinflint and a grinder of poor men's bones—and when he'd heard all I had to say he thanked me mighty polite—and he took off his hat with a smile, as if he was pleased with what I'd told him, and he walked off. Then I called my wife: 'Come quick,' I says. I says, 'Look across the road,' I says. 'Who is that young feller walking along?' Just then he turned. 'Why,' she cries out, 'if that isn't Isaac Moorsom come back to life young again, and just as he used to be!' What do you think of that, Miss?"

"I really do not see that it is any business of mine."

"Now Isaac had no brothers or sisters—they all died in childhood. Nor he had no cousins except Burkle, whose mother was a Moorsom. So who can this young man be?"

"A distant relation, I suppose."

"Distant relations who are rich don't go out of their way to inquire after cousins who are not. Do they, now? Most of us in these parts like our cousins to keep themselves to themselves unless they mean parting—but that wouldn't be business.

There's no cousins in business. Why did that young gentleman come here? Why did he ask so curiously about Isaac Moorsom? Why did he want to know if there were any cousins left? I'll tell you why; it's because he's Isaac's own son. I'm certain of it—sure of it—Isaac's own son. You ask him, Miss, before all your people—you say 'Mr. Moorsom, was your father's name Isaac?—and is Mr. G. Nobes, the eminent carpenter, plumber, decorator, and undertaker, his successor?'"

"It is certainly strange," said Helen. "But again, Mr. Nobes, it is not my affair. I cannot ask Mr. Moorsom why he put these questions or why he came here, or if he is connected in any way with—but it is impossible. I can only suppose that he saw his own name over a shop and asked if there were any branches of the family still residing in this quarter. Everyone is curious about people of his own name."

"That wouldn't make him exactly like Isaac. No; he's Isaac's son; he's Isaac's son."

It was no business of Helen's; but the thing remained in her mind. She found herself applying the theory to Gerald's case—the very curious case of a young man with a perverse twist—and the more she thought of it, the more it seemed to explain and to account for a good deal. Yet, surely, it was impossible. How could a young man of Gerald's manners and his appearance and his general culture be the son of a little undertaker of the slums?

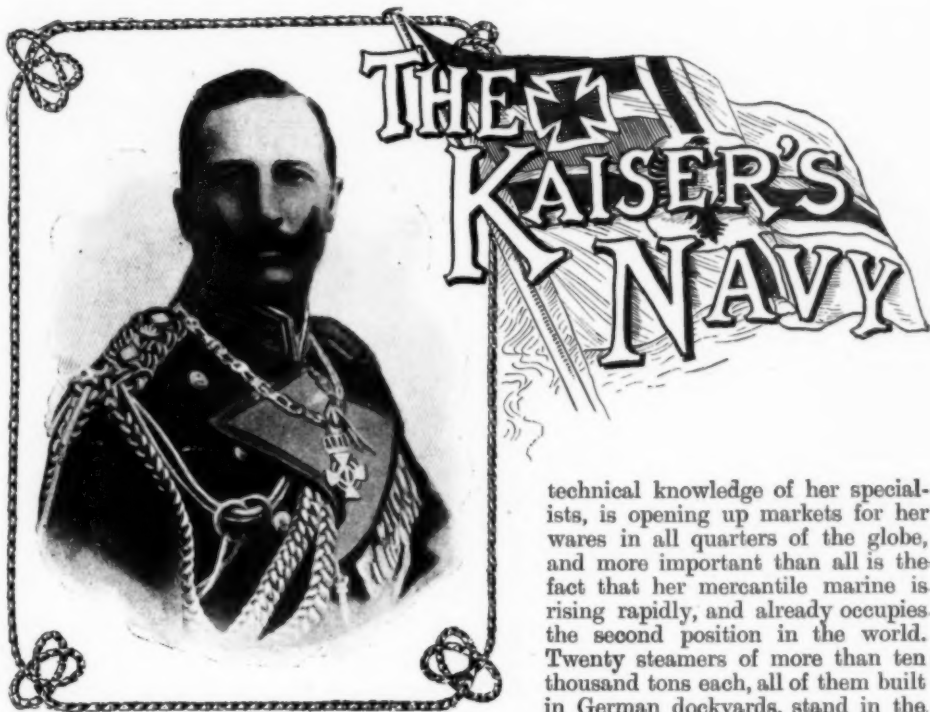
## "Our God, our help in ages past"

SO prayed our fathers in the days of yore,  
Our cry the same across the troubled years.  
O Lord of hosts, where Thou art seen before,  
The faint grow strong, and vanish all their fears.

Speak Thou the word that holds the nations still,  
Come by the ways we know not in Thy might;  
Let brave hearts bind them to Thy righteous will,  
And Thy clear purpose shine above the fight.

Grant Thou the coming of a calmer day,  
When blood-drenched fields shall wither to the sun;  
And peace return with large enlight'ning sway,  
And perish hate, and right be rightly done.

W. S.



THE KAISER IN ADMIRAL'S UNIFORM

**I**N a speech recently to representatives of trading circles in Hamburg the Kaiser is reported to have used the remarkable words, "Our future lies upon the water." There can be no doubt that since his boyhood William II has taken the deepest interest in the maritime affairs of his country, and the warm words of appreciation in which he addressed his marine immediately after his accession to the throne showed how near to his heart were the growth and development of the German navy. In season and out of season he has urged upon the royal princes, his advisers, the Reichstag, and the German people the necessity of increasing their marine.

The Kaiser's persistence, considered from the point of view of a patriotic German, is perfectly comprehensible. Germany's trade and commerce at home and abroad have since the unification of the country in 1870, increased by leaps and bounds. Her population mounts steadily, until it has now reached a figure almost exactly double the population of fifty years ago. The restless energy of her manufacturers, aided by the

technical knowledge of her specialists, is opening up markets for her wares in all quarters of the globe, and more important than all is the fact that her mercantile marine is rising rapidly, and already occupies the second position in the world. Twenty steamers of more than ten thousand tons each, all of them built in German dockyards, stand in the forefront of her merchant service. England, although her total tonnage vastly exceeds that of Germany,

possesses only nine of these ocean-going monsters, America only four, the rest of the world none.

The value of the sea trade of Germany at the present time is reckoned at five hundred million pounds sterling per annum, the value of her commercial marine at twenty-five millions, and its tonnage at four million tons. Compared with the figures of 1871, this shows a quadrupling of the value of Germany's maritime interests. The total number of steamers sailing under the German flag has increased tenfold within the last thirty years, and the coasting trade, of which ninety per cent. was in the hands of England in 1871, is gradually being won back by German ships, so that at the present time only thirty-seven per cent. of it sails under the Union Jack. While the population of Germany since 1871 has increased thirty per cent., the foreign trade carried in German ships has increased sixty per cent.

It is not only in manufacturing and in her mercantile marine that the gigantic progress made by the new Empire is

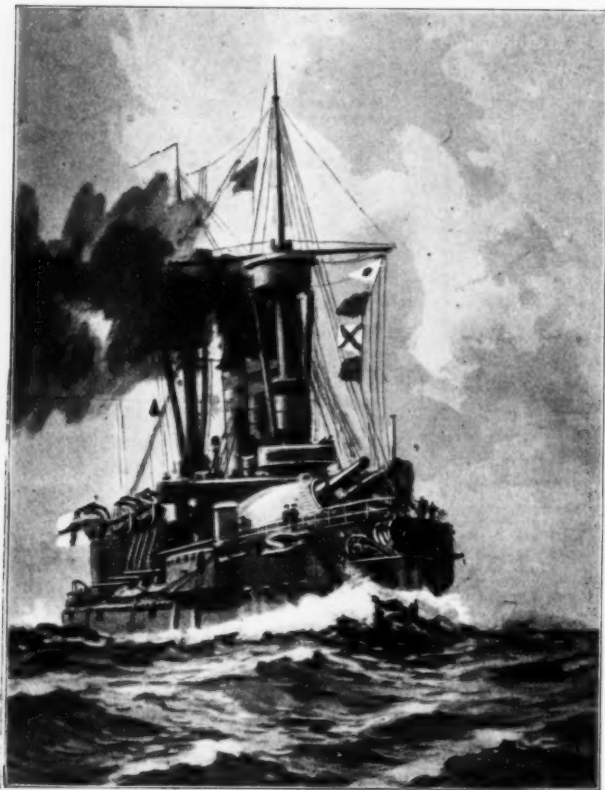
## The Kaiser's Navy

perceptible. In South Africa, in South and Central America, in China and Japan, in many parts of Australia, and in the islands of the Pacific, German merchants, sailors, planters are at work accumulating wealth and increasing the over-sea interests of the Fatherland. In 1860, England had twenty-five per cent. of the world's trade in her hands. At the present time she owns only seventeen per cent. of it. France in the

to aid him in organising and equipping a naval force sufficient in an emergency to protect seagoing vessels, and to prevent German harbours from being blockaded by a hostile navy.

Compared with the British navy, the German marine is of comparatively recent growth. It was the Great Elector, Friedrich Wilhelm, who laid its earliest foundations. Towards the middle of the

seventeenth century this ruler—with the exception of Frederick the Great and the present Kaiser, probably the most enterprising of the Hohenzollern dynasty—hired from a Dutch master shipper three schooners, in which forty-eight guns were mounted, and two sloops with sixteen guns, to help him in his warlike operations against the Swedes, who had invaded his province of Pomerania. This was the first beginning of the German navy. The Great Elector used these ships and others which he subsequently purchased or captured from Sweden to prosecute an adventurous colonial policy along the western coast of Africa, but he died before his various enterprises had taken firm hold. His successors, among them the father of Frederick the Great, allowed the naval enterprises of the earlier rulers to die a natural death, and sold the African colonies to a Dutch company for the paltry sum of six thousand ducats. It was not until early in the nineteenth century that the Prussian Kings again directed their attention to the increase



BATTLESHIP "WÖRTH," ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE GERMAN NAVY

same time has receded from eleven to eight per cent. The United States show a slight improvement, from nine to ten per cent.; but Germany, which in 1860 enjoyed only eight per cent. of the trade of the world, has now command of twelve per cent. I have brought forward these figures with the object of showing that the over-sea interests which Germany feels compelled to protect have increased within recent years in vast measure, and that the Kaiser is more or less justified when he calls upon his people

of their maritime forces, but nothing of any moment occurred until in 1848 the German National Assembly met for the purpose of proclaiming the unification of Germany. It was part of the programme of the National Assembly to get together an Imperial fleet. A Marine commission was appointed, money was collected in all parts of the country, but the small fleet which was the result of the efforts of the commission failed signally in protecting the coasts of Germany against the inroads of the Danes.

## The Kaiser's Navy

A beginning, however, was made, so that in 1852 the Prussian fleet consisted of three ships of the line, five steamers, thirty-six small gunboats and six cutters. In the years which followed the fleet gradually increased in strength and effectiveness.

During the war against Denmark in 1864, it seized the important harbour of Kiel, a place which has since become the Plymouth of Germany. The conclusion of the great war with France brought with it the longed-for unity of Germany, and placed a Hohenzollern Prince on the Imperial throne. The navy, which had hitherto borne the name of the North German Confederation, now assumed the prouder title "The Imperial German Navy." Far-reaching alterations were made in the administration, its *personnel* was strengthened, and Wilhelmshaven, the Portsmouth of Germany, shared with Kiel the honour of becoming a chief centre of German naval administration. The Reichstag began to recognise the importance of marine reorganisation, and freely voted money for this object. A number of able and accomplished officers guided the affairs of the navy during this critical period, among them Prince Adalbert of Prussia, Prince Henry of Prussia, General von Stosch, and later General Caprivi, who succeeded Prince Bismarck as Imperial Chancellor.

It was not until 1898 that the Imperial Diet, moved to action by the Emperor's entreaties and by the opinion of the country, finally agreed on a systematic reorganisa-



VIEW OF KIEL HARBOUR

tion of the navy, and on a considerable increase to its effective strength. The Bill passed by the Reichstag in 1898 allows for a navy of the following strength :

One Flag-ship of the Fleet.

Two squadrons, each of eight ships of the line.

Two divisions, each consisting of four coast defence ironclads.

Six large and sixteen smaller cruisers for the home fleet.

Three large and ten smaller cruisers for foreign service.

And as reserve :

Two ships of the line.

Three large and four smaller cruisers.

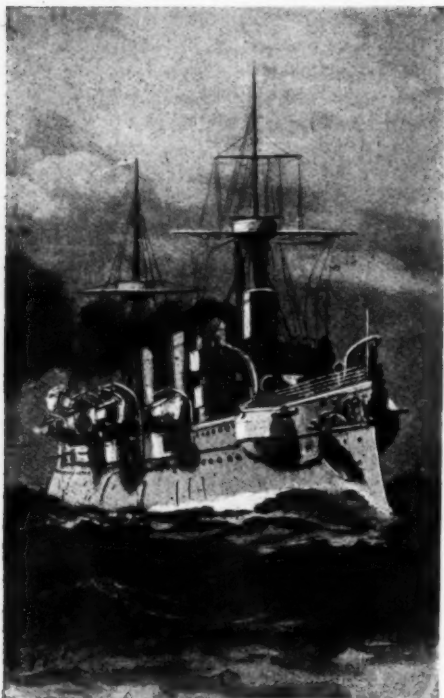
It was further settled in the Naval Bill that ships of the line and coast defence vessels were to be placed out of service when they had attained an age of twenty-five years, the larger type of cruiser in twenty years, and the smaller in fifteen years. This Bill provided for the necessities of the German marine until 1903. If we allow on the one side for the passing out of service of obsolete ships, and on the other for new vessels to be launched during the next three years, the German marine in 1903 will consist of



HARBOUR OF WILHELMSHAVEN



## The Kaiser's Navy



SECOND-CLASS CRUISER "KAISERIN AUGUSTA"

Nineteen ships of the line,  
Eight coast defence ironclads,  
Twelve large cruisers,  
Thirty small cruisers,  
Five gunboats,  
Ten training ships,  
Four ships for special purposes,  
Thirty-five harbour hulks,  
Ten torpedo-boat divisions, each division consisting of nine boats,

besides a number of small nondescript boats of little value, for river service at home.

There is, however, no reason to suppose that the Kaiser will remain satisfied with that which the Bill of 1898 gives him. Already his Ministers have notified the Reichstag that further efforts must be made, and that the number of new vessels must be largely increased, if Germany's interests at home and abroad are to be adequately protected. The Kaiser's wishes on this question are now known, and in general they may be stated as follows: His desire is that not the year 1903, but 1916, be taken as the end year of a new Naval provision. The new Bill, if accepted by the Reichstag, would take the present fleet as a nucleus,

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and so arrange the building of new ships that in 1916 the marine would consist of the following vessels:

40 ships of the line	19 in 1903
8 coast defence vessels (no increase)	
20 large cruisers	12 in 1903
48 smaller cruisers	30 in 1903
114 torpedo boats	gunboats 5 in 1903
	90 in 1903
Total 230 in 1916	156 in 1903

In many parts of Germany and among many sections of the population there exists a bitter hostility to this enlarging of the fleet. The effort to get abreast of other naval Powers is condemned among large sections of the people as unwise and uncalled for. Germany, it is maintained, cannot support its huge land army and at the same time devote further and increasing sums to the creation of a navy which is to vie with that of France, and ultimately perhaps with that of Great Britain. But notwithstanding the opposition, I think there is little doubt that the Kaiser will get his ships. Of course, if his ambition is to possess a fleet superior to that of his rivals, he leaves out of his reckoning the fact that England, France, the United States, Russia, and Japan are all



ADMIRAL PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA,  
THE KAISER'S BROTHER, NOW IN CHINESE WATERS



## The Kaiser's Navy

building ships as fast as Germany, and that when 1916 comes the same disparity between the fleets of Germany and her competitors will exist as exists at present.



ADMIRAL TIRPITZ, MINISTER OF MARINE

Hitherto, however, we have chiefly dealt with the past and future. A more interesting question is, What is the present strength of the German fleet? And in order that a clearer notion may be had of this I have drawn up the following

table, which shows at a glance the naval strength of Germany compared with that of the other great European naval Powers—England, France, Italy, and Russia.

EUROPEAN NAVIES

Class of vessels, etc.	Germany	Great Britain	France	Russia	Italy
Battleships, 1st class . . .	6	48	18	11	10
" 2nd class . . .	10	24	18	7	2
" 3rd class . . .	—	9	—	5	3
Coast defence ships . . .	8	21	19	17	3
Armoured cruisers . . .	12	38	4	5	5
Cruisers, 1st class . . .	12	—	10	4	—
" 2nd class . . .	3	110	20	16	14
Gunboats, seagoing . . .	17	48	36	29	17
" river . . .	15	54	31	41	8
Transports and dispatch boats . . .	17	44	31	21	27
Tugs, hospital ships, etc. . .	23	69	41	32	28
Training ships . . .	4	7	9	9	4
Subsided and auxiliary vessels . . .	16	49	29	39	16
Hulks and obsolete vessels . . .	61	155	90	90	57
Torpedo-boat destroyers . . .	11	96	18	21	18
Torpedo boats, 1st class . . .	109	78	112	85	110
Torpedo boats, 2nd and 3rd class . . .	32	112	138	130	84
Officers, naval . . .	910	2,480	2,340	1,600	811
Seamen, naval . . .	17,300	81,200	49,441	46,000	21,300
Officers, marine . . .	220	808	1,700	612	96
Soldiers, marine . . .	2,500	19,200	28,000	3,700	620
Naval reserves . . .	37,000	81,000	88,000	49,000	19,000
Heavy guns . . .	294	1,320	490	512	192
Secondary guns . . .	1,094	5,200	2,900	1,346	1,402

The German navy has no ships to be compared with the greatest of our leviathans. The five ships of the *Canopus* class each of them with a displacement of 15,000 tons, the nine monsters of the *Majestic* class with an almost similar displacement of 14,900 tons, the eight ships of the *Royal Sovereign* type with a displacement of 14,150 tons, have no rivals in the German marine, where the largest ships—*Kaiser Friedrich III*,

*Kaiser Wilhelm II*, and *Ersatz König Wilhelm*—have only 11,000 tons displacement. The preponderance of the British ships in armament and armour is equally pronounced. *Kaiser Friedrich III*, the most powerful ship in the German navy, is armed with four 9-in. guns in two barbette towers, eighteen 6-in. quick-firing guns, twelve 4½-in. and twelve 2-in. quick-firing guns, eight machine guns, and six torpedo tubes. It is sufficient to say that any single vessel of the *Canopus*, *Majestic*, or *Royal Sovereign* class far exceeds the *Kaiser Friedrich III* in the weight, number, and effectiveness of its weapons.

A few words on the organisation of the German marine may be added. The Kaiser is in supreme command. But while he is only in supreme command of the land forces of the Empire during the time of war, the various rulers of the German States having control of their armies during peace, the Kaiser commands the navy both in peace and in war. Under him are three departments—viz. The Marine Cabinet, the Chief Command, and the Ministry of Marine. The Marine Cabinet, whose chief is a flag officer in the suite of the Kaiser, deals with the personal affairs of the officers—their promotion, rank, discipline, reward, etc. The Chief Command (*Obercommando*) is guided by the Chief Commanding Admiral of the Fleet, and deals with all affairs which relate to the marine as an instrument for the national defence. The Ministry of Marine, presided over by a Secretary of State, usually an admiral, regulates the navy from the political point of view, comes between the navy as a portion of the national defence and the Reichstag as representing the people, and provides the money expended in the various departments—wages, building, armament, outfit, etc.



HERR DIETRICH, CHIEF CONSTRUCTOR OF THE GERMAN NAVY

It will be interesting if we compare the status and pay of German officers of the navy with those serving in the British marine.

A German Admiral of the Fleet receives £600 per annum, a free furnished house, firing and light, £80 for carriage hire, and table money and allowances an addi-

## The Kaiser's Navy



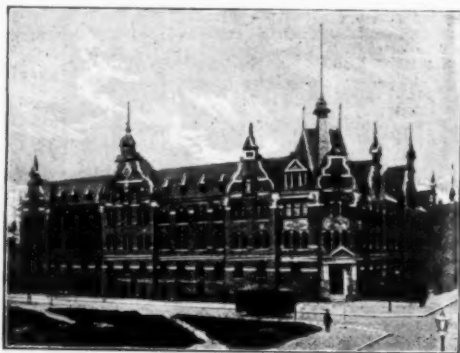
NAVAL OFFICERS' MESS

tional £900. His total income, therefore, is £1,580 per annum. A British admiral on the Home command receives from £3,420 to £3,967. The German captain's salary is £390, that of the Englishman £410 to £620. A German lieutenant in command has £195, an English lieutenant in the same position £201 to £274. A chief inspector of machinery afloat in the British navy has £639, in Germany only £330. A British Fleet Surgeon has £493 to £602, a German £390. It will thus be seen that the British officers all through are in a better pecuniary position than those in the German fleet.

German marine officers are usually taken from the same rank as in England. Before becoming a midshipman, or sea cadet as he is called in Germany, the youth who intends to devote himself to the navy must be able to pass a satisfactory examination on the level to which a fifth-form boy at an English public school has attained. His first year's service is spent in study and military exercises on shore, the study of the English language being a prominent part of his work. He is then placed on a training ship for a year, and after passing a satisfactory examination he is removed to the Marine School for another year. The technical knowledge obtained here is then employed for two years at sea, and should the candidate for the naval profession prove himself competent he is promoted at the end of these two years to the rank of lieutenant. During the first ten years of a German naval officer's career his income falls short of his expenditure by a sum of £500;

that is to say, in addition to his pay he requires on an average £50 a year to keep him. In the British service the average expenditure of an officer in addition to his pay is £95 a year.

The German Government have no difficulty in finding seamen. All able-bodied young men among the seaside population must serve in the navy. The better-educated of these may serve as volunteers for one year, at the expiry of which they join the naval reserve; those who are not so well educated serve for three and four years. Boys, with the consent of their parents or guardians, are also taken in large numbers to be trained in special school ships, much as in England, and it is usually from their ranks that the warrant officers are chosen—the boatswains, chief carpenters, gunners. A German able-bodied seaman receives every ten days a sum equal to 2s. 1d., or 6s. 3d. per month. As an extra the Government give him 6 lb. of bread every four days, in addition to his ordinary ship's rations. German sailors are a fine body of men, strongly



OFFICES OF CHIEF COMMAND OF GERMAN NAVY

resembling our own Jack Tars in personal appearance and in their uniform, but with more of a military air about them than is consistent with the traditions of the rolling, jovial Britisher.

MICHAEL A. MORRISON.

## The Iron Duke



*From the portrait by]*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

*[Sir Thomas Lawrence*

**T**HERE was never happier sobriquet than that of the Iron Duke as applied to Wellington. It was derived from one of the earliest iron steamships, which was named the *Duke of Wellington*, and as a novelty attracted attention while lying at Liverpool. People spoke of it as the "iron Duke," and the words transferred to the great captain caught the nation's ear, and came into permanent use.

It has been said, perhaps rashly, that untiring industry did almost more for Napoleon than his genius as a soldier.

They tell us that Wellington might have been the great financier of his age. It is noteworthy that the qualities which gave him power at first were not distinctively military: his pre-eminence was in no small degree due to breadth of view, clearness of judgment, and strength of will, subject to a just and honourable spirit, calm in all circumstances. The lurid flame which Napoleon kindled burnt low, and spread again, to be put out only at Sedan. Wellington lived to see a peace in which England grew greater than even in the days

## The Iron Duke

of his many victories. The record of his battles is everywhere, but the man himself is dwarfed in the brilliant catalogue. Englishmen have come to think of him too exclusively as a smiter of men. Waterloo has eclipsed everything. Yet in the great affairs with which he was entrusted, his genius was constructive, his purposes were large and humane; and at home, more than politician, he was patriot to the end. There are few greater figures among the Makers of the Century.

Sir Herbert Maxwell renders, therefore, timely service in giving us a full record of the "Life of Wellington" <sup>1</sup> before the passing of another generation still further dims it. If he has not added much that is new to the history, he has brought it into proportion; he has compared authorities, and supplemented what has been written by the study of despatches and private journals and correspondence. The result is a work of large public interest; it is made the more attractive by an array of contemporary portraits, and by military maps. There are many lessons to be gathered from the narrative which are of permanent value to the nation. Here is war as England once knew it, heaviest of human curses, with its blood-red tax of many thousands of lives.

### The Beginnings of Fame

Wesley, Wellesley, Wellington were a unit. The dull awkward boy and the grey serene veteran were alike without pretence, one pulse beat throughout the eighty-three years. While still a very young soldier Wellington had applied himself heart and soul to the duties of a commanding officer: "Every detail of the internal economy of a regiment and of its movements in the field was at his fingers' ends." During his first service in Holland he saw officers, when wine was on the table, fling aside important despatches till they had finished their bottles. The general carelessness impressed him. "The real reason why I succeeded in my own campaigns," he once said long afterwards, "is because I was always on the spot. I saw everything and did everything for myself." When at the beginning of his Indian service he had

to provide for the transport and provisioning of troops, he schooled himself in the smallest things. "Long lists of provisions from beef, flour, and rum, down to raisins and vinegar, specifying the amount required for each, are appended in his own handwriting to letters addressed to various officials." All this consisted with a sagacity that fitted him for the highest places.

The various duties that fell to him in succession were all well done. Momentous questions soon arose, and he was ready for them. His Indian career is itself a story of thrilling interest, and would have been enough in ordinary times to have constituted his fame; but we must pass it by to come to subjects nearer home. The administration of his elder brother, the Marquess Wellesley, as Governor-General of India, was brilliantly distinguished. The younger brother was often taken into his counsels. Lord Clive also consulted him. His part in the shaping of Indian policy was in reality large. Powers of masterly action were shown in his suppression of the Mahratta rebellion, which was fomented by French influence. The siege of Seringapatam and the battle of Assaye first revealed him to his country as a great soldier. It was a strange interlude of comedy when he returned to England and became Irish Secretary, and had the manipulation of Irish boroughs as part of his duty. While still Secretary he took part in the Copenhagen expedition. Severer work awaited him.

### The Peninsular War

The decadence of Spain has become a commonplace of political talk, but the days of which we are writing may make us pause in our judgment. What could be worse than the times which gave Napoleon his opportunity? The monarch was weak, the Queen corrupt, the young heir unequal to the moment; Napoleon, with a project of alliance, inveigled the King and his son to Bayonne; compelled the one to abdicate and the other to surrender his claim to the throne. He had already declared war against Portugal; his only plea being that Portugal refused to join the League for the exclusion of English commerce from the Continent. The Regent fled to Brazil, and Junot took possession of Lisbon. Murat crossed the frontier with 80,000 men, and was soon in Madrid. Napoleon's brother Joseph was proclaimed king of

<sup>1</sup> "The Life of Wellington. The Restoration of the Martial Power of Great Britain." By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., F.R.S. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)



Spain and the Indies. The ferocious suppression of a revolt in the capital roused the Spanish people: they had been betrayed by their rulers; their armies suffered under the common corruption; but they rallied to the field, made a gallant effort, and when victory deserted their standards betook them to irregular warfare amongst their mountains. The cry for help came quickly to England. Arms and money were supplied. Then it was proposed to send troops. The far-seeing victor of Assaye urged that a blow from this quarter might distract and weaken Napoleon. In the common belief, if the war against him were not waged in Portugal, it would before long come to an issue on England's soil. Thus it came about that, in 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley was despatched to the Peninsula with 9,000 men, who were awaiting orders to sail on an expedition to South America.

The Peninsular War is characterised by Sir Herbert Maxwell as "the mightiest conflict in which Great Britain has ever borne a part." For nearly six years the struggle was carried forward, under every kind of vicissitude, and with nothing sure but the unconquerable spirit of Wellesley. What might have happened if the campaigns had been waged under the conditions of to-day, with the telegraph recording every turn of fortune, and the special correspondent vivifying every detail, it is hard to say. The Jingo notion of a victorious campaign has no place in this story. There was marching and counter-marching, retreat as often almost as advance, swift movement, with long intervals of forced inaction, hesitating counsels as well as courage that nothing could shake, defeat as well as victory. Any attempt to chronicle within a page or two these movements would be as unpicturesque as an answer to a chess problem, and as unmeaning to those not conversant with the history. The most striking fact in the long struggle is the energy of the controlling intellect; nothing is too minute for its observation, nothing too great to outbalance its judgment. The campaigns were manœuvres under ever-changing circumstances. The battles also were manœuvres. Now on the left flank, now on the right, now from the rear; now with a sudden blow on the weakest point, or a surprise that rent an army in two, the attack was delivered. It was held to be almost a crime to hurl men against impregnable positions; but the "imminent deadly breach" was

stormed at the inevitable moment. The bravery of the rank and file seemed sometimes to vanquish the impossible; but it was the genius of the commander that made these battalions the equal of Napoleon's seasoned troops. He found stout English hearts ready to his hand, and when "the well nigh universal and inveterate habit of drinking had fuddled the brains" of the ruling class, he found leaders also. The Portuguese soldiery, an undisciplined rabble, he drilled into a formidable force. Yet withal the loss in siege and battle was appalling. Men fell by thousands.

There were many things to be overcome besides armies. The real greatness of Wellesley is seen in his handling of difficulties. There were times when the division of opinion at home was an encumbrance. More threatening was the want of unity on the field, the trouble that came from conflicting counsels, from the discipline of troops, from the chaos into which both Portugal and Spain had been thrown. In the campaign of Talavera, for instance, a handful of French had checked a large body of Spanish troops. Wellington would have attacked the French main army the next morning. His troops stood to arms at three o'clock A.M.; the Spanish did not turn out till seven o'clock, and then Cuesta, their general, decided not to do anything that day. A few hours later he consented to go with Sir Arthur and examine the enemy's position. The Englishman rode on his horse to the spot, the Spaniard accompanied him in a coach and six. Cuesta would not speak in French because it was the language of the enemy, Wellesley was not an adept in Spanish; but Cuesta agreed to attack. Then some traitor divulged their purpose, and the French withdrew by night. The incident was typical. A fortnight later Cuesta allowed the main body of his army on a sudden surprise to retire pell-mell, leaving their guns behind them. This was his last exploit.

There were times when the very existence of the army was endangered by the indolence of the local authorities in furnishing supplies. "A starving army," Sir Arthur wrote, "is actually worse than none—the soldiers lose their discipline and their spirit." At Talavera the army was threatened with starvation: "the only rations served out that morning had been a few ounces of flour, or of wheat in the grain, to each man." At other times the transport failed. The

## The Iron Duke

gentlemen of England, he explained, accustomed to good roads, little know what it means to be without them, or what a serious inconvenience it may be to lose even a dozen mules. The lack of money was also a frequent embarrassment. Before Salamanca we find him complaining that he "had never been in such distress," the pay of both officers and men being many months in arrear. A still more formidable foe was sickness. When he was about to commence the movement northward, which led to final victory, as many as 16,958 rank and file were returned as sick.

### The "Ravenging Eagle"

We are accustomed to measure the world's progress by the standards of peace and prosperity. Something may be learned even on these fields of war. It is a horror of great darkness through which we peer. The people perish in agonising frenzy. The very devils of hell seem abroad. At the beginning of the war in Portugal, the relentless severity with which the French sought to quell the insurrection provoked the ferocity of the half-armed peasantry. Stragglers and wounded were murdered and sometimes mutilated. A French envoy who was captured was sawn in pieces alive. The balance of cruelty was turned by frightful massacres of townspeople and peasants by the French. At a later stage when guerilla warfare multiplied bandits, Soult issued an order that every Spaniard taken with arms in his hands should be immediately shot. In the following year Marshal Bessières sent forth another edict of terrible severity. All persons who had quitted their dwellings were required to return within a month, on pain of confiscation of all they possessed; "fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children, and nephews," were to be held equally responsible for any act of violence; if any inhabitant was carried off from his residence, all these relatives might be seized as hostages; and they might be shot on the spot if any inhabitant so carried off was put to death by the insurgents. Further—

"The parson of every parish, the alcalde, the magistrates, and the clergy in general, are to be held responsible for the payment of all contributions and for the supply of the French army with equipments, goods, merchandise, and means of transport. Any village which shall not immediately fulfil any order it shall have received shall be subjected to military execution."

The custom of the French armies was to "make the war support the war," or, in other words, to live upon the country through which they passed—a custom which inflicted untold hardships, but made them less mobile, and sometimes gave advantage to their agile adversary. But they not only lived upon the country; they plundered magnificently, and they desolated homes with unspeakable terrors. Their soldiers, though they could exchange pleasant civilities in the lull of a battle, became fiends on the sack of a town. Pillage was the least of their crimes. The English soldiers, in drunken excess or delirious excitement, were sometimes not far behind them. Badajoz and San Sebastian tell awful tales of what victorious troops can be. From the comfortable places of a prolonged peace such days seem remote and impossible. Can they ever return? Yes, if the wild war fiend once more takes possession of the world, stirring blind passion and o'erleaping ambition. The Iron Duke set himself from first to last against these devilries. His first Order on reaching Portugal has been described as "an Order of mercy." He made it the rule of English armies to pay for all requisites, both of food and transport. He rebuked excesses, and punished offenders severely, though even he could not do more than curb the cruel spirit which was lashing men to their destruction.

### The Defeat of the Marshals

In little more than a month from his landing on the coast of Portugal Sir Arthur had fought two battles, and compelled Junot to withdraw from Lisbon. His fighting force then numbered 14,000. The comparative smallness of his armies throughout the war is a significant fact. It marked out the place which England must always occupy in relation to Continental struggles, but brought also into memorable relief the value of personal and moral qualities as a power of defence. Spain was credited with an army of 180,000, but it had no cohesion, although winning an occasional victory, and melted away. The Portuguese troops were at the first of no account. Even of the English Sir Arthur complained, praising them in action, but saying they were a rabble who could not bear success. By the Convention of Cintra it was agreed that Junot's army of 26,000 should be con-



veyed in British ships to La Rochelle. This conclusion did not please the English people; there was clamour. Sir Arthur returned to London. Feeling ran so high that Castlereagh shrank from taking him in his carriage to the King's levee. A court of inquiry sat, and saw that if there were any fault it was at home, in the respect for seniority which at a critical time gave a succession of three commanders-in-chief in twenty-four hours.

Napoleon's response was an impassioned appeal. "Soldiers, I have need of you!" The "hideous presence" of the English in Spain and Portugal must be got rid of. "Let us bear our triumphant eagles to the Pillars of Hercules."

Soult poured down his 200,000 troops through the Western Pyrenees. Napoleon, fresh from his new alliance with the Czar, came himself to Madrid. At the head of 50,000 of his guard, he started to crush the army which England had sent to the rescue under Sir John Moore. The English general, having but half that force, fell back in the retreat which ended at Corunna. Soult, taking 30,000 men, marched on Oporto. Wellington held firm to his conviction that the expulsion of the French must come from Portugal as a base. He drew together his strength, surprised Soult by crossing the Douro, and drove him back into the mountains. Then he moved southward to meet Victor and Jourdan. The long-drawn battle of Talavera followed. Napoleon raged against his marshals: "Tell the King that I see with pain how he calls his soldiers conquerors; and that the fact is, I have lost the battle of Talavera."

It was at this time that Sir Arthur was made Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington of Talavera. Parliament voted him £2,000 a year for three lives. But the ill-fated Walcheren expedition had disillusioned the country, and made it afraid of rash enterprises. The Common Council of London protested against rewarding "useless valour." His project of holding Portugal against France was denounced as "impertinent" and "ridiculous."

Then the larger intellect of Wellington claimed its supremacy. When he saw that nothing could be hoped from co-operation with Spain, he carried out his plans in Portugal. During the winter, in great secrecy he constructed the now world-famous lines of Torres Vedras. He had selected his positions, and secured them by three long lines of strong defence, so as to

cover embarkation should that necessity arise. It was as though a vast fortress sprang silently from the ground; the space covered was about 500 square miles. Neither to his generals nor to the Secretary of State did he divulge his plans. It fell to Marshal Masséna to make the discovery. When it was known that the most redoubtable of Napoleon's marshals, the one whom Wellington himself thought most formidable, was advancing with 100,000 fresh troops, released from Germany, the question on everybody's lips was, would Wellington have time to escape? His first act was to call to arms the entire male population of Portugal, and to order the devastation of the country by which the enemy approached, so that he should be cut off from his means of subsistence. Masséna advanced, laid siege to Ciudad Rodrigo and took it. Wellington would not stir to its relief, for he knew he could not save it. Lisbon took alarm; there was what Wellington called "croaking" in his own army. It seemed as if nothing could stay the growing panic but to stand and fight. He gave battle from the heights of Busaco and repulsed the French attack. Masséna moved by circuitous defiles forward. The terror of the people as they fled from their villages could never be forgotten. No spy gave Masséna warning. Wellington had gathered 60,000 troops within the lines before the French appeared. "*Que diable!*" exclaimed Masséna, "*Wellington n'a pas construit ces montagnes!*" He would have attacked, but Ney and Regnier refused. The French army had lost its base. Already its numbers were dwindling. In less than a month its position was hopeless. During the night and under cover of a thick fog Masséna withdrew.

Badajoz was one of the unfortunate towns more than once besieged. The final storming is remembered as part of the annals of the British army.

"We remained silent while the storming parties of the Fourth and Light Divisions crossed the glacis. Throwing their hay-packs into the ditch before them, the men leapt down into the dark gulf. In a moment, with deafening roar, it became one chasm of flame. Nearly every soldier in the head of that column perished by the explosion of materials laid by the defenders—powder barrels, live shells, and fire balls thundered down from the rampart. Still the columns behind pressed on furiously to the breaches. The tumult was bewildering, the confusion hopeless. The head of the Fourth Division, turning darkly to the right, became involved in the inundation from the Rivillas; many perished by drowning; water, fire, cold steel, and

## The Iron Duke

solid masonry seemed to be combined on that dreadful night for the destruction of the flower of the British Army. The two divisions were inextricably mixed; officers and men of each swarmed pell-mell up the *débris* under the breaches, only to find the passages barred from side to side by a dense hedge of sword blades, ground on both edges to the keenness of razors, fixed in heavy beams built into the masonry. For two hours the fruitless attempt was maintained; reckless of life, heedless of wounds and death, braving the fiery tempest poured on them and the stinging jeers of the defendants, they persevered till midnight, when Wellington, from his station in the quarry opposite the Santa Maria bastion, ordered their recall.

The attacking division on the left fared better and penetrated the town. The Fourth and Light Divisions, re-forming their scattered ranks, were about to advance once more to the trenches, when they were spared by the surrender of the French. The loss in killed was 1,035, in wounded 3,787, and missing 63. The possession of Badajoz was regarded as an absolute necessity. But Wellington as he scanned those numbers broke in a storm of grief.

### "He who won a Hundred Fights"

The energies of Napoleon were soon to be absorbed in the invasion of Russia, but still he directed and railed at his marshals in Spain. The tide of war beat fiercely to and fro. Wellington never faltered in his

purposes. The Allies were entrenched, and expecting an attack, when one morning the deputy adjutant-general came in to Lord Wellington when he was shaving, to tell him "the French had all moved off in the night, and the last of the cavalry were mounting to be gone." "Ay," said Wellington, stopping for a minute, "gone, are they? I thought they meant to be off. Very well"—and he resumed with his razor. Yet it was at a critical moment in the retreat of Masséna. We are reminded of Pitt, turning round to sleep when news of the Mutiny in the fleet reached him. Many such incidents illustrate his imperturbable coolness. There came a pause in the battle of Talavera during which he had arranged to meet the Spanish general at a central redoubt; when he did not appear at the time Wellington lay down in his cloak, and slept calmly till he should come. At Salamanca, he was breakfasting behind some farmyard buildings while shot fell fast around, "stumping about, munching," and taking occasional peeps through his glass. An aide-de-camp brought word of a movement in the French position. Wellington looked again. "That'll do," he exclaimed; leaped on to his horse, examined further, closed his spy-glass with a snap, and turning to his Spanish *attaché* said, "Mon cher Alava, Marmont est perdu!" He had seen an error of movement that gave him his opportunity. He dashed off



THE DECISIVE CHARGE OF THE LIFE GUARDS AT WATERLOO



THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO: THE END OF THE DAY

to give commands. "Watch the French through your glass, Fitzroy," he said to his aide-de-camp a little later. "I am going to take a rest; when they reach that copse, near the gap in the hills, wake me." In another minute he was wrapped in his cloak on the heath, and asleep. His habitual coolness was perhaps never more strikingly apparent than when, in face of one of the furious charges of the French cuirassiers at Quatre Bras, he dismounted and stood with the Highlanders, making them hold their fire till the enemy were within thirty yards, when it fell with withering effect.

The philosophers tell us that it is the characteristic of a great man to be able to sleep at will. The art requires a fine physique, and Wellington was a strong man. Many instances are given of his endurance. He once rode to review a division fifty-six miles out and back, and was home to an early dinner; and a day or two later an almost equal distance, to inspect a damaged pontoon. At Waterloo he was seventeen hours and a-half in the saddle. His diet was of the simplest; it was a saying of his Spanish *attaché* that when asked what time he would be called in the morning, he would say "At daylight," and when asked what he would have for dinner, "Cold meat." His ordinary days followed a simple rule. Before breakfast he wrote,

the forenoon he spent on business, later in the day he rode, then from nine he would write again, and midnight was his regular hour for going to bed. When in the north of Spain he encouraged his officers to follow the hounds, of which he owned about sixteen couples. In his stables there were eight good hunters, besides seven chargers.

When Wellington entered Madrid he was received with enthusiasm, the people throwing themselves on their knees before him, calling down blessings, and weeping with joy. It was glad news when tidings came of the reverses that were falling upon Napoleon himself. From point to point Wellington advanced northward, but great battles were the steps still of his advance. At last Spain was free. Soult dropped back behind the Pyrenees, San Sebastian fell. The Allies showed themselves on French soil as far north as Bordeaux. The siege of Toulouse was still in suspense when the abdication of Napoleon sent a thrill through the world. A battle was fought in ignorance after the event. Then followed the calm of decisive victory.

Wellington was at once sent as British ambassador to Paris. His presence there was to many Frenchmen intolerable, his life was threatened, but the greater the danger the more resolutely he stood to his post. The Vienna Congress met, and he

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was then despatched to take his part there as English Plenipotentiary.

### The Hundred Days

The return of Napoleon called Europe from the council chamber to the camp. The famous Hundred Days were upon it.

The Emperor of Russia was for managing the campaign by a council, and "expressed a wish," wrote the Duke, "that I should be with him, but not a very strong one; and as I should have neither character nor occupation in such a situation, I should prefer to carry a musket." The Emperor intimated that he could not move his troops without a subsidy from England. Austria had already a subsidy. The annual payments to Spain and Portugal had only just ceased. Now France also asked for money. It was no wonder that Lord Liverpool described the English people as "peace mad." Wellington did not realise the danger till he reached Brussels to take command on the frontier. Then he found the forces of the Allies scattered, and an army which was a medley of nationalities brought hastily together, with but a handful of British troops, mostly recruits. The peril was a trumpet call, and central Europe rallied to the crisis. When Wellington and Blücher met at the beginning of May their forces covered a hundred miles of frontier; at the end of the month they mustered one hundred and five thousand men between them, of whom only thirty thousand were British troops. The history of the momentous days that followed is one of the great chapters of the nineteenth century, and none is more familiar.

"The sound of revelry by night," when Belgium's capital had gathered its "beauty and chivalry," is still heard—Byron's lines ring out in sympathetic ears to-day:

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated. Who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn  
could rise?

"And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
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Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;  
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they  
come! they come!"

Wellington showed himself at this ball in hope of allaying panic in Brussels. It has been told how in his old age at Walmer he would let the children play with him at their chosen game of the Battle of Waterloo, using the cushions as cannon balls. We get a still more attractive glimpse of him in a note written a day or two before the fight, by the Rev. Spencer Madan, private tutor in the Duke of Richmond's house:

"The Duke of Wellington seems to unite those two extremes of character which Shakespeare gives to Henry V—the hero and the trifier. You may conceive him at one moment commanding the allied armies in Spain or presiding at the Conference at Vienna, and at another time sprawling on his back or on all-fours upon the carpet playing with the children. . . . In the drawing-room before dinner he was playing with them; who seemed to look up to him as to one on whom they might depend for amusement. When dinner was announced, they quitted him with great regret, saying, 'Be sure you remember to send for us the moment dinner is over,' which he promised to do, and was as good as his word."

The incidents of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo are described by Sir Herbert Maxwell in vivid detail. Let anyone who would refresh his memory turn to these pages. We are told of Wellington by the roadside waiting for the issue of Blücher's retreat, after Quatre Bras; he read some letters and papers which had arrived from England, lay down, covered his face with a newspaper, and slept. All night the rain fell as if it "tumbled out of tubs"; the ground was so soft that horses sank halfway to the knees; at daybreak the men rose "covered with mud from head to foot, their white belts dyed with the red from their jackets, as if they had completed the sanguinary work which they were about to begin." The two armies met within narrow compass: one hundred and forty thousand men, with four hundred cannon, yet the distance from flank to flank was less than three miles. Lord Uxbridge as next in seniority asked the Duke, in case death might befall, what were his plans. "Plans!" was the answer. "I shall be guided by circumstances."



## The Iron Duke

Like his great antagonist Napoleon, Wellington seemed to bear a charmed life. How he was part of a battle, a positive force, like a strenuous will that gave quick strength, now here, now there, was curiously shown at Quatre Bras. The Brunswick infantry gave way under a charge of French cavalry.

"Wellington rode up with the Brunswick hussars to cover them, but these also fell into disorder under a heavy fire, and fled before a charge of lancers. Wellington galloped off, closely pursued, and arriving at a ditch lined by the Gordon Highlanders, called out to them to lie still. He set his horse at the fence and cleared it, bayonets and all."

At Waterloo, "when a cannon shot took off Lord Fitzroy Somerset's right arm, he was riding with his left arm touching the Duke's right; again, when Lord Uxbridge lost his leg, the cannon-shot which struck him passed over the withers of the Duke's horse." Another companion received a mortal wound at his side. At the close of the day only one of his staff, the Hon. Henry Percy, remained uninjured, and he was sent as bearer of the news of victory to London. The total loss of killed and wounded in the combined armies of the Allies was reckoned at 23,185 officers and men. This was the awful redemption price of Europe.

"After the battle the Duke went to the little inn in Waterloo where some dinner was prepared for him and the survivors of his staff. Sir Alexander Gordon had been brought thither mortally wounded; the Duke caused them to lay him on his own camp-bed, while he himself lay down in the outer room, wrapped in his cloak. Before going to rest the Duke directed Dr. Hume to bring him the list of casualties in the morning, in order that he might include it in his despatch. Dr. Hume brought it about 5 A.M., and finding the Duke asleep, left the paper beside him. Returning later in the morning he found the Duke awake, having perused the list. His countenance was apparently unchanged, except that under his eyes were two whitish streaks. He had not washed his face since the battle; it was still covered with the mud and grime of the field, and those streaks were the traces of tears he had shed for his lost soldiers."

The limit of space forbids any attempt to follow the later years of the Iron Duke. As we have said, Waterloo overshadows

them. For incidents of action crowd along the course of history like a deploying host, and motives, ideas, spirit are absorbed in the result. Yet there is no reader but must be struck with the general exaltation of this career, and its wonderful freedom from the mean vices and vast ambitions which have flourished in the camps of conquerors. It is a hazardous time when great soldiers put on constitutional harness. Which of Napoleon's marshals could do it? There came a moment when the people turned on their idol. On the anniversary of



BLÜCHER, FIRST NAMED BY THE RUSSIANS "MARSHAL FORWARDS"

the battle of Waterloo, in 1832, during the Reform Bill agitation, he was beset by a furious mob, and rode through the midst of them, sitting immovable on his saddle, with a face pale and severe and eyes looking fixedly ahead. When Apsley House was threatened he prepared to defend it; and when the windows were broken, put up iron shutters, which were never taken down. His years of combat with disorder inclined him to regard stability of government as the chief good, and he was opposed to changes which might prove disturbing. Yet he offended his party by accepting



## The Iron Duke

changes which he thought had become essential to the nation's welfare. Strong natures have usually defects. Sir Herbert Maxwell does not veil the foibles and graver faults with which gossip played. The image and superscription of Cæsar may be easily tarnished, and yet Cæsar reign. It is more pleasant to remember how the famous captain on coming back to peace followed the example of Cincinnatus in returning to his farm, and occupied himself with the improvement of his estate, spending upon it all the rental he drew from it, and giving his cottagers large gardens. The "four acres and a cow" was a policy not promulgated at Waterloo, but the Duke held that every cottager should have his acre.

In Stevenson's Letters there is a curious discussion as to the place of Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" in lyric literature. We may give it place in history. Nowhere have the qualities of the Iron Duke been more truly summed or more forcibly described—"whole in himself, a common good." Let anyone read the biography and then the poem, and it will be felt that the poet's words are crown of fact. For example:

"Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,

Our greatest yet with least pretence,  
Great in council and great in war,  
Foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common-sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.  
O good grey head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
Which stood four-square to all the winds that  
blew."

Those last Aristotelian words—an image which the centuries have consecrated—have rarely had better embodiment: "Four-square to all the winds that blew." Or again:

"His voice is silent in your council-hall  
For ever; and whatever tempests lour  
For ever silent; even if they broke  
In thunder, silent; yet remember all  
He spoke among you, and the man who spoke;  
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,  
Nor palter'd with the Eternal God for power;  
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow  
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;  
Whose life was work, whose language rife  
With rugged maxims hewn from life;  
Who never spoke against a foe;  
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke  
All great self-seekers trampling on the right."

W. S.



## The Birds at Sunset

WITH bars of crimson the west was bright,  
And scarce I heard as I went along  
(So much absorbed by the splendid sight)  
The voice of the birds at evensong.

In shades of twilight the fields were dress'd;  
The skies before me were dim and grey  
As I turn'd my back on the glowing west—  
But the bird-songs went with me all the way.

NORAH M'CORMICK.



## "Daftie"

"**H**AE ye no gotten ony yet, maister?" He from whom this question came was a ragged, unkempt urchin, with fair hair and wistful blue eyes, who had crept up quietly, without being observed, whilst Harold Pilkington was fishing. The latter gentleman was a typical young Englishman, good-looking, brave, a keen sportsman, and a student of nature to boot. The Pilkingtons had rented Ferneleugh House for the summer. If you wanted to know who they were you had only to ask the villagers, who had their answer ever ready, "The gentry frae the Sooth."

Harold was very fond of fishing as a pastime. He loved the sport, the quiet, and the sunshine. The fields and flowers were his friends. No music pleased him half so well as the songs of birds and the sound of running streams. Consequently one might not unfrequently have found him wielding his rod lazily on the banks of the Feugh, with results, be it said, too often unsuccessful.

"What was that you said, my little man?" he asked on the present occasion, turning round the better to scrutinise the urchin at his side.

"Oh, I wis jist wonderin' gin ye had catched ony fush mebbe. Hae ye gotten ony big anes?"

"No, my man. I'm afraid I have not been at all lucky to-day. The few in my basket are very, very small."

"Micht I keek intae yer creel, maister? I wud like tae see the puir beasties. I'm awfu' fond o' fush."

"Certainly; oh, certainly," said Harold, at the same time unslinging the said article from his right shoulder. The boy took it in his hands carefully, as though he were touching a sacred thing. To him indeed this beautiful new basket, this young man

even—its owner—with the nice clothes and the kind face, were sacred things. He did not see, much less speak with, such an one every day of his sad life. Consequently he marvelled all the more, if it be the nature of children ever to grow introspective, at his forwardness in the present instance.

"Eh! But aren't they bonnie, noo?" he said softly, as though he were alone and talking to himself. "Puir beastie!" he added to a "quarter-pounder" which had been caught a few minutes before his arrival. "Puir thing! Wi' yer red speckelt back, an' yer bit tail whilk I'se warrant ye willna be able tae wag ony mair. Whaur were ye a moment syne? Chawin' the muckle wurrums i' the burnie, an' thinkin' no end o' yersel', eh, as ye squintit through yer e'en at the lasses? An' noo, sic a deefference! Deid! Cauld! Wi' yer muckle e'en startin' fair oot o' yer heid, and yer puir mooth clartit a' ower wi' bluid. Puir beastie!"

To Harold the idea that anyone but an idiot should display such compassion over a fish seemed well-nigh impossible. Noticing, however, that the poor lad was almost in tears over the creature, he said, in a commiserating tone, "Cheer up, my lad! it's only a fish. There are plenty of fish to spare in the world. Now, if it had been a human being it would have been *much* more serious."

"Fegs, sir, I'm no sae sure o' that. I'm thinkin' there's mebbe a guid mony folks wha wouldna gar me greet sae muckle gin they were deid as this bonnie beastie in yer bawskit has dune."

"Fie! fie!" said Harold, his interest in his new companion by this time thoroughly roused. "You really mustn't talk like that. You *are* young to be such a terrible misanthropist."

"Sic a phat?"



"EH! BUT AREN'T THEY BONNIE NOO?"

"A *misanthropist*," he answered; and his laugh was merry when he beheld the look of bewilderment on the urchin's face.

"Losh keep us a'! Ma mither niver tellt me that. An' please sir, phat may a mis-mis-umfo-pist be? I wud like tae ken. Tell us, will ye no'?"

"Of course I might have known that you would not understand so big a word. Well, a misanthropist, my little man—m-i-s-a-n-t-h-r-o-p-i-s-t," he added, spelling it letter by letter—"is a person who has had great trouble in his life, with whom much pain has left a hard heart. A misanthropist is one who hates all mankind, who looks on everyone he sees and knows as enemies."

"Hech! Is that it? Then I'm thinkin' I am a mis-um-um— Phat wis it ye said again, maister? I'se forgot. Eh? Oo ay, a misumfropist. For ye see, whiles I hate a' ma fellow-critturs, I dae, I dae! and I wish I wis deid; I'm no' happy ava." And he burst into tears.

"Dear, dear! Whatever is the matter with you?" Harold asked tenderly, sitting down on the grassy slope with the urchin on his knee, and leaving his rod lying on the bank, with the line floating at ease upon the surface of the stream. "Come now! dry these eyes. So! cheer up, my good fellow. That's right. Smiling, eh? Ha! ha! Who would have thought that such a sad-faced little chap could ever smile?"

The boy, whose face after a good cry looked cleaner, glanced up at him shyly, as though ashamed at this burst of pent-up emotion, and smiled softly through his tears.

"Eh! but ye're a fine gentleman. I kent that as soon as ye spoke til's. I only wish ye nicht hae been ma brither. Ye've gotten the same kind o' eyes as mysel' tae."

"So you don't hate me so very much after all?"

"Na, na. I'm thinkin' though ye're no' accustomed tae speak tae a puir laddie like mysel' ilka day o' yer life, or ye wouldna be sae kind."

"No. Because, perhaps, I don't meet little boys every day who interest me so much as you do. Come, tell me now: what is your name?"

"I wis chrisent Sandy MacDougal. But I've allus been called '*Daftie*.'"

"Daftie? What's that for?" asked Harold, ignorant of the term.

"Weel, the laddies at the schule called me '*Daftie*' when they saw me ae day greetin' ower a deid starlin'. An' ma mither

—it's no ma ain mither I'm talkin' aboot—it's only the wumman I bides wi'—she called me Daftie because I niver got nae prizes at the schule. Maister MacAllister's oor teacher. He's a grand scholard at the Greek and the Laytin, but awfu' dour, awfu' strict wi' us laddies. Ilka day when I got a bad mark he used tae skelp me, an' said I wisna fit tae mix wi' daecent people's bairns. A' body says I'm daft—gey saft here ye ken," he added by way of explanation, tapping his freckled forehead, which was broad and massive even for a child's.

Harold looked into the urchin's large blue eyes, and thought there was very little daftness to be seen in them, only much sorrow. They were still quite wet with crying.

"I'll never call you that, Sandy. To me you will be *always* Sandy."

"Ah! But ye nicht gin ye kent me better. A' body doon in Netherbrae tells us I'm no canny. Ma mither was daft. And ma faither—" He paused in his narration, and there was every prospect of a fresh fall of tears. They hung in his eyes uncertain yet of their movements in the near future.

"Yes. Tell me all about your father," said Harold encouragingly. "Is he alive? Does he— What! You aren't going to cry again, surely! You're not afraid of me, are you?"

"Na; I'se no' afeard o' you, I wis jist thinkin' aboot ma faither. The folks I bide wi' are no' ma *real* faither an' mither, ye ken—I tellt ye that a wee while syne, did I no? Na, na. They've jist adoptit me, gin ye understand. Ma ain mither died when I wis a bairn." The young man looked amused at this boy, who seemed so small to be talking of the time when he was a "bairn."

"How old, then, are you now?" Harold asked.

"Weel; I'se no vera sure. I think I'll be twal' neist birthday. That way I'd hae been born in the year 188—." The boy did not notice a cloud which momentari y passed over his companion's face at the mention of that year, but went on with his narration. "Ay. I mind fine the days when we bided at Kilwinn ock. Ye see I wisna born here, but far awa' ower yon hills whaur the sun sinks doon when it's tired o' shinin'. Ma mither an' I lived thegither by oor ain sels in a bit hoose wi' creepers crawlin' up the sides, an' the birdies cheepin' ilka mornin' i' the ivy aneath oor windey. Aye, sic bonnie sangs thae birdies kent. We used tae sit—me an' ma mither—i' the gairden

## "Daftie"

o' an evenin' listenin' tae them a' i' the wud ahint oor hoose. Ma mither wis awfu' fond o' them. She could sing sae fine hersel'. An' they used tae come an' tak' crumbs frae her bonnie white haund i' the winter, whan they couldna get onything tae peck at ootside, the earth being sae hard wi' the frost. Aye, ma mither tellt me tae lo'e a' God's crayturs. 'The beasts o' the field are oor best friends, Sandy,' ma mither wud say whiles. 'The world looks gey dour-faced at some folks wha may be sinfu', but thae beasties,' she wud say, as she lookit at them peckin' i' the gairden, 'they'll niver speak an evil word agin onybody.' Div ye no lo'e the birdies, maister?" As he said this, he looked up almost beseechingly into his companion's face.

"Yes, very much," Harold answered huskily, with a strange lump rising in his throat. For he felt that his love was far from being so genuine as that which flowed from the heart of this poor boy whom chance had thrown across his path on a summer's day beside a bickering stream.

"I thocht ye wud. See, noo, yon water-wagtail fair burstin' its thrapple, sae muckle music has it in its wee body. It maun be graund tae be sic a braw singer. I wish ye had heard ma mither singin'. It wis graund. I'll niver forget it as lang as God gies me breath. . . . The world's sic a bonnie place, is't no'? Although I havena seen a great deal o't, yet I've read aboot it in the jographee buiks—aboot Injy an' Egypt an' Afriey an' the islands o' the Paecefic. Hech! It's nae doot vera bonnie here. But I'm thinkin' I'd rather like tae dee oot yonder, whaur the birdies hae reid an' yaller feathers, an' the music o' the sea breakin' on the coral is sae restfu' like. It maun be jist like Pawridise. Hae ye iver seen it, maister?"

"No, Sandy. I've never been so far as *that*. But I have seen a lot of strange places you haven't, in Europe and down the Mediterranean, which I'll tell you about another day, perhaps, if you'll promise me you won't cry any more."

"Ah! I winna greet ony mair, noo that I ken ye. Sae there! It's a promise. Ma mither had seen a hantle o' fine things an' folks, but I wis ower young when she tellt me o' them. I'se forgot aboot them a'thegither. I can only remember her singin', an' how fond she wis o' her laddie an' o' the birds. She used tae come ilka nicht in-tae ma room, ben the hoose frae hers, thinkin' I wis sleepin', an' gie me a kiss, an' then

pray at ma bedside. I used tae keek oot at her. Her face wis vera pale wi' the licht o' the caun'le shinin' on it; but, eh, sir, she wis bonnie, awfu' bonnie, wi' fair hair, an' tearfu' e'en like ane o' God's angels."

"I wish I had known your mother, Sandy."

"Ay, ay, sir, and so div I. Ye wud hae likit her, maister. She wis sae guid an' kind. Naethin' like ither wummen."

"But do you never sing yourself, if, thinking of her, you feel happy?"

"Whiles, mebbe, when I'se by masel', I try a bit sang, jist tae keep me frae greetin' at ma sad thochts. Whiles tae i' the hay-loft at nicht I sing mysel' tae sleep. It does me guid, and the ither folks dinna mind. 'Oh! it's only Daftie,' they says. 'Wha's Daftie?' some veesitor frae the neist town may ask. 'Daftie? ah, he's jist a puir half-wittit laddie wha bides wi' us, an' looks after the kye.'"

"I should be so pleased, Sandy, if you would try to forget that I am here, and sing something you know."

"Wud ye, tho'? Weel, seein' ye'd like it, I'll jist lilt ye a wee thing ma mither teacht me hersel'. The words are her ain. She was vera cliver, and could dae onything, I'se warrant ee, she tried. Here goes."

As the urchin sang, Harold listened attentively. These were the simple words of his lay:

"I' the spring when birds are cheepin',  
And the trees are a' in bloom,  
And the ivy's slily peepin'  
Thro' the windy o' ma room:  
Then ma heart is licht, ma laddie,  
There's nae room for carkin' care.  
Soon he'll come back hame, yer daddie,  
Come back hame tae gang nae mair."

The child had an exquisitely sweet voice. Harold, although no great musician himself, knew a good singer when he heard one, and he was conscious that, given proper training, this urchin might some day be great. The child was the first to break the brief silence.

"Div ye no like it, maister?" he asked.

"I think it is beautiful, Sandy, I do indeed. I've listened to hundreds of people in London, by whose singing I was not half so charmed as I am by yours."

"Weel, weel. It's ma mither ye've tae thank, no me. She maun hae handit her power on tae her Daftie, that's it. But there's anither verse, awfu' sad. Mebbe,



though, ye dinna want tae hear ony mair?"

"Go on, go on; do, Sandy. Let's have it," Harold replied, only too delighted at the prospect of listening to so sweet and natural a singer.

"Mind ye, it's vera sad. Ma mither used tae greet when she sang it tae me. It gangs like this:

"Wae's me, laddie, spring an' simmer,  
Autumn tae hae come an' gane,  
Brightly burns the cracklin' timmer  
I' the fire. But I, alane,  
Sad ma heart, wi' waitin' weary,  
Greet a' nicht, and softly ca'  
I' the darkness for ma dearie,  
Wha frae me bides far awa'."

"Eh! it's a bonnie lilt, though vera sad. I wonder whiles why ma mither should hae been sae broken-heartit. I'm thinkin' it wis ma faither wha gar'd her greet sae sair. Eh, he maun hae been a graund man, ma faither, for a wumman like ma mither tae hae lo'ed him as she did."

"What was your father, Sandy? Do you remember him at all?"

"I dinna ken phat he wis, nor div I mind him awa. He didna bide wi' us someway. I'm thinkin' aince or twice, mebbe oftener, he cam' tae see ma mither when I wis i' ma bed. Ae nicht I heard somebody talkin' i' the room aneath mine. 'Wha wis yon cam' last nicht, mither?' I askit her neist day. 'Whisht! whisht, laddie!' she said. 'Mebbe I'll tell ye some day when ye are bigger an' hae mair sense.' That wis a'; but I'm thinkin' it maun hae been ma faither."

Harold was pondering over this avowal, and in doubt as to whether he should pursue his interrogation further, when, splash! went a great trout in the pool beside which they were sitting, and g-r-r-r-h! went the reel of

the fishing-rod at their side. It all happened so suddenly that Harold was just beginning to realise the fact of his having hooked a fish of no common size, when Sandy, who



"THAT'S THE WAY. KEEP A STEADY PULL."

had already sprung to his feet, clutched the rod with his two hands in exultation.

"Eh, maister, ye've gotten a richt big ane this time, an' no mistak'. A three-punder, I'm thinkin', by the tuggin' o't. Losh! sic a strength! See how it's churned the water intae foam wi' its tail, like the paddle o' a

## "Daftie"

great steamboat. Div ye wish tae hold the rod? Na? Weel, I'se dae ma best for ye. So! is't mair line ye're wantin', ma mannie. Guid! there ye are then." And g-r-r-r-h went the reel again, as Sandy ran excitedly along the bank. Again he wound the line tighter, but Master Trout continued to pull as obstinately as ever.

"Go it, Sandy," Harold shouted, delighted at seeing the youngster flushed with excitement and so intent on the sport. "That's the way. Keep a steady pull. It's yours if you land it. Why, you're a better angler than I am, any day. I'd have lost it long ere now, I'm sure I should."

The rod was bent double. Sandy's face, crimson with his exertions, beamed with delight. Although it was the first fish he had ever "played," to look at him one would have thought he had given his days and nights to the study of old Izaak's art, and that to some good purpose too. However, all mortal contests must end sooner or later. The whole of that fierce fray 'twere needless to describe. Suffice it that the line was strong, Sandy was determined to do or die. So that, eventually, after much panting and running up and down stream with the rod, the youthful sportsman succeeded in drawing his exhausted prey alongside the bank. Then seizing the net which Harold handed to him, he lifted it on shore, and fell back on the greensward beside it, in a condition little less exhausted than that of the gaping and vanquished trout.

"Ma certy! Sic a crittur for ruggin'!" was his first ejaculation a moment afterwards, turning round and apostrophising the fish, which was really a beauty, quite three pounds. "Ye maun hae practised wi' the dumb-bells ilka mornin' tae hae gotten sic biceps in yer airms! But ye're deein' fawst. I ken that by the way ye're gaspin' and lookin' at us through yer een whilk are gey glassy like. Puir beastie! I'se a'most wish I hadna caught ye. Yet, bein' a laddie, I'm fond o' fun."

"Maister," he added, looking up at Harold, who stood beside him in silent admiration. "I'm thinkin' I wis wrang after a'. Ye've made me forget a' ma troubles. We folks wha hae the pooer o' thinkin', and doin' noble deeds tae ane anither, are o' mair value i' the sicht o' God than thae fushes. We hae oor pleasures, as weel as oor cares; and tae say we hate our fellow-critturs is jist phat a fule nicht dae. Na, na. I'se

no misumfopist ava'. I'se jist a wee laddie wha lo'es the guid God, and a' He has creatit. I lo'e the laddies noo, wha call me 'Daftie.' They dinna mean nae harm, thae thochtless chieils. Besides 'sticks an' stanes may break ma banes, but names'll niver hurt me.' I lo'e the drunken deevil I bide wi'! An' tho' I hae mebbe kilt this bonnie beastie, weel—it'll dae fine for ma tea."

"That's right, Sandy," said Harold. "Take it with you, and may you enjoy it. I am glad to see you so happy."

The sun was sinking behind the distant hills. Far along the road a man was seen walking in their direction.

"Wha's yon?" said Sandy, pointing towards the approaching figure. "Eh, sir, I maun leave ye noo, though I am sorry tae pairt frae ye sae scon. But yon's ma maister. He'd beat Daftie, gin he thocht that I'd been playin' truant. See that," he added, turning up his ragged sleeve, and exposing a thin arm which bore an ugly sore. "I'll jist rin doon the burn, and then ahint yon dyke, an' through the wud. When he gets tae Netherbrae, he'll niver ken but what I bided there a' the afternoon. Gude-bye, sir! I'se real sorry to say it, for I lo'e ye neist tae ma mither wha's deid. Ye'd like tae hae kent ma mither, wud ye no?"

"I would indeed, my boy."

"I thocht sae. Weel, weel, as I said syne, it's a wonderfu' warld. Div ye think I might see ye some ither day? I wud like it awfu'."

"Yes; to-morrow! Be sure and come to-morrow; then you can tell me more about yourself. I like you, Sandy, and think we shall be friends. But your master's coming nearer. Good-bye for the present. To-morrow, now, don't forget—to-morrow! Good-bye!"

"Na, I niver forgets," the boy cried, as, with the trout in his hand, he ran singing away. At a bend of the stream he turned round and waved his hand to Harold, who signalled back. For a long time the young man sat there, buried in thought, till at length the deepening shadows warned him that it was time for him too to be moving homewards.

As he turned to go the western sky, still tinged with lingering streaks of red, betokened a beautiful day on the morrow.

JAMES SUTHERLAND WILSON.

## What shall we do for a Living?

BY EDWARD GARRETT, AUTHOR OF "THE OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

**I**N a little book recently brought out by the headmaster of one of the great English public schools, he comments on what he observes as a growing indifference and inability on the part of present-day youth to select a field for its life's labour. He thinks it is a bad sign when a lad of sixteen has not some decided inclination as to "what he is to be."

This writer was speaking of youths who regard a calling in life chiefly as a "career," and who (too often unfortunately) are not obliged to think of it as a necessary means of gaining a livelihood. One would like very much to get the utterance of the experience and opinions of the headmasters and headmistresses of our Board schools on this same subject. They could tell us, better than anybody else, under what influences varied methods of bread-winning are chosen—or how often they are not chosen at all, but rather accidentally imposed on young people by their surroundings and their limitations. One scarcely knows how far they are able to trace their former scholars about in the world; but where they do, they might be able to give us striking instances of the waste caused by misapplied capabilities or, on the other hand, of the triumph of inborn instinct and ability over all hindrances.

There is no doubt that many of the first stretchings of the young mind towards its unknown future are very wild and vague. I know of a little boy who confided to his aunt "that he would like to be a cabman if cabmen could be buried in Westminster Abbey, and, if not, then he would choose to be a general."

I dare say we have all known little people who have had longings to grow up and keep a sweetie shop, with the very unbusinesslike view of enjoying their own stock.

Such fantasies pass away. By the time boys and girls are getting up in the "standards," they can grasp some of the realities of life—the stern necessity for earning bread—and all the limitations of sex, of place, or of purse, which often seem to shut us in far more really than they do, and which, as time passes on, we often dis-

cover to be little more than barricades raised round us to test our strength and agility in leaping over them!

What are the influences which commonly bring about decision in this matter of choice of life-work?

There is parental leading and authority. When these are enlightened and unselfish their worth cannot be over-estimated. Anyhow, a father very rarely gives his son too roseate a view of the advantages of his own calling. If the boy adopts it, it may be through some hereditary instinct, or under the force of sheer necessity, he generally does so with his eyes fully open to all its drawbacks.

On the other hand, parents often lay plans for their child's future and try to fit him into them. The hole of their ambition is a round hole, and the boy is a square boy, and if he gets forced into it, he will get sore chipped in the process. Parents often have a very natural wish to keep their children with them at any cost: forgetful that they will not remain always with their children, who may have to stay withering in the uncongenial soil where they planted them, long after their own heads are laid in the grave. Worse still, they do not always consider health, or inclination, or ability, but only ask where is the best opportunity "to get on." It is asked: "What trade is the most highly paid? What calling is the most genteel?" It is not asked: "What is this boy fit for?" but "What is it becoming to his family that he should be fit for?" I remember reading a letter written to John Ruskin by a gentleman who was in great distress because his young brother, who he thought should go into one of the learned professions, had gone off to British Columbia, and got work in a salmon-canning factory! John Ruskin replied that on the whole he thought it was quite as honourable to prepare potted fish as to distribute potted talk! Some parents see this. I know a case just now in which the son of "gentle" people, with many other possibilities open to him, has declared his own ardent desire to be a *cook*. His father, after giving and taking time for consideration, has yielded to his desire, and he is

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now in training under a *chef*. But too often young people whom nature has plainly intended to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and who would be happy and honourable in such avocations, are sent up to college because it is thought derogatory to their family's standing that they should work with their hands; it often ends in their family having to put them out of sight as wasters. Or parents of a humbler class, as they grow old and easier in circumstances, resolve to give themselves "a social lift" by sending their youngest boy to the university, though he may be the fool of the family, or a roystering youngster who would far rather go on a cattle ranche! Schoolmasters have always been very severe on this perverse judgment of fathers as concerning the fitness or unfitness of their children. Roger Ascham, Queen Elizabeth's tutor, even went so far as to wish that this parental power was clipped in the interests of the commonwealth, for he said, "Fathers in old time, among the noble Persians, might not do with their children as they thought good, but as the judgment of the commonwealth always thought best."

As to the wishes of the young people themselves, they are swayed by a thousand winds. They think of the present rather than of the future. They want to stay with a favourite companion; or they simply wish to gratify a roving impulse. Some have a personal attraction to a possible employer. One desires "liberty," another looks for "gentility." One inclines where he can make "most money," another studies only where he will get the "easiest time."

Some allow influences and circumstances, which a little resolution might easily control, to push them into a place in life for which they have neither liking nor fitness. Do they reflect what they are doing? The process of earning a living absorbs at least one-third of a man's whole life—eight hours out of the twenty-four—half of his waking time! Therefore to choose an uncongenial form of bread-winning means that they are bound in disagreeable slavery for that portion of their existence, and must seek all enjoyment, not in the persistent condition of their life, but in its mere accidentals. A man or woman who does not take a pleasure and a pride in his or her work is not worth employing. It must be a wretched thing to labour, longing only for the clock to strike the hour of release. Those who, having strong individual inclinations, are able to secure a

livelihood by the exercise of these, have a perpetual cause for thanksgiving. Without doubt they may get weary of it sometimes—and have "too much of a good thing"—but they are as delighted to return to it as we are to get home when we have been refreshed by a holiday. It has been said that "there is nothing in life which holds, except one's work and one's prayers"—for these go on when all else changes and ceases, and by these we hold to our fellow-men and to God when all the other surroundings of our lives drop away.

Some people may be inclined to imagine that only occupations where so-called "talents" come in, can really be so delightful as to be a chosen occupation. This is a mistake. Many men, some great in mind, some in position, have found utmost pleasure in the simple manual arts by which other men gain bread. Louis XVI of France delighted in locksmith work; other princes of more modern date have been skilful taxidermists. Jenny Lind, the great singer, liked to occupy her leisure with needlework; a famous French authoress loved to soothe her stormy soul with "a long white seam." If these people had not had princely rank or royal genius, there is no doubt how each would have chosen to earn bread, and have been happy in the earning.

Nobody should choose an occupation in which he is not willing to live and to die. It is a pitiful thing when a man goes to his work only to gain enough money to leave off doing it. When a man loves his work and does it well, he does not want to delegate it to others, to shuffle out of it when he can, to get rid of it as soon as he may. On the contrary, he feels a tender pathos when he finds that his "working days are drawing to a close"; and though he may be glad enough to rest in his old age, yet the tools of his art or craft will be often in his hand, and its interests will always arouse his interest.

When we approach the definite choice of occupation from a practical point of view, the first question to ask is, What work does the world really want?

People make very pathetic mistakes at this point. Perhaps they once made even more than they do now. I remember when mothers used to fancy that if their daughters ever required to earn bread, they would readily secure places as "companions"—with home and good salary—for arranging flowers and carrying on small talk! I remember one



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poor, poor lady, who felt that the world was very unkind when she found that it would not let her earn a good income by making pincushions!

But we must always remember that while the world will not pay for work it does not need, it could ill do without some work for which it is not particularly inclined to pay.

It requires people who will speak very plain truths to it; it requires thinkers who will remodel its thoughts for it; it wants poets who will show it the sources of true honour and joy; it wants painters who will teach it how to recognise beauty.

But, in general, it does not want to pay for any of these things. Therefore they must be omitted from the ways of earning bread. The world is very willing to pay people who speak smooth falsehoods to it, who make level the grooves in which its warped thoughts run, who sing songs in honour of its follies and passions, who draw vulgar and base pictures for its illustrated papers, or paint the portraits of its millionaires and professional beauties. Now very few of those who are gifted with literary or artistic talents prepare to prostitute them in these ways; and yet how many sink to do so because, if they mean to live by their gifts, they must shape them to what the world asks!

Therefore, if anybody feels that he or she has a mission to preach, or write, or paint, the first thing they have to do is to be independent of the world's payment. That may come—it often does come, sooner or later. But they must be independent of it. Does this mean that only rich men are able freely to use such gifts? No. The greatest of such gifts have been most successfully exercised by poor men. Shakespeare did not live by his plays: he lived by his diligence as a man of business. Milton did not live by his epics, but by his secretarial and tutorial work. Burns did his best work while he followed his plough. Millet, the painter of the Angelus, when he could not sell his masterpieces, turned an honest penny by painting signboards. Spinoza would have starved on his philosophy, but he kept it alive by grinding spectacles.

Nobody should dream of getting a living as a genius. Let the geniuses keep themselves in the rank of the average people, and seek answer to the second division of my question: "For what of work really wanted is the world willing to pay?"

It is most willing to pay for food, for clothing, for shelter, for help in sickness, and within limits (very shameful limits sometimes) for teaching.

Those occupations which lie nearest to the natural instincts are not only the most happy, but also the most permanent and prosperous.

The trades which minister to the real necessities of humanity are the most desirable and the most honourable. Farmers and fishers, builders, carpenters and road-makers, bakers and clothiers, and all the other ministers to the daily needs of work-a-day humanity will be always necessary in every state of society. The woman who really knows how to keep a house, how to cook, how to wash, how to make clothes, will never lack work. In the whole world—though not always in any particular part of it—there will be always more work of this kind than there are workers to do it.

Occupations which minister to luxury are less useful, and therefore less satisfying to the inner consciousness. They are less reliable too, being apt to fluctuate with taste or wealth, and being all more or less under the fickle rule of fashion. Employments which are altogether at the mercy of mere "fashion" are best avoided. They involve feverish overwork and extravagance, heart-breaking depression and demoralisation. The skill which time and practice bring to other pursuits cannot be gained in them, and the worker's prospects darken rapidly as life advances.

It is best that men should take to callings in which the great mass of woman-kind will never compete with them. There may be exceptional women who will do anything from coal-mining to navigation, but they are few, and will not disturb the labour market. So women, again, are wisest as a rule to occupy those fields which are all their own, and in which they do not have to compete with men.

In our own day we have seen one field of labour rapidly change hands. Women are driving men out of counting-house and office. It often comes hard on the men, and one hears a good deal of pity for them, which sometimes seems inclined to ignore that women have an equal right to live! The true pity of it is that in such fields the women generally have to do as much work as the men, at far lower rates of pay; and while it must not be forgotten that in many instances the man has his family to maintain, while the woman has only herself



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to keep and remains one of a home, still it is not always so, and anyhow that is no just standard for the value of work. Yet women would do better to confine themselves more to those avocations which are all their own. If the sister earns ten shillings a week by doing work for which the brother used to receive a pound, while he now sits idle, the household is no gainer by the exchange; and possibly she might have found better-paid work for herself which would have left him at his desk.

The work of counting-house and office may be, perhaps, quite as suitable for a woman as for a man; perhaps even more so. It will be an unalloyed blessing if the present sharp competition between the sexes reduces the fancied advantages of this kind of work to a vanishing-point. It has too long been rushed upon because of the snobbish idea that it is "gentlemanly," and the young man in a black coat, making entries in a ledger, has been apt to think himself infinitely superior to the working men whose productive labours and transactions he merely records. As a matter of fact, few occupations offer less stimulus to the mind or development of the physical frame. It is one of the terrible mistakes of fond parents that they sometimes put a clever, thinking boy into this sort of work, because they imagine it is above manual labour, and more in line with his studious or artistic turn. A great mistake. Nothing can be worse, more trying, more destructive to the higher mental faculties than the constant working of the mere mechanical part of the mind. The balance can be kept only by the wise use of leisure. If anybody thinks himself or herself a genius, let them throw gentility to the winds, and straightway apply themselves to some of the plain ways of labour, which will leave the mind free.

Apart from considerations of "gentility," sedentary indoor occupations are occasionally chosen for delicate boys or girls, just because they are delicate, and it is thought that such work is "light." This too is a sad error. Medical men, too, tell us that where there is any tendency to consumption an outdoor life and cheerful movement may often counteract it, while heated rooms, impure atmospheres, and constrained attitudes may develop such tendencies even where they did not previously exist.

There are physical defects which should convince those who suffer from them that

certain occupations are not for them, and could yield them only disappointment and defeat. People with short-sighted eyes should not become sempstresses or engravers. One should make sure that one is not colour-blind before going into shipping or railway duties. One may be in some ways admirably fitted to impart knowledge, and yet quite unfit for the teaching profession if of a nervous, excitable temperament, unable to bear the strain of constant responsibility or the irritation of persistent claims on the attention. It is not wise for any to go into medicine or nursing, whose sickly or depressed appearance suggests the remark, "Physician, heal thyself!" Nobody should think of entering the ministry unless prepared to face the darkest and most painful facts of human experience—not as did a young man of whom I heard lately, whose family thought of the ministry for him chiefly as a genteel calling, and who straightway cast about to discover in which sect he would be least likely to be brought in contact with the "poor," whom he "did not like"!

It is impossible to deal in detail with the pros and cons of all occupations. In large, we may say that those are the most desirable avocations which require considerable training, and in which only practice makes perfect, or, again, which a man can carry with him anywhere, and is sure to find useful and profitable at all times and places.

A few principles may be suggested on which the choice of an occupation may be made, and these principles can be thrown into the form of questions, which the individual can answer for himself or for his children.

*"What work is really useful in the world?"*

We have already shown that some of the most useful work in the world is not paid for—cannot be paid for. But some of the most useless occupations are also the most highly paid. They are not, therefore, the more desirable. "Lightly come, lightly go," and the enormous earnings of jockeys, dancers, and other hangers-on of idle frivolity generally enrich themselves in the end as little as their labours enrich the world! They give their lives, their very souls, for nought. Therefore we leave them out of our consideration. We will infer that our determination is that our choice of

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life-work shall be of the distinctly useful, and then we go on to the next question.

*"Out of these useful occupations, which do I like best?"*

Now this is a question for each soul. Nobody can help him in the answer; for in this matter, as in most others, "one man's meat is another man's poison." At this point parents are wise to leave perfect liberty. They should have helped their children to be able to give answer for themselves. Parents and teachers should watch for children's inclinations, and foster them, instead of throwing cold water upon them, as they sometimes do. The little instinctive effort of a child of six might, if duly encouraged, become the strong aptitude and inclination in the boy or girl of fourteen. If Florence Nightingale's friends had jeered at her bandaged dolls, and taken them away from her, she might never have developed into the great Nursing Sister. By the time West, the artist, was sixteen he would readily have said "I want to be a painter," but if, when, as a child of six, he drew the baby's portrait, his mother had laughed at him or scolded him for "making a mess," instead of kissing him, his talent might have perished in its birth. One even wonders whether the elaboration of modern toys, leaving nothing to a child's own imagination and inclination, may not have something to do with indecision in the choice of future occupation. Germs are easily killed. An oak is a mighty monarch, hard to destroy, but anybody can trample an acorn.

Then, when we have decided what we would like to do, the next question is:

*"Can we do it?"*

This question comes in two forms: "*What are we best fit to do?*" and "*What will our circumstances permit us to do?*"

The answer to either question is this: When there is any hindrance in oneself or in one's surroundings to one's achieving the occupation of one's heart's desire, then let us do that nearest to it, and which we find within our compass. For instance, one longs to be a sculptor, but is poor and knows that ready bread does not lie in that direction. Then let him be a stonemason. One wishes to be an artist, but one cannot afford either the training or the delay. Let him be a house decorator. Or one wants to be a sailor, but feels he must not leave his widowed mother quite alone. Then be a fisherman.

And so through the whole range of occupations.

There are two advantages in taking this course. The calling one takes up as second best exercises the same aptitudes as the calling one desires. The two roads going in the same direction are likely at some point to join in one.

Then the final question is, "*What is it that is most essential to one, and what is one prepared to give up?*"

This is a most important question. Much of the dissatisfaction and unrest of life come from its neglect. People will not realise that everything has its price. They try to grasp incompatible advantages, and are disgusted when they fail.

They will refuse to submit to a long training, and then they are indignant to find themselves employed in some calling which lies quite open to everybody who rushes in, and where the veteran has no advantage over the novice.

Or they pursue an avocation which is their happy "hobby," but instead of resting content in the lifelong satisfaction of its practice, they rail at society because they have not also made a fortune.

Or they desire an even, regular, reliable employment, and then grumble at the "monotony of their life."

The consideration of what we really want and what we are prepared to sacrifice having once decided the life-work, there will remain only to live the life! Let us remember that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich"—not necessarily rich in money, which would be but a poor result, since a rich man may be foolish, and unrespected, and miserable. But "the hand of the diligent maketh rich" in skill, in power, in comfort, in influence. And in "all labour there is profit"—not only in the labour which can be paid for in wages, but in the labour which is of love, the extra touch, whose withholding nobody would blame, whose putting in nobody notices—yes, there is profit in that—the great gain of self-respect, which straightens one's back and brightens one's eye, and makes one of the number of nature's noblemen. Let each be proud of his calling. Let us learn all about it, and know its history. Be sure it has its romances. It has been dignified by some great man in this country or another. Probably it has its heroisms. We know far too little about these things.

## Paris Diamonds

BY ADELA E. ORPEN, AUTHOR OF "PERFECTION CITY," "CORRAGEEN IN 1898," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV. — LEOPOLDINE'S DIPLOMACY.

PATTIE left Madame's little room with brain on fire and her heart in a wild tumult of anger, anxiety, and love for her sister. She rushed upstairs to her room, and there saw the tumbled trunk and the small box with the broken lock, unmistakable signs of the domiciliary visit of the police. With one terrified look around the disordered room she hurried to her dressing-table and took her watch and chain, and also a little locket and necklace of silver which a school friend in England had sent her for a Christmas present, and thrust them into her pocket. She counted the money she had in her purse, and found there nineteen francs. Then she left the room, and hurried downstairs and across the courtyard without once looking at anyone. She felt she was shunned, and her heart burned with indignation. Madame had told her to leave the house, everyone looked upon her as a thief. She would go. She had no definite idea of what to do, but a blind impulse drove her to leave the school and go to where Millicent was, to see if she could give any aid to the child in this awful conjuncture. In the first wild moment of her grief and despair Pattie followed the unreasoning instinct of love. She was too stunned with terror to be able to reason calmly as to what she should do. For all she spoke so resolutely, her mind was in a wild bewilderment of doubt and fear. But she did not go alone to the police station, for just as she was issuing from the gate a quick step was heard behind her.

"Hold! I come too," said Leopoldine, very much out of breath and very red in the face. The honest girl had put on a fresh cap, stiff, white, and voluminous, and now was ready to face the authorities on behalf of her friends. She had heard what Pattie said about finding the diamonds, and her heart beat with pride and delight. She was sorry that their hurried departure left her not a moment to run into the schoolroom and inform those young ladies and the under-mistresses that it was all a mistake which was now going to be set right.

"See you, Mademoiselle, I know the way to the police station. It is close beside the Mairie. I went there to sign my papers. The officers will know me," said Leopoldine, trotting along beside Pattie, who took hold of her rough hard-working hand and pressed it warmly. Arrived at their destination, Leopoldine asked with vast dignity to see the officer in command.

"Behold!" exclaimed a big policeman, slapping his hand upon his resounding chest. "In effect, my girl, you see him."

"Not you! Get out! I want to see some one of position," answered Leopoldine. The big man laughed a jolly laugh.

"Monsieur," said Pattie in trembling tones, "I come here upon a most unhappy errand."

"Not an isolated case. Proceed, Mademoiselle."

"My sister, a very young girl, was to-day arrested"—poor Pattie gave a gulp—"by mistake."

The policeman shook his head sceptically.

"On the charge of having diamonds in her possession. She had never even seen these unhappy diamonds, knows nothing about them, and I want, if you please, to go to her. She is very young, a mere child."

"Mademoiselle," said the policeman with ceremony, "all those points you mention will be for the magistrate to hear and to determine upon. It is against my duty to allow you to enter here."

"Listen!" said Leopoldine promptly. "You don't understand the Mees. Attention now, I explain all."

The big man grinned at her admiringly.

"This young Mees you have now here in the lock-up; she is here, isn't she?"

The man nodded.

"Then see what I say. She is young. She is delicate. She never before endured any hardship. She is accustomed to every luxury. She will be out of herself with terror at being in a lock-up. She understands but little French, not like the Mees here, who speaks so well. She will die of fright. Now, look you, to comfort this young child, I who speak, I will go to stay with her in the lock-up. You would be in

a difficulty if she died of terror, and Monsieur the Ambassador of England came to demand her of you to-morrow. See, my brave, you let me stay? Nein? Yes?"

Leopoldine looked most coaxingly at the man, tapped him on the arm, and winked her black eye knowingly.

"My good little one. It grieves me. I am indeed desolate! But the demands of justice must be enforced. I am unable to admit you."

"Then take that—and—that," said Leopoldine, hopping up and slapping him first on one ear and then on the other, finally knocking off his hat.

The officer was aghast, so was Pattie. Leopoldine's white cap vibrated with rage, like the bristles of a bull-dog about to fight.

"Eh, *sapristi*, but that is an assault, you know," said the man, picking up his hat and looking with amazement at his small adversary.

"Of course it is! Here in the hall of justice too. You must put me in the lock-up now, along with the young Mees. See! I render myself to your orders, Monsieur l'Officier."

"You are the little terror," said the man, with a loud guffaw.

"Vile animal, conduct me!" said Leopoldine, quivering with rage.

The noise of this altercation brought another person upon the scene, who entered from an inner room. To Pattie he appeared but a repetition of the policeman with whom Leopoldine was arguing so violently, but the unerring instinct of that young woman informed her at once that he was of another grade. Her manner changed completely, the little bantam became a dove. She was all humility and submission.

"Miladi and I come to crave a favour at your hands, Monsieur," she said, in a voice from which every trace of anger was banished. The man glanced at Pattie, upon whom the title of "miladi" sat well enough, and listened to Leopoldine. "You have, Monsieur, under your guardianship a young Mees, the sister of the Mees here. She is by error imprisoned, but of that the magistrate will convince himself. She is young, she is delicate, she is accustomed to be attended. I am her servant, Monsieur. Will you permit me to attend her while Mees goes to the Ambassador of England to arrange for the conduct of this affair?"

Pattie was too surprised at the out-

pouring of Leopoldine's story, wherein fact and fiction masqueraded in bewildering characters, to try and set the officer right. She simply pleaded for permission to remain with her sister, so young, so helpless, and in such a terrible position.

"Mademoiselle," said he, not unkindly, looking at her sorrow-stricken face, "I have deep sympathy for you. I myself have daughters, and, seeing this young girl, I considered myself at liberty to use my discretion. She is not in the lock-up, but I have placed her in the special charge of the matron, a most worthy woman, and at this moment she reads contentedly in a book of harmless stories."

"Oh, Monsieur, you have taken a dreadful weight off my mind," sobbed poor Pattie, quite overcome, now that the worst of her terrors was over.

"Yes, yes, it is natural. I should rejoice to have it all explained," said the man, moved by her tears that seemed wrung from her very heart. "All consideration and respect will be shown to the young Mees, compatible with safety. She will have not long to wait. The magistrate of preliminary inquiry sits to-morrow at eleven. She will appear before him."

"Will you tell me the name of the accuser?" said Pattie tremblingly.

"Perfectly," replied the obliging official, going to a big book and consulting the same.

"Madame la Princesse de Novgorod, native of Russia, at present residing in the rue de Rivoli, No. 52, makes deposition and says: 'You see, it is all *en règle*.' So saying he shut up the big book and looked inquiringly at Pattie.

"Is it hopeless that I see my sister?" asked Pattie in a faint whisper.

"Ah, Mademoiselle, you make my duty very severe," replied the man politely.

"Pardon, Monsieur, I did not know," she said meekly, and turned to go, after again thanking him for his civility.

"Beast that thou art!" said Leopoldine to the big policeman, who showed them to the door. She turned her nose upwards, and with a look of indescribable contempt passed him, her cap vibrating with suppressed energy and anger.

"Leopoldine," said Pattie faintly, as they stood in the street, "what shall we do now? I don't know what is best."

"We importune Madame la Princesse," replied the young Bretonne with decision, "and we present ourselves before the Ambassador of England."



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Pattie took comfort from her confidence and energy, and the two proceeded by 'bus to the address given by the officer at the police station. It was close upon nine o'clock when they arrived, and the Arcade was in a full glory of lamps and well-lit shop fronts. A magnificent creature in gold-laced uniform with a staff in his hand, white stockings on his legs, and buckled shoes on his feet, greeted them, if so sumptuous a being could greet anybody, with the inquiry of what they sought.

"We come to lay a petition before Madame la Princesse," said Pattie, assuming the chief rôle in the interview, for she had a vivid recollection of Leopoldine's methods of conducting negotiations as evinced in her encounter with the big policeman. She did injustice to the young servant's powers of discernment, for Leopoldine suited her manner to the business in hand, and, above all, regulated it according to the temper of the person she had to deal with, and nature and long service had endowed her with a remarkable power of gauging tempers and coming to swift conclusions. While Pattie spoke to the gorgeous footman, Leopoldine stood demurely behind her, as became a well-trained servant, only now and then peeping timidly at him and dropping her eyes whenever he looked her way, which he did at every moment.

"Mademoiselle," said the sumptuous man, "Madame la Princesse dines in the world to-night. Also her hour for seeing people on affairs is eleven o'clock. If you

will write your name and your petition which you wish to offer to Madame la Princesse, I will give it to her man of business, who waits upon Madame la Princesse with punctuality each day."

Poor Pattie was ready to weep with grief



"WE COME TO LAY A PETITION BEFORE MADAME LA PRINCESSE"

and disappointment. What should she do? There was so little time. Millicent, that sweet child, would be brought before the examining magistrate the very next morning, and yet here she was to wait for weary hopeless hours until the routine of



the princely house enabled her to see the lady whose single word could release the child from imprisonment and disgrace. Pattie saw no way of saving Millicent from the humiliation of appearing publicly in a police court on a charge of theft. Oh, it was too cruel! Her chin quivered and her eyes filled with bitter tears.

At this moment the demure Leopoldine stepped gently forward and, putting a timid finger upon the gold cuff of the sumptuous footman, attracted his attention, which seemed fixed upon a distant and lofty lamp-post, and succeeded in concentrating it upon her insignificant self. He looked loftily down upon the starched cap, now in the meekest state of tranquillity.

"Monsieur," she said softly yet loud enough for him to hear, "we come upon the affair of the lost diamonds of the serene princess, and if your excellent condescension would admit us to an early audience in the morning it will save Madame la Princesse much fatigue and perhaps a disagreeable experience."

So saying Leopoldine slipped a silver five-franc piece into the great man's hand, which graciously closed upon the coin and transferred it swiftly to his illustrious pocket.

"Come at ten o'clock, my dear, and I will admit you," said his excellency with dignity. Pattie, entirely unconscious of Leopoldine's diplomacy, was surprised at the change in his manner, which she attributed to his satisfaction at having a countrywoman of his own to talk with.

"Shall we now proceed to the Ambassador of England, miladi?" asked Leopoldine with superb stateliness, as she turned to Pattie and awaited her commands.

But Pattie did not answer, so they walked away together in silence. To say the truth, the young English girl was feeling very weak and faint. The grief and anxiety she had undergone during the past four hours, together with the hurried walking and driving from one place to another, had begun to tell upon her. She had forgotten in her trouble to eat any supper. She now remembered that she had had no dinner, for she had excused herself from dining with her pupils at Fontainebleau as she was in a great hurry to go off to the park for her ramble. In fact, she had passed a long and fatiguing day and a most harassing evening with no food except some pieces of bread and chocolate eaten many hours before. The two young women walked to the Place de la Concorde, and there, to Leopoldine's

dire distress, Pattie fainted dead away. She was accommodated with a seat on the basement of the statue of the Plunging Horses, and the kind Leopoldine tripped off to the fountain and sopped her handkerchief in it, with which two minutes later she revived Pattie.

"Dear Leopoldine!" said the latter in a weak voice, "I am sorry to give so much trouble, but I was overcome, and I think it must be I am hungry too. I have forgotten to eat anything since eleven this morning."

"Stars of heaven! Was ever one more stupid than I!" exclaimed Leopoldine. "I have neglected to provide you with food. I am the cause of your disaster." She beat her breast with anger. "Lean on me, dear Mees. I support you to the little wine shop. I obtain a mouthful of wine. It revives you, and we go not back to the school, for, see you, it is far, and the clock says half an hour to eleven. I have a little friend, Jeanne Clément, of a small shop here. We lodge with her the night. We are at hand to obtain audience of Madame la Princesse in the morning. Say I not well?"

"My good Leopoldine," said Pattie, resting her head on the little servant's shoulder and shedding tears of weakness and discouragement. "You have been a friend to me in this trouble, the best and truest of friends. I think you are my only friend in the world. I cannot return to the school. You forget how Madame drove me out with insults and ignominy."

"Chut, chut!" said Leopoldine, with sprightliness. "What will you? I know Madame, she has the temper and the tongue of vinegar. Eh yes! But she forgives, see you! We will explain all. She weeps over you the tears of her joy. For the rest, you are kind to me. I love you. Yes! I serve you always."

She kissed Pattie noisily, and, putting her arm around her waist to support her, escorted her first to the little wine shop, and thence later on to the shop of Jeanne Clément, the little friend who sold sausages, cheese, butter, and very thin wine from behind a small counter in a tiny shop in the rue de l'Arcade, and so supported herself, a drunken father, and an old invalid grandmother.

### CHAPTER V.—IN THE DOCK

IT was a pale and haggard-looking Pattie that issued from the little sausage-shop the next morning, for anxiety and sleeplessness are bad beautifiers of young

## Paris Diamonds

faces, and the poor girl had scarcely closed her eyes during the comfortless night spent on a sofa in Jeanne's tiny sitting-room. Leopoldine had slept on the floor of the kitchen with her head on a footstool; but she arose next morning with cheeks russet red as usual, her black eyes as bright as a ferret's, and her spotless cap unwrinkled in the smallest quilling. The habit of wearing those marvellous stiff caps, which would be ruined by a speck of dirt or a crease, has helped to form Frenchwomen in their national characteristic of neatness. They are put into white caps in childhood, and stay in them throughout life. They can never loll about and mess their clothes, for those caps, bristling wide and far, effectually keep them in the right way. After a hasty breakfast of coffee and a roll, the two girls set forth on their errand, and arrived at the hotel of the Princess before the gorgeous footman was arrayed in his glory. Instead of the lordly apparition of yesterday, they encountered a mere man in shirt-sleeves, engaged in rubbing up the brass lion's nose which formed a knocker for the princess's door. He acknowledged Pattie's existence by a surly nod and winked at Leopoldine, telling them that they were too early. Madame la Princesse did not receive for another hour. So the girls turned away, and Leopoldine was for going into the Garden of the Tuileries, just opposite, for one sat agreeably there, she said; but Pattie said no, she had something she must do.

"You know I have very little money," she faltered, with a sense of humiliation, but her companion's sturdy directness put her to shame.

"My faith, mademoiselle, no one has much money in the Pension Rongère."

"And so I thought I might sell these little trinkets. We shall need money when Millicent comes, for we cannot go back any more, you know," said Pattie, showing her poor little trifles to Leopoldine. The latter looked at them critically, turned them over, tried the silver necklace between her teeth, and said: "Good solid English."

"Where can we sell them?" asked Pattie, with a fearful recollection of the last time she sold jewels.

"In the Faubourg Saint-Honoré finds one the affair. It is at two steps," said Leopoldine promptly.

"Let us go, then, at once, so that we may be back in time," said Pattie, taking her by the arm.

"Hold, Mademoiselle!" exclaimed Leopoldine, "we sell them not—we raise money on them at a pawnshop. But see you. I go alone to such a place. You come not. They see you are a great lady. Great ladies are timid, they take anything, nothing, and hurry away too frightened to find themselves in so low a place."

Pattie, remembering how her heart beat in the sumptuous shop of Messrs. Gérard et Fils, could but acknowledge the truth of what Leopoldine said.

"I take these to 'my aunt,' as we say," continued that young woman. "I have no terror—eh no, I fear not. I'll make the bargain for you."

Pattie gave up her trinkets, only too delighted to escape the ordeal, and Leopoldine trotted briskly away. She entered a sort of pawnshop and confronted the old man in charge, as baleful a looking human being as one often sees. She promptly set about her business, laid the watch, chain, and necklace upon the counter, and demanded what she could have for them.

"Fifteen francs!" said the ogre.

"Imbecile!" said Leopoldine, in a high-pitched key of anger.

"Nein," said the man, "take it or leave it."

"How dare you offer such a figure, and for objects of value, real solid English silver, none of your frauds. They were the property of a lady of distinction."

"Did you steal them?" said the ogre, with a grin.

"And if I did," said Leopoldine with effrontery, "it is not you who should talk honesty to me. Eh! How much of all these objects have you stolen, my old wrinkled figure of a beast of a monkey?"

Somebody giggled at the end of the shop, and Leopoldine instantly dived to the farthest corner of the den to see who it was.

"Say I not well?" she demanded of a youth whom she there found huddled up on a heap of old clothes which he was sorting. A glance showed her that this was the son of the ogre. "Is it not that I say well?" she demanded again. "Fifteen francs for these excellent objects. See, my brave, what will you give for them?"

"Twenty," said the youth, who delighted in her bold chatter.

"Ah, see these now!" exclaimed Leopoldine. "What luck I have to find you here. This is not your usual business, I'll venture. Are you officer in the army?"

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The man was a hunchback, but the question delighted him, as Leopoldine meant it should.

"Begone out of this!" cried the ogre. "I'll give you twenty-three, and not another sou. If you don't go, I'll sweep you out



PATTIE SHOWS HER TRINKETS TO LEOPOLDINE

"'Tis a pity. I thought you were. You have the open generous way of a soldier. Say thirty francs, and you shall have them."

The young man grinned and shook his head.

with my broom. Leave that fool alone. He'll promise his head for a football only to get a woman to talk to him."

Leopoldine smiled sweetly, took the money and her pawn-ticket, and returned to Pattie,

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who had been waiting for her in the gardens. Oh, how wearily! The clocks were pointing to half-past ten before they again ventured into the presence of that door-keeper.

Yes, they might mount now into the ante-chamber, and the attendants of Madame la Princesse would hear their business and see if she could be troubled with it. Pattie's heart sank at this, and Leopoldine got ready another silver five-franc piece. She had only two more left, and it was all the money the honest girl had, yet she would freely give it to help her friend in her extremity. The servants of Madame la Princesse became less and less gorgeous in their outward appearance according as one approached nearer to the person of that noble lady, so that in the end it was quite a simple little waiting-maid who opened the boudoir door and passed Pattie into her presence.

"My dear, you remain with me," said the princess's maid to Leopoldine, and the two sat down in the ante-chamber and in two minutes were talking volubly together.

The princess was a lady of about thirty-five, with the characteristics of her race strongly marked. She had a fair pale complexion, fair pale hair, pale blue eyes, dark eyebrows, and short nose, a full well-shaped mouth, beautiful white hands with pink finger-tips, a tiny foot, and was going to be stout when she got older. She sat in a blue velvet chair, against which her white cachmere morning wrapper looked very dainty. On a small table at her side was a tumbled pile of letters, some of which she was reading as Pattie entered.

"You have come to tell me of my diamond brooch," she said at once. "I am this morning informed it has been found." She tapped an official-looking letter bearing a gigantic seal.

"Yes, madam, I found it three weeks ago last Wednesday, in the Champs-Élysées at the turn into the allée opposite the Palais de l'Industrie."

"Ah!" said the princess, looking sharply at Pattie. "My official information is of a different complexion. Sit down, you look tired. Tell me the affair."

The princess spoke with a certain abruptness, as of a person accustomed to issue orders and to have them obeyed. She was a kind-hearted woman, however, and to the best of her ability used her vast power and wealth in a worthy way. Pattie sat down

gratefully, for she felt so weak and ill that she found it almost impossible to keep her feet. Then very simply she told her story of the finding of the diamonds.

"I saw no one who could have lost the jewels, and I think there was no one, except, possibly, a lady on wheels, yellow wheels—"

"Eh, what!" exclaimed the princess, "what are you talking about?"

"I crave your pardon, I am very distracted: I mean there was a lady in a carriage with yellow wheels who came out of the Exhibition building a little time before—Madame, have you yellow wheels?" asked Pattie suddenly.

The princess smiled faintly.

"My livery is blue and orange," she answered.

"Then you are the lady. You hesitated, I remember, as if you had stumbled on something at the carriage step."

"I remember now, my muff-chain caught against something. I stopped a moment to free it. I must have detached my brooch, and it rolled out of the carriage after I was seated."

"Madame," said Pattie with an effort, "not knowing the owner, I kept the brooch, but, being poor, sold three of the diamonds to Messrs. Gérard et Fils. I told no one of my lucky find, because I wanted no one to ask me questions, and least of all did I tell my poor little sister for fear she might chatter about it, and so lead eventually to somebody getting the brooch who had no more right to it than I had. I confess my fault," said the poor girl passionately, "but oh to think that it was Millicent who had to bear all the disgrace and ignominy of arrest and imprisonment—Millicent, who was as innocent of all knowledge of the diamonds as those pictured angels there," ended Pattie, with a stifled sob, pointing to some exquisite cherubs' heads in a painting that hung opposite her.

The princess rose from her seat.

"My child, I am sorry you and your sister have had cause to suffer so much concerning this brooch. I see I was in error. I thought it had been wrenched from me by some young persons who roughly shoved against me as I was walking in one of the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne. I so informed the police, and gave photographs of my jewels. They have been led into making false arrests. It is not unusual with the police. I will see and rectify this error."



She rang the bell, and the neat maid entered.

"Order the carriage to be brought around with the greatest expedition. Then attend me. I am going out on affairs of pressing urgency. I will see no further applicants this morning, no matter whom."

She entered her private apartments, just as the big clock boomed out eleven. At this moment the magistrate was going to hold the preliminary inquiry. Would Millicent be called the first? What would the poor child think, brought up in a police court, between sergeants de ville and accused of theft, and Pattie not there to support her in this awful moment? Her heart beat wildly. To think of poor timid Millicent facing such an ordeal alone, with never a friend near her! Pattie almost went mad as she thought of it. The heavy minutes passed by—a quarter past, twenty past, half-past eleven, and no princess and no carriage. What was happening at the court? Pattie's eyes swam with tears, and she could hardly walk to the windows to see for the twentieth time if the carriage had come. The carriage had not come, and did not come for full five minutes more; for princesses may order expedition, it is for grooms and coachman to produce it in harnessing their horses. Madame la Princesse never drove out at that hour, and her servants of the stable could not be supposed to put themselves out if she chose to upset the routine of her princely household in that fashion. Whatever the hurry of Madame la Princesse, it was absolutely against the nature of the coachman of Madame la Princesse to hurry himself or his horses. He had his toilet to perform, and he performed it. The horses had to be properly prepared, their eyes to be washed with water first and a cooling ointment afterwards, their manes to be uncrimped and carefully brushed and oiled, their glossy coats to be rubbed down until they shone like new varnish, their hoofs to be blacked and burnished, and finally their shoes to get a rub or two of emery-powder, before they could appear with credit. All this had to be done and was done in the utmost thoroughness before the equipage of Madame la Princesse de Novgorod drove around with a dash to the entrance of her hotel.

And while the maid is dressing Madame, and the coachman and stable-boys are dressing the horses, and Pattie devouring her heart with impatience, we will transport

ourselves to the police court to see how it fares with little Millicent.

The last we heard of her was that she was reading harmless stories in a room by herself. She continued so to read with considerable placidity until late in the evening, when supper was provided, of which she ate with a healthy appetite.

"Don't be alarmed, my girl," said the matron kindly, "you are quite safe here."

Millicent thanked her gently and was locked in for the night.

"Monsieur," said the matron to the policeman on duty, "that child is innocent of all evil. I'll answer for it."

"Madame," said he, "it is our practice always to consider a person guilty until proved innocent."

Millicent said her prayers that night with many convulsive sobs. It was all so strange, so dreadful, to be locked up in prison; but then, thinking for a long, long time about Pattie, she came to the conclusion that she would be able to explain everything. Pattie, so good, so brave, so self-sacrificing. Pattie never did anything wrong, and she would not believe she had done so now. It would all come clear in the end. So she dried her eyes and began to feel happy again, and by-and-by laid her innocent head upon her pillow and slept the sleep of the just. She was awakened by the grating of a key in the lock. It was the matron with a roll and coffee.

"Eh, but it is you that look fresh and bright," she said, smiling at her little prisoner's rosy cheeks. "I ask not if you sleep well, I see for myself."

"Have they come for me yet?" asked Millicent eagerly. "May I go home?"

"No, child, not yet; the formality of the examination of the magistrate takes place at eleven. I will escort you at half-past ten to the waiting-room."

The kind soul did not tell Millicent the "waiting-room" was where criminals were locked up, nor did Millicent discover the fact until two policemen, one a perfect giant, came in with some unhappy creatures the like of whom she had never seen. These poor creatures wanted at once to come to Millicent, but the big policeman prevented them doing so; he even forbade them to speak to the young girl or to talk at all. He was very stern, and Millicent began to feel very frightened. By-and-by they were taken away, and she heard sounds of weeping and wailing and a good deal of noise. She was more and more frightened.



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Oh, why did not Pattie come to her and take her out of this awful place?

The policemen returned. It was her turn now. The big man told her to have courage and be sure and answer all the questions of the magistrate. Then they took her to a big room, where there were many people, and a man in authority sat in a high place. There were policemen, and people at desks writing. She stood before the man seated on the platform, her heart beating wildly.

He looked at her very sternly, and then into a big book.

"Your name is Miss Pimbe-r-r-ton."

"Yes," said Millicent faintly.

"On Tuesday last you sold three diamonds to Messrs. Gérard et Fils, jewellers, of the rue de la Paix."

"No, monsieur," said Millicent.

"Ha!" exclaimed the magistrate, "you attempt to deny it."

Millicent trembled with terror.

"Do you deny that you were in the Bois de Boulogne on the last Wednesday in February?"

"We walk in the Bois on Wednesdays; we have a half-holiday," said Millicent.

"Good; you admit, then, you were in the Bois on the day in question. You were not alone," he added, with deep meaning.

"No, monsieur. I never went alone."

"Good again! We will force the truth by degrees. Then you admit you frequent the Bois in the society of your companions in infamy."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed Millicent, "I went with the young ladies of the school and two of the teachers."

"Where are your witnesses to prove that?"

"I don't know why nobody has come for me," said Millicent, bursting into tears. The big policeman shook his head sadly. The men who wrote began to make notes rapidly on scraps of paper. The magistrate looked sterner than ever.

"Listen; no trifling with the majesty of justice! I will help your memory. On the Wednesday you went to the Bois with your companions. You walked in an allée. You met a lady richly dressed, wearing a stately jewel flashing on her bosom; her carriage was at a distance, she was alone, you and your companions hustled against her with rudeness; you snatched away her jewel, you sold part of it, the remainder was found at your address in a strong box in your private room."

The public waited to hear Millicent's answer; but they never heard it, for just at this moment there was a great stir in the hall. Some ladies were entering, and one of the ushers whispered into the magistrate's ear, "Madame la Princesse de Novgorod is here."

The magistrate suspended the sitting for a moment and descended from his chair. The public began to buzz into talk. Millicent looked uncertainly at the big policeman, who nodded encouragingly at her.

(To be continued.)



## The Song of the Unbeloved

THE sun kisses the meadows,  
The winds kiss the sea;  
But ne'er at enchanted windows  
Has Love kissed me.  
O life, why dost thou, mocking,  
So lengthen my years?  
Pity thy daughter enduring  
Her endless tears!

Give me one little token,—  
For much I plead not;  
Send to me some flower broken  
In life's hard lot—  
Some one toiling on sadly,  
Forsaken and lone;  
Him will I welcome so madly—  
My love, my own!

The sun passes at even,  
There follows the night;  
Breezes die down on the ocean  
When fades the light.  
But I, though denied on earth  
The sweet gift of love,  
Still hope for its coming to birth  
In heaven above.

H. FINCH-LEE.

# The Growth of Our Great Cities

## Opinions of Representative Men

In addition to the replies given last month to the following questions which we addressed to representative men in the cities of the United Kingdom, we append two further answers.

"In view of the rapid growth of our great cities:

- "1. Do you regard the method of their growth as satisfactory—*e.g.* in regard to the class of buildings, structure of streets, etc., and especially the arrangements for housing of the working classes?
- "2. Have you any practical suggestions to make (a) as to the class of buildings? (b) as to arrangement of streets, planting of trees, etc.? (c) as to the central authority by whom the extension of the cities should be controlled?
- "3. Can anything be done towards checking the influx of population from the country? Is there any hope of organised effort, from time to time, effecting a partial redistribution?"

**From the Very Rev.**

**J. Marshall Lang, D.D., Glasgow**

1. I can speak with knowledge only of Glasgow. Within recent years there has been a marked improvement in the class of buildings for the housing of the working classes. The Corporation has set a good example. The tenements erected by it are airy, with spacious squares and all sanitary arrangements. But much still remains to be done.

2. (a) Buildings should be well designed, well ventilated, and not unduly crowded.

(b) Streets should be wide. Where trees will grow, by all means have them. Open spaces in denser localities are most desirable.

(c) In Glasgow, the Corporation and the Dean of Guild Court have, on the whole, wisely controlled extensions.

3. Improved conditions of rural labour might do something. The encouragement of special industries in special localities might also be beneficial. Cheap trains and cheap houses in the country around great cities might enable many artisans to have freer air and better health conditions. But the city, with its variety and fulness of life, will be always the attraction.

**From Mr. H. J. Wilson, M.P., Sheffield**

1. Certainly not satisfactory.

2. I have not considered this question sufficiently to justify me in offering an opinion.

3. Amongst other steps, I think that something might be done by radical amendment of the Land Laws, by improving the condition of the villages, and by increasing the facilities for locomotion—railways, tramways, etc. On the last point, Parliament should refuse legislative facilities for companies that do not offer adequate guarantees for really meeting the convenience of the public, instead of merely seeking to swell their dividends. And, at the same time, it is a question whether greater facilities might not be given to County, Urban, and Parish Councils for providing facilities for carrying passengers and goods.

### A SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE

THE questions that arise from the growth of cities belong to the nation, and must have general attention. There are few subjects of more moment on the political programme of either party, and there are indications of urgency in some directions which may abruptly become acute. One of the first things required is the formation of a strong opinion which shall enable existing authorities to deal vigorously with the conditions already under their control. Another is counsel and concerted action, on definite lines, on the part of the new bodies which are now coming into power.

English municipal life has rapidly

## The Growth of Our Great Cities

developed, and any survey of our provincial towns shows that it has effected vast reforms within the last twenty-five years. What has been done gives hope for what may be done. The next twenty-five years may go far towards solving some of our greatest difficulties. Science itself, with its ever new and manifold activities, may step into the social arena with fresh forms of relief, radically modifying our daily modes. The transformation in London has been wonderful; and the influences which have achieved so much are not waning, but steadily growing in constructive force; yet it is there perhaps that the pressure to-day is most severe. The time has evidently come when the area of action must be extended. Immense energy has been expended in getting rid of the results of past neglect, an equal energy has now to be directed towards the future.

There is no city in the world which levies so heavy a tax of distance as London. There are thousands of men there who, in an ordinary business life of twenty years, to and fro and round about, have travelled the equivalent of four or five times round the globe. Swift or slow the locomotion, which of our accountants can estimate the time spent in transit? Or even the days, and possibly weeks, of loss that in the course of a year are levied on multitudes by the belated train, the cab that is blocked, or the droning bus? It seems almost a civilised cruelty that thousands of working men should have to leave their home at half-past four every morning. When day after day sixteen people travel in a compartment meant for ten, it would appear that an Officer of Health is as necessary as the ticket collector. When a kindly clergyman throws open his church before the winter's dawn that women coming up by early trains may take refuge there and rest before the eight o'clock business begins, we wonder what the home breakfast-table resembles. Chaos seems returning when we hear of two thousand people crowding a suburban station on a foggy morning, and scrambling for places to town.

Whereabouts in the evolutionary processes this whirl of London has its place is a speculation for scientists. Does it develop or weaken vitality? Does it quicken or numb the higher susceptibilities? We cannot doubt that it must affect the brain, and in ways undiscerned the quality of thought and the life of the people. The *pace* as well as the *distance* is a factor

in the cities. Is London to multiply its millions, and to go on for ever swinging from the centre to the suburbs and from the suburbs to the centre like a tide? Is it to be the climax of civilisation that we join our science with the mole's, and travel by tunnelling the foundations? Is electricity to be the subterranean cab-horse of the future? What if, to crown all, an earthquake dislocated the substructures? A hundred and fifty years since, to the month, London was shaken by an earthquake. The earth so trembled that, to calm the frightened people, the preacher in the famous Foundry Chapel changed his text, and gave out the words, "Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be moved and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea; the God of Jacob is our refuge." There was camping at night in Hyde Park, and for some time wild alarm. Within the last ten years we have had hints that London is not beyond the possibility of another shaking.

We need not go too far or too fast in our vaticinations. The pace at which we live is a present-day matter. Impatience grows; the railways quicken speed, the telegraph and telephone are surpassed by "wireless" mysteries, and all the appliances of science hasten to lessen the intervals of time, till the very nature of our mind is changed. We call for our news every few hours; we must achieve on the instant; our riches must grow, like the gourd, in a night; it is the record race for which the world waits. This temperament breeds mischief in the cities. Life on the African Veldt, with the sun, the silence, and the solitude as lords of the hour, or life in Vailima, is as remote from life in London as the North Star from the Southern Cross; yet life on the Veldt, life in Vailima may be as full and deep as life in the city. The Maelstrom and Lucerne cannot be more unlike. This life, unstirred by the swift movement of outside things, is rare of attainment, the life of thought as prelude to action. The strength of Quaker character has been ascribed by an archbishop to the silent hours of the Quakers' meeting; if all such times are trampled out in the bustle of continual movement, the nation must suffer, and most of all, the masses of the people who are called to think as well as to toil. We have abandoned Sleepy Hollow but not found the happy mean which makes the healthiest community. If we could abate this hurricane of impatience, many things would mend.

## The Growth of Our Great Cities

If we could shorten the distances, we should at once diminish the pace; and if we can lessen the pace, we shall lighten the pressure in many directions, and make it easier to deal with the difficulty of the distances. The well-to-do classes recognise the present strain, and take more holidays; but a strong public opinion is wanted here also to check the high-pressure system which competition sets up—the imperious, sometimes greedy, claim for instant satisfaction of all wants, which sweats, and grinds, and fumes, makes slaves of women and men, and wastes in very many forms what should be the national heritage of common good.

A part of the present trouble results from centralisation. The multiplication of companies, the absorption of small and scattered businesses, the great stores, the concerns whose trade covers a large field, all draw crowds together. No scheme, though concocted in the interests of all classes, could ever check the interplay of commercial life which produces these results. But there is no reason whatever why this interplay should not cover a wider area. It is quite conceivable that London might become a congeries of prosperous towns, to some extent self-contained, yet allied and one, so that daily and wearisome intercommunication, at least in the body, should not be necessary. Then the relationships of rich and poor might develop into a true community, and the suburban spirit be itself a powerful inspiration for good.

There are, moreover, industries and occupations which, as has been often said, could be transferred from London to the great advantage of the workpeople. Thus might come a gradual dispersal. There are parts of England, as all the world knows, where special trades thrive. There are also towns waiting to link their sleepy story of dreamy bygone days to some new enterprise. One lovely valley we have most of us often traversed where cloth-making and clothes-making go forward under almost ideal conditions. Why is this so rare? Efforts have been made to select towns and direct the stream of industry, but with no great success. Here, again, it is public opinion that lags behind the individual and pulls him back to his routine.

The village question is intimately allied with that of the cities. The loom in the cottage is a picturesque recollection; it has not been always spade and plough; and how much of the work now done in one-

room tenements might be healthily done in the village. There will be a future for out-of-the-way places, when the system which is bringing them together in America has its counterpart here. Meanwhile, it has been wisely said—let our main roads be perfected, that where the bicycle pioneers, the motor-car may follow in its revolutionary journey.

One other result of the growth of London must not be overlooked. Its commissariat is one of the wonders of the world. Will there not come a time when its needs will overtax the railways? Their daily carrying power is limited. There are also other contingencies. Who remembers that the Dutch once entered the Thames, and cut off the coal supplies of London? This generation has perhaps still a recollection of "The Battle of Dorking." But we need no reminder of foreign enemies to bring home to us our dependence on our communications. A heavy fall of snow, with a long-continued frost, might bring us to grief more quickly than a besieging army. Only a few years ago the milk supply of one district was cut off by a snowstorm. A few days of such snow would bring hunger and sore discomfort. It has been estimated that the food supply of London would not last out a week if its communications with the country were broken, and the inflow of provisions stopped by any cause.

The overcrowding of our streets is sequel to the overcrowding of our houses. The housing of the poor, and indeed of the middle classes also, is not a question of tomorrow, but instant. The bare facts are terrible and threatening; meanwhile, we may suggest that a wider outlook grows necessary. We must take a radius not of four or ten miles from the General Post-Office, but of thirty or fifty. The spaces that are the lungs of the great smoky city, that sweeten our summer breezes, and fill the loud winds with blasts of health, should be guarded. The hill-tops of our horizon should not be profaned. "Unto the hills we lift our eyes." The woods should be as sacred to the national life as the Yellowstone or any American reserve. The sites for building should be under some ædile's eye. How many spots that gave room and vantage for "plain living and high thinking," with open view, clear sky, and natural beauty round, have we seen vulgarised and defiled. Buildings are still run up with insufficient thought. Miasma may



## The Growth of Our Great Cities

lurk within reach of them; or it may be, the land has been long at the mercy of every flood, or the soil itself is an unwholesome compound from the dust-carts. Our County Councils may be trusted to right many of these things. It should be no longer possible to spoil an avenue by an unsightly, inharmonious intrusion. It should be inconceivable that a man should build a stable by the side of his neighbour's pet greenhouse. We still quote Keats—"A thing of Beauty is a joy for ever"; but alas! the Unbeautiful also endures. Remembering that fact, it would, perhaps, be well if—as we indicate a case of fever to the Medical Officer for Health, we could call in some K.C.B. of the Order of Good Taste to prevent flagrant violations of what is fitting. We congratulate the London Committee which is dealing with the grossness of advertisements. If we could have in every county some such alert spirit, all England would profit.

Many things beautiful are recklessly destroyed; some that might be renewed, if not preserved, perish because it is nobody's business to intervene. We wisely "restore" our churches, and look after quaint old buildings, but we have scant regard for the noble trees which nature has taken long years to build.

One pleasant bit of the Fatherland breaks on our vision as we write. The green field runs steeply upward to a little plateau above the sea. Along its crest once stood four or five tall weather-beaten trees, every branch and every twig wind-blown by the southern storms in one direction, and their tall tops inclining as well-nigh overpowered. Once they figured on the walls of the Academy like an allegory. For years they braved the fiercest blast—not Gordon or Seaforth Highlander stood more firmly against the withering fire from the hills above the Modder River. But with years they fell. The traveller by land or sea now sees only a bare hedge-line on the

brow of the field. Their poetry and their allegory, and their beautiful brave patience, have vanished. Now, if our K.C.B. were about, would he not be planting other pines for another generation to delight in?

The Venerable Bede is a remote personage. To-day, the stranger who visits Jarrow could never from his inner consciousness evolve the Jarrow of the past—never think that it was the site of one of the most famous schools of northern Christendom—that the lustre of Northumbria's most learned man once made its fame. The dark woods on which Bede looked forth have left not a shred behind; the river pure and strong up which the Danes once pressed comes swirling down, stained and thick with civilised accretions; the higher air is laden with the fumes of chemical manufactories and the black breath of collieries and foundries. When some years since we were there a pigsty nestled out of sight within the sacred precincts. Such changes go on through all the centuries. Human needs are rough iconoclasts. All kinds of industries make their demand, and large tracts are given over to grime and gloom, as it seems of sheer necessity. A thousand Ruskins might protest in vain.

So, more or less, it must be in the cities, but there the struggle for existence is held in check by other considerations. We may make merry over those who think to reform the slums by putting a "blue jar" on every mantelpiece. The charm of a "red" geranium from Hyde Park has been found a very real pleasure in squalid homes, where the crippled live. Let the bright bits of life be multiplied. We all know that its rough work must go forward, that there must be dust and grime, black clouds and deadly vapours, clamour and strife. City life will always have its gloomy, uncanny side. But the New Age will see to it that the remedial agencies of nature are near at hand, and undefiled, wherever men crowd thickly.

W. STEVENS.





## Calcio, or Football in Italy



TRUMPETER IN ITALIAN  
FOOTBALL, FIFTEENTH  
CENTURY

and developed, so that the players increased from eleven to twenty-seven.

Calcio was always considered strictly a gentleman's game, to be played by the nobility, officers, and those specially honoured by the reigning sovereigns, and from the ranks of these only by those who were strong and sound of body. So naïvely is the ancient book of rules worded that it deserves translation.

**C**ALCIO rudely translated would be simply "kick" in English, and therefore we may infer that it resembles our football. Football in England has come to rival the national game, and it is popularly supposed that it owes its existence to English sportsmen, and was first played in England.

As a matter of fact, this game, in the same manner as many other arts, crafts, and sports, owes its existence to the lands of the south, or rather to the land which before all others gave to the world many ideas and notions which, developed and adapted to modern demands, we have appropriated and call ours. The best authorities believe that football in its primitive form was introduced into Britain by the Romans.

It was in Florence, one hundred and sixty years ago, that the last game of calcio was played on January 19, in honour of the arrival in that city of Francis II of Lorraine with his bride Maria.

This game took place in the ancient piazza of San Gallo, at the edge of the city, and in honour of the valour and skill of the players, and for the delight of the Northern Grand Duke, a triumphal arch was erected to mark the date and the spot. The arch still stands, in truth a monument to the utter lack of taste or artistic knowledge of the those day Florentines; but the game which it was raised to commemorate has passed into a memory together with the name of the Grand Duke which it was played to amuse.

An old manuscript which bears the date of 1482 describes almost identically the present-day game of football. It afterwards changed



A MODERN FOOTBALL MATCH IN ITALY

## Calcio, or Football in Italy

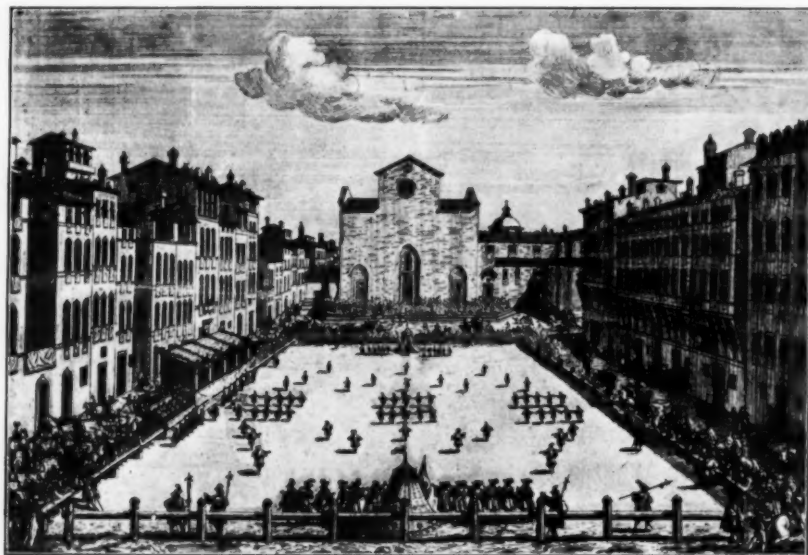
The dust-eaten pamphlet says: "Calcio is a game to be played by two sets of young and strong men, without armour or weapons, and is designed for pleasure. It consists in directing a ball of medium size, filled with air and made of leather, over a field, to the honour of the reigning Grand Duke and the amusement of the gentle ladies who may grace the performance by their presence.

"The condition of the men and their physical capacity must decide the place each player shall take in the game, for it is true that not all men are capable to take part in such an heroic effort. No youth of adolescent age is permitted to play, because he would be too tender of muscle and too weak of limb, nor are the senile allowed to enter the file, for the old are too dry and brittle for such exercise, and they could not endure the extreme fatigue and the roughness of handling which must necessarily be a part of the performance. No servant is allowed to play calcio, no infamous person, robber, murderer, liar, or traitor, but honourable soldiers, gentlemen, and princes, from the ages of 18 to 45, of strong build, fair to look upon, and of good

their secret enemies, under cover of a game of chance or pleasure, when they dare not attack them in public.

"And above all things the players of calcio must bear it in mind that their movements are being watched by ladies, who treasure each brave act, and who will be more influenced by the courageous deportment of a player than by a thousand scented billets."

For two hundred years the game continued in ever-increasing popularity, and when the famous siege of Florence took place, and Michelangelo was defending his beloved birthplace from the overhanging fortress of San Miniato, the starving Florentines each afternoon played their game in all the brilliant attire they could afford, to convince their enemies that they were not cowed by their enforced confinement. Once, during a game, a cannonball came whizzing over the church at the end of the Piazza Santa Croce, cutting away a piece of the cornice, and landing in the centre of the field. It touched no one, and the players calmly continued their game as if nothing had happened. In time, one after another of the brave youths dropped



COMMENCEMENT OF A FOOTBALL MATCH ON THE PIAZZA DI SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE  
SIXTEENTH CENTURY

temper; for be it remembered, to the disgrace of mankind, that there are even princes who will stoop to thrust in hatred

out of the round, and at last they were obliged to abandon their efforts, because, as the record says, "when a man has not

## Calcio, or Football in Italy

tasted bread for twelve days he cannot be very active, and the weight of his stomach is so light that he cannot keep his

ones in winter and large ventilated helmets in summer.

Calcio of two hundred years ago differs



FOOTBALL PLAYERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY ON THE  
PIAZZA DI SANTA CROCE IN FLORENCE

balance, and his feet career in the air without his consent, which is against the rules of the honoured game of calcio."

The costumes of calcio were of the most expensive and finest stuffs. They consisted of woven silk tights, or *calzone* as they were called. These covered the legs of the players; the feet were incased in soft tanned shoes made all in one piece, without soles, but constructed to fit the foot exactly. The body was covered, first, by a woven silk *maglia* or shirt, and over this was worn a belted tunic of rich stuff, brocade or embroidered linen. Cloth of gold tunics were presented to the players of a famous game of calcio by the Grand Duke Ferdinand de' Medici, and these tunics, or some of them, are still preserved in one of the Florentine museums. The players of the different sides were dressed in different colours, one side taking blue and white, for example, and the other white and red, according to the favourite colours of their respective patrons. The colours were united after the manner of a Pierrot dress, one leg white and one blue, the left side of the tunic white and the right side blue, the idea being carried out in the hat and gloves. On the hands were worn skin gauntlets with long pointed wrists, and the caps varied with the seasons, close knitted silk

from the modern Association football in that, instead of having eleven men, twenty-seven players were employed. Instead of having five men representing centre, right and left inside forwards, right and left outside forwards, calcio requires five *sconciatori* or defenders, corresponding to the five forwards; seven *datori* or givers, the first four corresponding to the three half-backs, and the second three to the two full-backs; and fifteen *corridori* or keepers, corresponding to the goalkeeper. These *corridori* are divided into three companies of five each, and protect the goal. They are the only players allowed to touch the ball with their hands; the rest of the players must not touch it with the arm below the elbow. These *corridori* arrange themselves in three positions, the first company keeping itself in front of the goal, and the other two at the sides of the first. There are, in addition to the players described, what are called *trombettieri*, or trumpeters, who sound the beginning and different intervals of play; the *alabardieri* or halberdiers, who are also *corridori*; and the *pallaio* or ball-man, who kicks the ball from the centre of the field at the commencement of the game. This player takes no part in the game, except to start the ball or begin a new round after a foul. He

## Calcio, or Football in Italy

retires from the field after his kick, and only appears when a new round takes place. The *pallaio* is dressed in a combination of the two colours of the contending

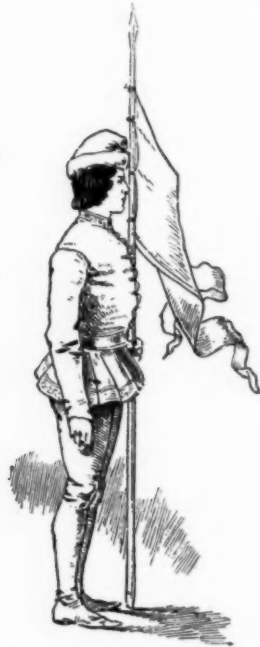


CAPTAIN IN ITALIAN FOOTBALL:  
FIFTEENTH CENTURY

players, and serves both sides. In beginning the play, the two opposing parties start from their respective tents at the extremes of the field, march in double file led off by the trumpeters, the halberdiers bringing up the rear, and meet the kicker in the centre. The kicker salutes both sides; then the companies separate, each making the circuit of the piazza and doing homage to the royalties present. The members then take their places, the *pallaio* kicking the first time for the side which by a toss-up has won the first play. One other important difference between the two games is that whereas in football the game is in the hands of a referee, in calcio there are five men whose duties are to decide the game. These are a *maestro di campo*, or field-master, elected by the patron of the game, two judges elected by him, and a player from either side, who at intervals meet in the centre of the ground and compare notes.

The season for calcio, on account of the climate of Italy, was fixed from January 12, or the first day of Carnival, until June 24, or St. John's Day, and it is still said in the *patois* of Tuscany, if a man does anything out of season or inappropriately, that "he would play calcio in August."

The ancient game has within the past year been revived in Florence in honour of the *fêtes* to Paolo Toscanelli and Amerigo Vespucci, and the modern Florentine youths have learned anew the long-forgotten game, copied the antique costumes, and, in the piazza of Santa Croce, which is the historic playing ground, they have performed with all its rites and ceremonies, in honour of



ENSIGN IN ITALIAN FOOTBALL:  
FIFTEENTH CENTURY

Queen Margherita's visit, this game, which, in its rich accompaniments, flash and colour, sparkling halberds, sounding trumpets, and brightly caparisoned retinue, cannot but renew its pristine popularity.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

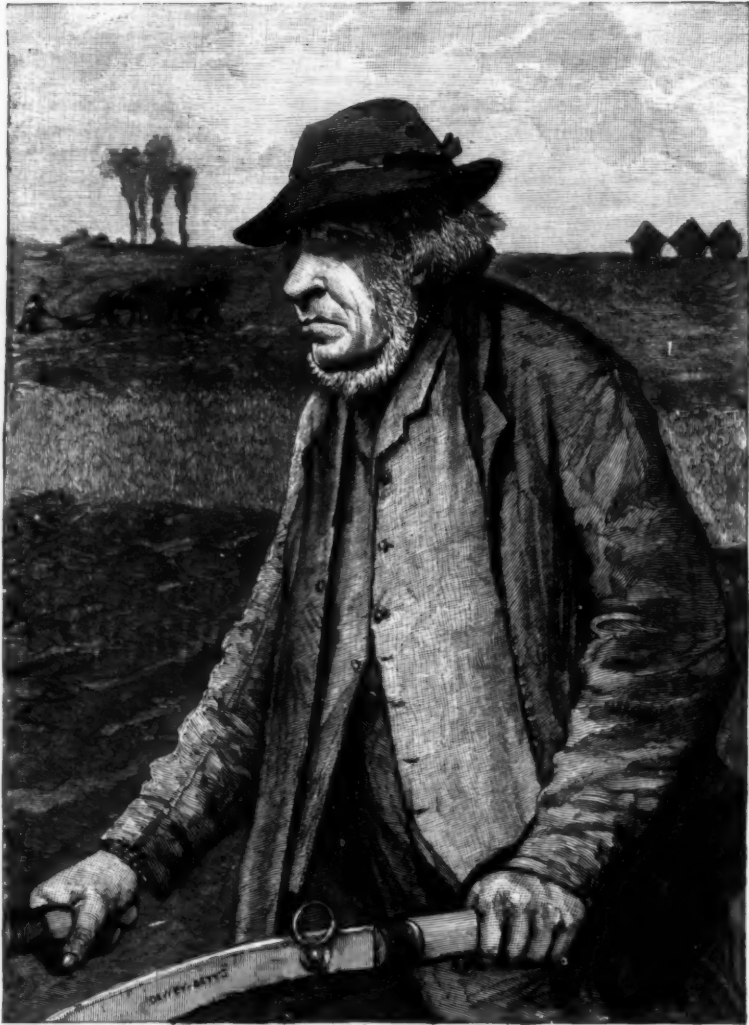


AN APPARITION

DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.



## The Broken Plough



"OLE DICK"

AH!—ee be done voor naow. It's many a year ago as I first seed him. When ole Dick Tuck druv plough. A unkid sort of chap was poor ole Dick, but nara better behind a plough, be it flat or hill, rough or smooth.

I mind well it were just afore Marluh fair, when I first went along o' Dick wi' the

osses. There were three on 'em, two brown uns and the old white mare what died in the traces so to speak.

Ah! she were a fine creetur, as fine a one as ever stepped a furrow.

The master allus said she were so artful like, an' a shammin' when she wouldna eat her food like.

## The Broken Plough

But I know'd better, cos she couldn't git it down. She had summat a matter wi' her swallow.

She fell down a pullin' o' that 'ere old plough. Poor thing! It were pitiful to see her. She tried to git up, but 'twar no use. She were so thin like. She kep' all on a-raisin' her poor head and then lettin' on it fall, till the young master come along an' he tritt her summat cruel. Poked at her wi' a stick an' kep' hittin' on her. But 'twar no good. She were willin' enough, but she hadn't got no strong in her. She had ploughed her last furrow. Then he sends Jim Sandals, what used to live over in th' Hocket, fer his gun, and poor old Dolly were soon out on her troubles wi' a load o' shot in her head. Ah! that be many a long day since I went up an' down the ole ten-acre field wi' old Dolly an' they two brown uns, wi' my lines in hand a holden proud like, my long whip wi' its polished brass bands a shinin' bright in the

sun, an' ole Dick a grumblin' at me from behind at the plough.

Then ole Dick went along same way as th' old mare. Ah! it is forty year come Michaelmas—I mind it well. We had a frostey what killed all the runner beans an' there were ice as thick as my thumb on the Moor pond. Ole Bill Smith, he what lived jes' agin the wood, comes to me an' says, "Jack, you be to get they osses into plough and start that stubble field, fere agin the stile, an' you're to take Spikey wi' ye."

Spikey, that were the name we used en giv' a lad about the farm cos he were so thin. Wull, I tall ye, I hadn't done much ploughing afore, an' I know'd the master was mighty pertickler to have his furrows straight and all the stuff turned under, leaven no room fer a rabbit to burrow 'tween the tops of the turns.

Howsumdever there was nought but to git the team and start the ole plough. Then there were the missus. She wan't



PLOUGHING MATCH—THE FIELD

## The Broken Plough

the missus then. I know'd she'd be proud to hear as how I had got on. An' all time I kep' my eyes on the ole elum on tother side the field, I was a lookin' in a way o' speakin' into Mary's eyes—I knew as how that would keep me straight if anything would. I felt somehow I was a doin' it for her, cos I know'd if I pleased the master, she and me would soon be able to take a little home together. An' I did please the old chap. An' the nex' year he put me in fer the ploughing

touch, where they has a snow of swedes and manguls and such like, an' booths, an' I won fust prize for ploughing against the champion of the two counties, an' they gave me five pounds an' a bit o' paper with printin' on it an' drawin's an' my name on it, sayin' as how I had done it, an' at the bottom were writ what I a couldn't read, but they said it were the names of the gentle folks what gien the prizes.

An' so Mary an' I got married, an' all through that ole plough what lies there a broken an' a rusted.

Ah! it's many a furrow I've ploughed along o' her, an' I almost a pitied her o' nights stuck in the cold furrows when the wind a been a blowin' an' the sleet a fallin'.

They say as how a sailor loves his ship and sticks by her come what may. O' that I ain't had no experence, but I feels somehow a likin' for th' ole plough when I thinks o' they days when we pulled together over many a tough bit o' ground in all sorts o' weather, an' o' the two prizes it



PLOUGHING MATCH—ON THE BROW OF THE HILL

won me: the five pounds and the missus. God bless her!

She ain't a gone yet, but she be pretty well nigh like the poor ole plough. She's a broken. She's pretty nigh come to her last furrow.

And then they'll be all gone: ole Dick, the white mare, the ole red plough an' the missus. An' then they'll have to make a furrow for me in th' old churchyard, an' I can be quiet along o' them. The missus she a worked hard, an' so a I, and the children they be all gone, Bob's in Australie an' t'other one's in Meriky, an' the girls are married an' gone away, an' there is only me an' the ole missus left an' the ole plough what fust made us man an' wife.

Well, well, ole plough! let us hope that when the day o' reckonin' comes they will remember I druv you straight, and turned over a neat furrow an' was kind to the poor creeturs what pulled ye through the loam an' clay, as I was to my mates what was along o' me.

# "Let us with a Gladsome Mind"

Words by JOHN MILTON, 1623

Brightly,  $\text{♩} = 108$ .

Music by WILLIAM ELLIS, *Mus.B.Dunelm.*<sup>1</sup>

(Organist of Richmond Parish Church, Yorkshire)

1. Let us, with a glad - some mind, Praise the

Lord, for He is kind; For His mer - cies still en -

- dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure. A - men.

2. Let us sound His Name abroad,  
For of gods He is the God;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3. He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light;  
For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4. All things living He doth feed;  
His full hand supplies their need;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5. He His chosen race did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6. He hath with a piteous eye  
Looked upon our misery;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

7. Let us then, with gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;  
For His mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

<sup>1</sup> First prize, Music Competition, "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod. See p. 479.

## Lucinda's Light <sup>1</sup>

[The story told in the following verses is true. Lucinda Day died at Springfield-West in 1897, at the age of 90.]

**T**IS but a simple story of a woman's faithful love

From across the deep Atlantic, from the town of Springfield-West,  
The town that nestles 'neath the cliff, which rises high above—  
'Tis there the samphire blossoms and the sea-mew has her nest.

Where every breeze is laden with the salt Atlantic spray,  
And the roar of mighty breakers is ever in the air,  
A maiden there was born and bred—her name Lucinda Day—  
In a cottage on the cliff-top, and the maid was very fair.

And many a lad in Springfield town her lover sought to be,  
But every one Lucinda sent disconsolate away,  
Till there came at length a sailor, from far across the sea,  
A gallant lad who won the heart of sweet Lucinda Day.

Said he, "My ship is sailing to a distant foreign shore,  
It may be long ere I return, but, be it soon or late,  
Will you wait for me," he whispered, "till my voyaging is o'er?"  
And Lucinda looked into his eyes, and answered, "I will wait!"

"Though years roll by until you come, I'll wait for thee," she said,  
"And when in sight of Springfield Cliff thy ship at last shall sail,

Thou shalt know that I am true to thee, or else that I am dead,  
For a signal-light shall greet thee, a light that shall not fail.

"From yonder cottage on the cliff, my father's home and mine,  
In the window of my chamber, that looks across the sea,  
From sunset till the break of day each night a light shall shine,  
And when that light is kindled I shall kneel and pray for thee."

And so the lovers parted, and the good ship sailed away.  
Lucinda stood and watched it, till it disappeared from sight;  
And when the sun was setting, ere the maiden knelt to pray,  
In the casement of her chamber she set her signal-light.

A year went by—and then a year; her lover ne'er returned.  
There were storms and tales of shipwreck—'twas whispered he was dead.  
But in Lucinda's casement the signal ever burned:  
"He'll surely come, in God's good time, and I will wait," she said.

And her light became a beacon to the fishermen at night.  
On all the coast no lighthouse shone more punctual with its ray.  
The sailors on the ships that passed all knew Lucinda's Light,  
And women wept to hear the tale of poor Lucinda Day.

<sup>1</sup> Very Highly Commended. "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod. See p. 384.



## Lucinda's Light

Her hair had slowly whitened, her  
youth and beauty gone,  
But still Lucinda waited, through the  
years that slowly sped.  
And ever from her window at night the  
signal shone,  
The signal to her lover. "He is  
coming soon," she said.

Her generation passed away. Their  
children's children grew  
To man's estate; and when they saw  
the signal, shining bright,  
They would whisper to each other, as a  
legend, partly true,  
The story that their grandsires told  
about Lucinda's Light.

So threescore years and ten had passed.  
There came, at last, a day  
When Lucinda, once again, as daylight  
faded in the west,  
Kindled the light with palsied hand,  
then knelt her down to pray,  
And God, in His great mercy, gave her  
faithful spirit rest.

And sailors saw the light grow dim; it  
flickered on the wave,  
And then went out. Before the dawn,  
Lucinda's soul had fled  
To wait, perchance, in that dim land  
that lies beyond the grave  
Till God, in His good time, shall bid  
the sea give up its dead.

PERCY KENT.



## Exercise for Sedentary People

HOW SUFFICIENT MAY BE OBTAINED IN A SHORT TIME, AND WITHOUT STRAIN<sup>1</sup>

**R**EMEMBERING that while pursuing a sedentary occupation the blood has been mainly circulating through the inner organs, or if brain-work has been carried on the determination of the blood will have been to the head, our chief concern in taking exercise will naturally be that of bringing the blood back to the surface of the skin, and of increasing the action of heart and lungs so that it may be not only more freely circulated but freely aerated as well.

Then recreation, if it is to be true in every sense of the word, must be of a kind that entirely relieves both body and mind from their *status quo* during work. The mind must be diverted into an entirely new channel so as to rest the brain, and a change of occupation or a game of play should call out the active energies of the body. Recreation ought, indeed, to be the exact converse of labour; hence for the individual case only the individual himself

can rightly choose. But taking sedentary occupation to mean that a person is for a certain number of hours obliged to sit at a table or desk, with little opportunity of changing position, and consequently liable to suffer from cold feet and hands, with probably very sluggish action of the inner organs—it becomes needful that in the short breaks afforded by meal-times and such other scant opportunities, some exercise capable of producing a vigorous action of disused muscles should be used. Those who work in city offices and have only the hour in the middle of the day as an opportunity for gaining relaxation, with a meal to be got at the same time, are practically limited to a walk as a means of exercise. All the same, if the walk were taken briskly and determinedly, not as a "stroll," a better means of securing exercise need not be wished, for by carrying the body correctly, breathing freely and deeply, and moving out with steady regular pace,

## Exercise for Sedentary People

an intake of fresh air, and with it oxygen for the blood, is ensured. But that which so many mistakenly call "a walk," taken with listless gait and slouching shoulders, neither exercises the muscles nor expands the lungs. Suppose that owing to the weather a walk is rendered impossible—what then?

Throw up the windows of the room where you have been sitting, and with fresh air coming in practise a few of the arm, chest, and waist exercises described farther on. If this has to be done in an office where several are in like case with yourself, but regard you as a faddist because of your theory, wait until they have left and practise in their absence, before going to your own meal. In any case, take your exercise before a meal, and not afterwards. Women clerks, girl typists, and others, often suffer much from being in a cramped position for hours together, and the exercise of a daily and nightly run to catch a train is but a poor antidote to the evil of the day. For these also a brisk half-hour's walk in the middle of the day is almost the only means whereby they can gain exercise for the limbs and air for the lungs, in a short space of time. To find an exercise for women indoors is very difficult, for it must be of a kind that keeps the body in motion and interests the mind pleasantly. If at home this becomes comparatively an easy task, but when out in a public office it is limited by the proprieties as well as by the possibilities. A flight of stairs is, however, to be found almost everywhere, and one of the best of exercises for the figure and the lungs is to be obtained by walking several times up and down a flight of stairs, especially if an open window keeps the air fresh on the staircase. The great point in this exercise is to throw the chest well out with the head up, and to control the breathing so that it shall be as even, deep, and full as if walking on flat ground. Then in mounting the stairs let the knees "hang loose," using the ball of the foot and its muscles to bear the weight of the body, raising this from one foot to the other by a firm spring. Practise this

exercise several times, and you will find the circulation restored, oppression removed, and a better carriage of the whole body, making all walking a pleasure. We want to remember that in standing there are two positions—namely, the venous position, or with the weight on the heels, and the arterial position, or the weight on the balls of the feet. Many who suffer from standing too long hours in the venous position would find an immediate relief by changing to the arterial frequently.

It is whilst standing in the arterial position that the following exercises for the chest and waist should be taken:

Take arterial position with feet at a good angle, keep the knees straight. Place the palms of the hands upon the hips, grasping them firmly, thumbs forward, fingers down. Bend the body down over the stomach but without bending the hips, then try to turn round slowly on this pivot, describing as large a circle as possible with the shoulders. Keep the circle regular.

Stand against a wall, placing the heels against it, then straighten up until the calf of the leg, as much of the body as possible, and the shoulders are flat to the wall. Now sway from the wall forwards, without moving the feet or bending the body. The body is then pivoted on the ankles and the true centre of gravity is gained. Next try to obtain the same position away from the wall, *i.e.* chest thrown out, chin in, the knees drawn back, also the abdomen, and the weight of the body in the centre of the feet.

To gain an active chest, control must be gained of the diaphragm first. Take a deep inhalation, so deep as that it can be felt to the very base of the lungs, retain it for a full minute, then exhale slowly, checking the diaphragm all the time.

These exercises, together with free play of arms and legs, will do much to develop and maintain good health, even though taken but for a few minutes daily. Finally, all exercise of any kind whatsoever requires the open air and as much sunshine as possible, if its full value is to be felt.

LUCY H. YATES.



# A Natural History Ramble in Early Spring

BY HENRY SCHERREN, F.Z.S.

## SOME POND LIFE

THE microscopic life of ponds and streams suffers little change in winter, but during the colder part of the year most of the plants and animals that are conspicuous from their size take a seasonal rest, waking up to active life as the weather grows warmer. Anyone with a taste for natural history will find ample scope for all his energy in sampling a pond at various seasons and endeavouring to form a census as complete as possible of its plants and animals. The return of spring affords a good opportunity for a start. And the country walk to and from the scene of exploration will furnish abundant matter for interesting inquiry. Let us take a few examples.

The trees are budding. This fact provides us at once with a wide field in which to delve. How many of us have ever given a single thought to the exquisite skill with which the future leaves are packed in the protective covering from which they will emerge to cover the trees with foliage and gladden our eyes with their beauty? Pinch off a bud, and, having cut it through the middle, examine it with a hand lens; then pick it to pieces, so as to separate the scales from the enclosed leaf. Anyone who does this, and thinks about the matter, will probably want to know more about our trees and shrubs. No one need fear he will exhaust the subject.

The wildflowers—"the stars that in earth's firmament do shine"—are beginning to show. Scattered widely in all parts of the country, the early blossoms of the lesser celandine spangle the verdure of the damp hedge-banks with spots of gold. This is a capital plant to examine as a sort of introduction to the botany of the wayside, for it has many relatives, of which perhaps the best known is the common buttercup. Some of its near kin—the water crowfoots—are aquatic, with two kinds of leaves—some round, that float on the surface of the water; and others, finely divided, that are submerged. This condition may teach us to consider some of the ways in which plants adapt themselves to the conditions under which they live. It is not

improbable that the lesser celandine descended from one of the aquatic forms, for its breathing pores are much more numerous on the upper than on the under surface of the leaves. In floating leaves these pores are confined to the upper surface, while in land species they are chiefly to be found on the under side of the leaves.

The early birds have commenced to build. St. Valentine's Day is popularly supposed to be the period when they choose their mates. The song of some of the early breeders may be heard, and quiet observation will probably be rewarded by a sight of the birds busily engaged in choosing a site or perhaps in building a nest in which the brood is to be hatched and reared. It may not be out of place to add a word of caution as to the necessity for stillness in watching birds that are near at hand. So long as the watcher remains quiet and does not move, they will often suffer the presence of man; while an unaccustomed sound or a movement on the part of the observer will cause them to give their alarm cry and dart off to a place of concealment.

Search in the banks will often yield something worth attention. The first illustration shows a snail with its shell closed for the winter sleep. This false operculum is secreted by the animal, and consists of slime and mucus, sometimes stiffened with salts of lime, and perforated with a minute hole opposite the respiratory orifice, through which the snail takes in a supply of fresh air. This hole appears as a little black dot in the illustration. The subject of the photograph has had an unusually long nap. With some others it was taken out of a bank in a Norwich lane, and the lot reached me in the first or second week in 1899. A few were taken out and used for dissection, but those left in the box quietly dozed on, and this one must have been dormant for rather more than a year.

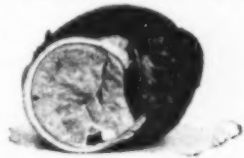


FIG. 1  
SNAIL WITH SHELL CLOSED

## A Natural History Ramble in Early Spring

Enough has been said to show that the road to the pond ought to be fruitful in subjects for observation on the way and for study at home. The object should be to link every fresh acquisition to what we already possess. There are many ways of doing this; but probably the examination of our finds, the turning up all available authorities that deal with them, and visits to museums where a series of specimens may be seen, will be as profitable as any.

Some kind of muslin net will be required for obtaining specimens of plant and animal life from our pond. Of this apparatus there are many kinds, and the selection may well be left to personal choice.

An exceedingly interesting plant is the frog-bit, which in summer overspreads the surface of the water with its bronze kidney-shaped leaves and three-petalled white flowers that look like miniature water-lilies. The roots never enter the soil, but the plant is borne up by the leaves, which serve as floats. As winter comes on, these leaves decay, and the plant dies, but not before it has made provision for a new generation in the spring. This is done by sending out runners like those of the strawberry, and at the tip of each runner there is formed a winter bud. These fall off, and drop to the bottom, where they pass the winter, rising to the surface with the return of spring. They are a little less than half an inch long, nearly conical in shape, but with a rounded base. The future plant is compactly rolled up, and well protected with leaf-scales. When the bud rises to the surface the scales fall off, leaves are put forth to float upon the top of the water, and runners sent out on each side, from which new plants take their rise.

Some of these buds should be secured. One or two may be picked to pieces to verify what is here written, while the rest may be dropped into an aquarium, so that the progress of development from the winter bud to the plant may be watched.

The bladderwort, too, will be rousing from its winter's quiescence. Its finely divided leaves lie below the surface, and only when the plant is in flower does any portion of it show above the water. The chief interest of this plant lies in the modified leaf-tips, which form little pouches, or bladders, serving not only as floats, but as traps to take prey, and digestive organs to take the nutritious parts into the system. Darwin noticed the resemblance in appearance between these traps and some of the

water-fleas, one of which is represented (fig. 2) with the section of a bladder. The illustration in his "Insectivorous Plants" shows the matter, but in a different way. A plant of bladderwort is represented, and the bladders, dotted here and there, look like water-fleas crawling over a piece of aquatic vegetation. There is no evidence that this general resemblance is of any service to the plant, but it is, to say the least, remarkable.

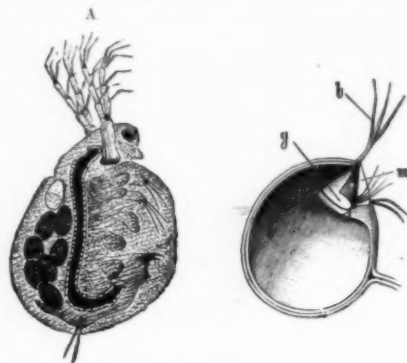


FIG. 2

A, water-flea. B, bladder in section: *b*, bristles (corresponding to antennae of water-flea); *m*, opening or mouth; *g*, valve (resting on collar and preventing escape)

From the section the character of the trap may be clearly made out. It is easy enough for any minute creature to penetrate as far as the angle of the mouth (*m*), formed by the valve (*g*) resting on the collar. Very slight pressure moves the valve, so as to allow free passage, and once inside retreat is impossible for the captive.

Bladderwort does very well in an aquarium, and one may well spare it some small crustaceans, for they are plentiful enough, and multiply even under adverse circumstances. But the plant is a dangerous one to keep in small aquaria where rotifers are kept. Recently while examining a tube in which was a small spray bearing bladders a glance through a hand magnifier showed that these contained living prey too small for water-fleas. A bladder was removed and placed in a cell on a glass slip. The pressure of the cover-glass ruptured the bladder, and the microscope revealed no less than nine rotifers (*Euchlanis deflexa*), three of which were living, and some empty cases. A second bladder, examined in company with a fellow-member of the Quekett Microscopical Club, yielded three rotifers and two empty cases, the former owners of which had been absorbed by the



## A Natural History Ramble in Early Spring

plant by means of the hairs on the inside of the bladder.

Most of the larger beetles and snails are still buried in the mud at the bottom of the pond or sheltered in the banks, waiting for warmer weather, so that sweeping with the net will not procure us any of these. But we shall probably succeed in obtaining some insect larvæ, which we may take home in a bottle and transfer to a small aquarium, so as to watch their development. Any clear-glass vessel of convenient size will serve, half-filled with pond water, with some growing aquatic vegetation.

The larvæ of aquatic beetles rarely develop in confinement. Most, if not all of them, pupate in damp earth, and the accumulation of broken-down vegetable matter at the bottom of an aquarium does not afford them adequate shelter. Moreover, they are all exceedingly rapacious; some of the larger ones will attack and suck out the juices of tadpoles, newts, and small fish, so that they are not altogether desirable inmates of an aquarium in which other creatures are kept. And if several of them are put in together without being fed, or food in the shape of small larvæ being provided, they will probably display cannibal propensities.

Still, there are many larvæ which will run their full course of development in the aquarium. Some of these we may obtain with our net, and carry home in a bottle for observation. For instance, the gnats which in summer are so abundant pass the early stages of life in the water, and do not emerge therefrom till they are perfect insects, fitted for their winged life, which is short by comparison.

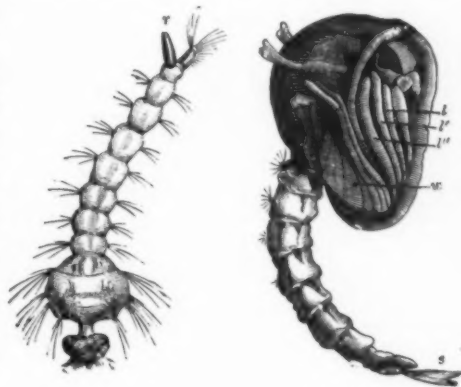
It is well to follow the changes from larva to pupa, and from pupa to perfect insect; widening our knowledge by reading, and testing what we read by actual inspection of the process going on under our eyes, so that theory and practice may go hand in hand. Over and above this general survey of the subject-matter there are many particular branches of inquiry which will well repay the labour bestowed on them. Such, for example, are the examination of the mouth-parts in different larvæ and comparison with those of the perfect insect, the development of wings, the various contrivances by which these larvæ are adapted for an aquatic life during the greater part of their existence, and so on.

Most aquatic larvæ require to take in a supply of atmospheric air from time to time in order to sustain life, whilst some

others are able to breathe the oxygen dissolved in the water. Examples of both are present in our ponds and streams in great numbers, and will furnish plenty of material for home observation. The best book on the subject is Professor Miall's "Natural History of Aquatic Insects."

The breathing apparatus of insects, in all stages, consists of a main tube on each side, with a series of smaller branching tubes, by means of which air is supplied to all parts of the body. In perfect insects and terrestrial larvæ there are openings, called spiracles, on each side of the body, through which air is admitted. We have now to see how aquatic larvæ fare in the matter of air-supply.

In looking at a gnat larva (fig. 3, A) the first thing to be noticed is the absence of limbs. Motion is effected by a jerky kind of swimming, performed by alternately bending and straightening the body, or by rapid blows with the hinder part. The last segment but one bears the breathing-tube (*r*). This encloses the open ends of the vessels which distribute the air through the body.



A. GNAT LARVA

FIG. 3

B. GNAT PUPA

In the pupa the letters *r*, *r'*, *r''* mark the first, second, and third legs on the right side; *w*, wing.

When a fresh supply is needed, the larva rises to the surface, and the tip of the tube, which is fringed with hair and furnished with flaps, pierces the film on the top of the water so that the air flows in. Then the flaps are closed and the larva sinks, because its body is heavier than water.

After having changed its skin three times the larva passes into the pupal stage (fig. 3, B), in which there are two breathing-tubes, or respiratory trumpets, on the head.



## A Natural History Ramble in Early Spring

Except for the necessary change of position the process of procuring a fresh supply of air is the same. It is interesting to remove the pupal covering, and to observe how the parts of the perfect insect are concealed beneath.

Some such arrangement as that which is found in the gnat larva is the commonest in aquatic larvæ, though there may be great difference of detail. In the larva of the Armed Fly, for instance, the end of the breathing-tube is fringed with a circlet of stiff hairs, while in the larvæ of some Crane Flies the last segment of the body telescopes into the last but one, and both may be extended to a length that seems out of all proportion to the size of the larva.

The caterpillar of one of the moths known as China Marks is shown in fig. 4. The photograph was taken from a specimen obtained in the Eastern Counties, to which, however, these insects are by no means confined. They are common round London and in many parts of the country. This particular species is found on the plant known as Water Soldier or Water Aloe, from the shape of its leaves; but others are found on the Canadian pond weed. In this larva the arrangement of breathing organs is quite different, for it does not need to come to the surface to obtain a supply of air, since it can use the oxygen dissolved in the water. Along the sides of the body there are disposed a number of filaments, which serve the purpose of gills. These are furnished with branching tubes communicating with the main system. The larva will eat out a hole in the stalk of some plant, and there spin itself a dwelling. While in this house



FIG. 4.—CATERPILLAR OF CHINA MARKS.  $\times 2$

it will change its supply of water by undulating movements of its body, so that air charged with oxygen may flow over the filaments. The caterpillars will often pupate and emerge as moths in the aquarium.

This system, or a modification of it, will be found in most aquatic larvæ that do not

come to the surface for a supply of air. It is well developed in the larvæ of the May Flies, in some of which the gills arrest attention as a row of leaf-like plates on each side of the body. It is very easy, with a glass of low magnifying power, to make out the air vessels in these leaflets, and to trace their connection with the main air-tubes in the body.



FIG. 5.—CADDIS WORM AND CASE

The Caddis Worms of the fisherman, the larvæ of the Caddis Flies, breathe in similar fashion. They are chiefly remarkable for the cases they construct of all sorts of material—leaves, sticks, straws, seeds, roots, sand, gravel, shells; indeed, nothing found in the water seems to come amiss to these little builders. The case is lined with fine silk, of course spun by the larvæ, and when these are about to pass into the pupal stage they spin a curtain of silk which closes the case against their foes, while it admits a supply of fresh water to furnish them with air. The specimen represented (fig. 5) is remarkable for the great length of the straws which it has attached to its case. The longest measures just three inches, or four times the length of the larva.

In some Dragon Fly larvæ there are leaflets at the end of the body which serve as breathing organs, and with them these insects propel themselves through the water, using them with a sculling motion. In others the gills are inside the body, and are aerated by water admitted by valves. The waste water, after having served its purpose, is often expelled with considerable force, and drives the larva forward through the water.

These are a few out of the very many interesting objects of inquiry that present themselves in connection with the aquatic insect larvæ, some of which are sure to be found in any pond. A Natural History Ramble in Early Spring, if undertaken with a definite object, is sure to be followed by many more during other seasons of the year, which will afford healthful recreation abroad and interesting occupation at home.



## Volcanoes and Earth- quakes

CUPOLA OF LAVA OF 1895-6, AS SEEN FROM THE TERRACE OF THE VESUVIAN OBSERVATORY  
IN NOVEMBER 1897

THE fiery forces that are hidden below have given abundant proof of their activity during the past year. First we heard of an eruption of Vesuvius, the streams of lava threatening the Observatory. A little later we were startled by news of an earthquake in Rome, that sent the people into the streets and shook its monuments, traversing the Campagna and working ruin at Frascati. Well do we remember the calm sunshine on the Alban Lake, which fills the crater of an ancient volcano; and the little Roman circus in the line of the hills, disinterred from the lava which once swept away a mediæval town. The whole region—here as at Pompeii—has its story of mighty devastations. While we were wondering what might happen next, we had tidings of Etna flaming forth and spreading terror. Then came a silence. The details which first reached us proved to be exaggerated by alarm, and no complete or corrected account has supplemented them. We are indebted to a correspondent in Italy for the following particulars, which will be found to have permanent historical value.

The chief seismic phenomenon of Italy last year was the earthquake which on July 19

was felt in Rome and all over the Latian province. The movement of the soil began in Rome with some slight shocks towards 2 h. 19 m. 30 s. P.M.; these were followed by more violent undulations at 2 h. 20 m., and then again by lighter shocks during an interval of about twenty-five seconds. In the city the damage was limited to the fall of a few cornices and the collapse of small vaults, though several houses were considerably shaken and have had to be propped. The shock was felt most in the higher parts of the town, and least in the Trastevere quarter. At Frascati much damage was done. Many other towns and villages in the Latian territory were affected by it. The shock was undoubtedly of Latian origin, and constitutes one of the greatest manifestations of the seismic activity of the Alban mountains.

The most important earthquakes of Latian origin which have taken place of late years are those of 1873, 1883, 1892, and 1897.

The 1892 earthquake, possibly because it took place at night and followed shortly after the disastrous earthquakes in Calabria and Sicily, made even a greater impression on the inhabitants of Rome than this last one, though the shock was not of any greater intensity.

## Volcanoes and Earthquakes

### The late Vesuvian Eruptions

THE last two Vesuvian eruptions have wrought great changes in the configuration of the volcano. The first, which broke out on its northern side and lasted from June 7, 1891, to February 3, 1894, caused a large cupola to rise in the so-called *Atrio del Cavallo*. The second, which has been going on for more than four years, on its north-western side, is giving rise very gradually to a still larger lavic cupola, just between the Observatory and the great cone.

The present eruption, though only in its commencement manifestly active, having since developed very slowly and tranquilly, constitutes one of the most important eruptive periods of Vesuvius. A great quantity of magma has been erupted, accompanied by abundant emissions of gas and vapours, which have issued mostly from the fissures on the north-western side of the Vesuvian cone. This great mass of erupted magma, more than 125 million cubic metres in bulk and more than 300 million tons in weight, has never been carried to a great distance, never more than 3 kilometres from the eruptive axis; but, accumulating on a surface of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  kilometres only, it has formed instead a large cupola, now some 163 metres in height. It is still continuing to rise, whilst the eruption itself shows no sign of abating. According to Professor Matteucci, the formation of this lavic cupola is due to endogenous as well as to exogenous causes—to a

pressure coming from below the surface. He thinks it is not at all impossible that the north-western side of the cone, broken up as it is by the new fissures which have been made in it of late, may in the future give way to the pressure exercised upon it by the magma, which finds in the new cupola considerable opposition to its free escape laterally. In such a case a violent explosion might take place with a tremendous lavic outflow.

Messrs. T. Cook & Son state that their carriage-road on Vesuvius has been interrupted in various points during the last year by the flowing lava, and that consequently they have had somewhat to alter the direction of the same. The alteration has been, however, a very insignificant one, and it could not be otherwise, the road having to go over the lava and the expense of blowing it up being too great. During the lavic flow Mr. Cook says they had to use a mule-path, and make a *détour* of one hundred yards. He adds that some months ago the road was repaired and has been in use ever since, the lava having ceased to run since July 19, the day of the Latian earthquake.

### The Present State of Mount Etna

ON July 19, the very day of the Latian earthquake, there was a very formidable explosion of the central crater of Etna. A gigantic eruptive pine of grey smoke rose, in consequence of this



CHANGED FORM, AS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SAME SPOT A YEAR LATER

## Volcanoes and Earthquakes

outburst, to the tremendous height of more than 5,000 metres above the summit of the volcano. A north-easterly wind was blowing at the time, and the great mass of vapours mixed with ashes was driven towards the south-west, constantly increasing in volume and assuming a thousand different shapes. Some storm-clouds then began to gather round Etna and were soon dissolved into hot rain, which, falling together with the ashes, separated from the latter some acid substances which covered with red

stains the clothes of some muleteers who were climbing up the mountain at that time. The eruption commenced at 8 o'clock in the morning; by 9.30 the sun was shining brightly and the grand mass of eruptive vapours had disappeared from the sky of Catania, leaving only a few outlines in the form of strata lost in the extreme limits of the south-easterly horizon.

The keeper of the Etna Observatory was not able to visit the central crater because of the



RUINS OF AN AQUEDUCT IN THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA, THE TWO END ARCHES OF WHICH WERE DESTROYED BY THE JULY EARTHQUAKE

which, 30 centimetres in diameter, had even pierced through the wooden pavement of the first floor, and were found lying on the ground-floor of the building. These stones must have been quite hot, for the wood of the pavement showed traces of having been burnt.

This explosion of July 19 was truly a formidable one, and excelled in violence those of 1886 and 1892. On those two occasions the eruptive pine did not assume such grand proportions,



ERUPTION OF VAPOURS FROM THE CENTRAL CRATER OF ETNA

high wind and the dense smoke. The great iron roof of the Observatory building was literally riddled by a shower of large stones, some of

nor did the projectiles ejected by the central crater reach as far as the Observatory.

As will be remembered, the Etna eruption of

## Volcanoes and Earthquakes

1892 was simultaneous with that of the great volcano Gunona Ayu on Sangir Island, of the Celebes group, which caused the death of no less than 1,500 inhabitants, burnt or suffocated under its torrents of lava and ashes, and the sudden disappearance of all the springs of drinking-water.

Volcanologists say that the coincidence in the date of the two eruptions was purely a matter of chance, for the two centres of volcanic activity are much too far removed to have any connection whatever with one another.

Last year the eruption of Etna was followed within a short time by a tremendous outburst at Mauna Loa, the great volcano of Hawaii, respecting which few details have as yet reached Europe.

Professor Salvator Arcidiacono concludes his account of the present state of Etna by saying

that the late eruptions (there was another of less importance during the night between August 4 and 5) have excited great concern amongst the crowded population which inhabits the numerous centres lying all around the volcano; and this is not to be wondered at, for these explosions show clearly that Etna is not sleeping, but preparing, unknown to us, in its deep underground workshops, the material for some future eruption.

The writer of these brief notices wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Professor Luigi Palazzo, vice-director of the Royal Central Office of Meteorology and Geodynamics in Rome, who has most kindly furnished all the needful information and given the photographs; also to Messrs. Cook & Son, of the Vesuvian Railway, Naples.



## Modern Military Rifles

BY W. J. GORDON

**P**REVIOUS to 1851, the only regiments in the British Army that carried a rifle were the two so-called rifle regiments. Their weapon was the Brunswick, invented by Captain Berner, which had been adopted in 1835 and is noteworthy as being the first firearm in our service fitted with a percussion lock, it being seven years afterwards when the flint-lock was abandoned in the smooth-bore familiarly known as Brown Bess. The Brunswick was the last rifle to carry a spherical bullet, but this bullet had a belt round it. The rifling had only two grooves; these made a complete turn in the length of the barrel, and into them the belt of the bullet had to fit.

Conoidal projectiles had been advocated for some two hundred years in vain, until in 1844 the French adopted the "tige" system of Thouvenot. This "tige" was a thick steel pin fixed upright in the bottom of the bore so that the powder should lay round it and the bullet rest on the top, the bullet being conical in front and concave at the back. The "tige" was troublesome to clean, and in many ways unsatisfactory, and the French soldier especially was gratified when Captain Minié discovered that by placing an iron cap in the base of the bullet it could be allowed to rest on the powder without any other support, and would be expanded sufficiently by the gases to take the rifling. The Minié rifle was simply the Thouvenot without the "tige" and with the new bullet.

458

The Minié replaced the Brunswick. It was used in the Kaffir War of 1851, and in the Crimea at Alma and Inkerman, but it was never generally supplied, having been condemned in a few years in favour of the Enfield, which had the greased cartridges of which so much was made in the Indian Mutiny. This rifle was 4 ft. 6½ in. long, and 3 ft. 3 in. in length of barrel, its bore was .577 of an inch, the twist of its rifling was 1 in 78, and its bullet weighed 535 grains. The development of the modern firearm has caused a decrease in every one of these particulars. The Lee-Metford is nearly 5 inches shorter, its barrel is 9 inches shorter, its bore is .303 instead of .577, the twist of its rifling is 1 in 10, and its bullet weighs only 215 grains.

A military rifle must have a flat trajectory; that of the Lee-Metford is so low that for 500 yards it does not rise higher than a man. A flat trajectory means a high muzzle velocity; that of the Lee-Metford is 2,000 ft. per second. A high muzzle velocity means an increased power of charge in proportion to the size of the bullet. If you make the rifle thicker at the breech it is heavier and has more recoil; hence you have to reduce your bullet, but you must not make it too light or it will be deviated by the wind. Thus all the new rifles are much alike in their dimensions.

The Mauser is 4 ft. 2 in. long, so is the Mannlicher used by the Austrians, so is the improved Berdan used by the Russians, the



## Modern Military Rifles

Lebel used by the French being 4 ft. 3 in. The barrel of the Lee-*Metford* is 30 inches long, so is that of the *Berdan*, the *Mannlicher* being 30½ in., the *Mauser* 30¾ in., the *Lebel* 31½ in. The calibres are : Lee-*Metford* .303, *Mauser* .301, *Berdan* .3, *Mannlicher* and *Lebel* .315.

They are all sighted up to 2,250 yards, except the Lee-*Metford*, which is sighted up to 2,900; and the *Mauser*, *Mannlicher*, and *Berdan* have muzzle velocities of 2,084 ft., the *Lebel* having one of 2,073 ft., and the Lee-*Metford* one of 2,000 ft. The twist of the rifling in the Lee-*Metford* is 1 in 10, in the *Mauser* and *Mannlicher* it is 1 in 9.842, in the *Lebel* it is 1 in 9.45, in the *Berdan* it is 1 in 9. In their magazines the *Mauser*, *Mannlicher*, and *Berdan* carry only 5 cartridges, the *Lebel* carries 8, the Lee-*Metford* 10.

It is with regard to the mechanism of the magazine and the breech that such differences of

opinion exist as to the value of the weapon, and opinion in these things must always be to a large extent a matter of prejudice and taste. So far as accuracy is concerned, the differences are slight and hardly worth consideration, but judged by experimental trials the Lee-*Metford* is the most accurate. The trial of rifles, however, is not quite so conclusive as that of carriage-guns, for the gun is fired under somewhat similar circumstances to what it will find in action; whereas the rifle, which will then be held in the hand, is tried strapped on a fixed rest. The target is certainly designed to leave as little room for opinion as possible; unlike other targets, it consists of a square 24 ft. on the side, divided up into 6-inch squares, the rifle being aimed at the central cross, and at 500 yards nearly every bullet goes into one of the four central squares, even in a steady wind. It is when the gusts come that the pattern spreads.



## Curiosities of Words

*Fool*.—People who know French will naturally connect this word with *fou*, *fol*, *folle*, and will not be surprised to hear that it may be traced through various stages to the Latin *follicis*, "bellows." This, in later and popular Latin, meant an empty-headed person, so that *fool* by its origin answers exactly to the expressive term *windbag*.

*Forfeit* is another word that comes to us from Latin through French. The Latin elements are *foris*, out of doors, outside, and *factum*, done. A *forfeit* is therefore something done outside the province of duty, a misdeed. This original sense is now lost in another, the penalty of the misdeed.

*Forlorn hope* is by its form connected with *hope*, and even by some writers it has been used in the sense of a "dwindling, unreliable" hope; but it is really a transformation of a Dutch phrase *verloren hoop*, the lost troop, the Dutch *hoop* being an equivalent to our word *heap*. In French a storming party is known as *enfants perdus*, lost children, their lives not being worth an hour's purchase.

*Fortepiano* was the name for the musical instrument we now call the pianoforte. It arose from the fact that pedal actions were added to the old harpsichord or spinet for the purpose of producing a louder or softer tone.

*Fret*, *Fretwork*.—In the first of these words *fret* is originally a verb, meaning to eat, and said of animals, like the German *fressen*. Afterwards it meant to "gnaw, worry, and to destroy by eating away." Hence it is applied to the effect of the passions. In *fretwork* *fret* is a sub-

stantive of French origin, meaning "trellis-work."

*Garble*.—There was once a substantive *garble* which meant refuse (of spices). Both the substantive and the verb can be traced to an Italian original, being terms connected with the spice trade, formerly carried on through the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. But the Italian is the re-fashioning of an Arabic word, and there is reason to think that this is not a native Arabic word, but formed from a late Latin verb *cribellare*, "to sift." To *garble* then was to sift (spice), and a *garbler* was one charged with that duty. Another sense is now found only in the phrase to *garble* the coinage—i.e. to pick out the good coins for the melting-pot and return the rest into circulation. From this we get the current sense of making selections from, usually with a mischievous purpose.

*Garnet*.—The Latin for *pomegranate* is *granatum*, which appears in old French as *grenat*, *gernat*, and in middle Dutch as *garnate*. The red juice of the pomegranate led people to apply the term to a stone of the same colour.

*Gas*.—This word has been in use for rather more than 100 years to signify an aerial fluid of various kinds; but nearly 200 years before it had been used for an occult principle existing in all bodies. The inventor was a Dutchman, Van Helmont. His account of it is that he formed it from the Greek *χάος* (chaos—the Dutch *g* is sounded like *gh*) because he considered that the element he wished to name was very much like chaos.



## Over-Sea Notes

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS)

### South Africa

Two rather striking incidents have happened in connection with the war. The one was when the Canadians settled on Green Point Common in Cape Town, and a local cyclist rode in. To his surprise he was greeted with voluminous cheers. He found that his machine was recognised as of Canadian manufacture! The other was the capture of the *Mashona* at Port Elizabeth with 19,000 sacks of wheat for the Transvaal. The first incident particularly seems to have startled many people into a recognition of the amount of trade that is being done with America. It is of the annual value of £2,000,000, which is, for Cape Colony, a comparatively large sum. Moreover, there is every evidence that American business enterprise is to be a potent factor in the development of South Africa. No office is complete without its American roll-top desk and American chair, its typewriter, and the majority are of American make, and its file. The merchant coming to town may patronise the excellent electric tram service. England found the capital, but the cars are American, and so are the engineers, and the conductors for the most part. Carriages not of local make are chiefly American, and a large trade is done in American bicycles. Cash registers are all American, and so are all the time-saving devices about a place of business. The railway is still intact, and England supplies engines and rolling stock. The farmer in the Western Province at least is often more in touch with America than England. His ploughs and reapers are almost exclusively American, his mules may come from there, so do the windmills drawing water. He lights his house with kerosene and makes flower-pots of the empty

tins—a pleasing conjunction of sweetness and light. His children go to a school fitted with American furniture, and may be taught by Americans with unmistakable accent; and on Sunday he sits in church, as often as not, on American chairs. The occasional sailing vessel has now given way to a regular service of direct steamers arriving once a week or more. The secret of this extension seems to lie in the adaptability of the American. It is not only that what he sends is good in itself, but it is exactly the thing wanted, or it can be made so. It will be interesting to watch the development of this commercial intercourse.—G. G.

### Soldiers on Stilts

IMPROBABLE as it may seem, the French Army has lately been making experiments with the view of testing the value of stilt-walking for military purposes. Stilts are still used as a means of locomotion by the herdsmen of the *landes* of Gascony, although by no means to the same extent as they were twenty years ago. With the spreading of the pine forests over this sandy region and the draining of the marshes caused by the dunes preventing the outflow of water towards the Bay of Biscay, the need of stilts has gone on diminishing, for the usefulness of these artificial legs attached to those provided by Nature is chiefly felt in crossing moorland covered with prickly gorse, or marshy tracts where the points of solid foothold are often separated by yards of water or mud. In country of this character it is quite conceivable that stilts may render signal service in connection with certain military operations, such as the installation of field-telegraphs. An infantry regiment stationed in the department of the

Landes, and largely composed of *Landais*, has lately been testing the military value of stilts, and the result appears to be such as to render their adoption by the French Army for special purposes highly probable. They are found to be serviceable not only in placing telegraph wires in very rough country, but also as a means of quickly ascertaining where a river can be safely forded by troops. The stilt-man, by the aid of his lengthened legs, can measure the depth of the water with great ease and precision. He can feel about for the shallow places and thus lead the way. A few soldiers expert in the use of stilts might have been of service to our commanders in South Africa, where the watercourses are strategical obstacles of great advantage to the enemy.—E. H. B.

### Codified Civil Law in Germany

SECOND only in importance to the political unification of the Empire is the great work which nearly a generation of distinguished German jurists have just brought to a satisfactory conclusion, and which has taken effect throughout the Empire from the beginning of this year. We refer to the codification of the civil law. Its importance lies in the fact that it practically brings the various countries and populations comprising the Empire under one system of jurisprudence. Hitherto the most diverse systems had prevailed; now for the first time in the history of Germany, at any rate since the disappearance of that somewhat shadowy institution, the Holy Roman Empire, one uniform code of civil law unites all parts of the country. In Bavaria and parts of Wurtemberg and Baden the Roman law had persisted through twelve centuries. In the north-west of the Empire the indigenous laws which attracted the curious attention of early historians prevail to the present day. In Alsace and Lorraine, regions which have been alternately French and German since Cæsar's time have been governed by the Code Napoléon. In Prussia a medley of civic and agrarian regulations, inherited from a chaos of German and Slavic nationalities, have puzzled the keenest legal intellects for centuries. The "*Bürgerliches Gesetzbuch*," as the new code is called, has welded all these confusing and conflicting systems into more or less harmony. It does not claim to be perfect. Many abuses and indefensible privileges are still left standing—for example, a tyrannous system of entail and the cruel and unjust forest and game laws of feudal times; but the fact remains that the codification is a great historical achievement, and one which

will exert an immense influence on the future development of the German Empire.—M. A. M.

### Famine in India

No one in India just now can think of much else than the famine. The worst fears of last summer are being realised, and while few outside of India seem to have so much as heard that there is any famine worth speaking of, we find ourselves steadily drifting into what seems likely to be one of the worst in history.

Things have immensely improved, however, since 1877. The Famine Code comes into operation quietly and smoothly as though it were part of the normal administration. The enormous multiplication of railways, especially in Gujerat, where the famine is perhaps at its worst, keeps prices fairly steady (though fearfully high) all over the country, and the chance a man has of pulling through at least alive is infinitely greater than it would have been half or even a quarter of a century ago.

But for all that, the people are dying, and will die. Government is carried on in the long run not by the European officials, who, with all their energy, can only be a day or two in each place, but by the native underling, a man generally faithful, often hard-working, but seldom given to pity. He will dole out food and work to the applicants who conform to regulations, and will apply the Famine Code as strictly as red tape could wish; but as for going out of his way to bring in a man dying on the roadside, or to show personal kindness to the sick, or take food to those who from ignorance or weakness have failed to appear at the proper place and time, that is not in his line. There are splendid exceptions, of course, but the rule remains.

One of the worst features of this famine is the absence of water. A failure of the crops is bad enough, but last year over most of the famine-stricken area practically no rain fell: the result was that fodder immediately failed, and in a month or two the greater part of the cattle, which in hundreds of thousands formed so large a part of the wealth of Gujerat, was wiped out. The effect of this on the present year's agriculture, for which cattle are a *sine quâ non*, is too terrible to contemplate.

This absence of rain has not only affected the fodder, but has caused a grave anxiety in many places as to whether drinking-water would not give out. This has had one good result, in leading people to inquire as to the possibilities of

## Over-Sea Notes

artesian wells. Strange to say, in India, where the ground is frequently favourable, to all appearances, for boring, and where water is such a prime necessity, artesian wells scarcely exist. Native enterprise, however, in the person of Mr. J. N. Tata, the munificent founder of the New Research University, has already made some successful experiments, and it is hoped that now that attention has been drawn to the subject, Indian capital, whether assisted or not by Government, will come to the rescue, and in this way greatly increase the famine-enduring capacities of the country.

Meanwhile even the Famine Code and the best regulated relief works cannot prevent one of the most pitiful sights of famine times—the troops of half starved, orphan, or deserted children that wander round the country, slowly dying of hunger, cold, and disease. The missionaries open their doors to them, but already, with the worst still to come—the orphanages are full and the treasuries empty. Will even the cry of the children not unlock the door of Great Britain's great heart?—J. S. S.

### The Disfranchisement of the American Negro

At the present time, Mr. Booker T. Washington is the only national leader of the coloured people in the United States. He is the only coloured man of national prominence who has won the confidence of the white people of the South as well as of the North. He has obtained this prominence, and his hold on the confidence and sympathy of the American people, as an educationist, as the founder of Tuskegee, and not as a politician. So far in his career Mr. Washington has kept himself out of the domain of politics. He has never, like some of his predecessors among negro leaders, sought federal office, and thereby jeopardised his hold on the confidence of the people of both parties. Recently, however, Mr. Washington has taken part in a great political controversy now going on in the Southern States, which arises out of the movement in several of these States to exclude the negro from the electoral franchise conferred on him at the close of the War of 1861-65. This exclusion is being brought about by the introduction of new clauses into State constitutions which provide that no man shall vote unless he can read, understand, and give a reasonable interpretation of the United States Constitution. Clauses so worded are intended to exclude the negroes, as there is no expectation that they will be enforced equally against white and black. It was in the

discussion of this clause that Mr. Washington for the first time came prominently to the front in the domain of politics. From Atlanta, Georgia, he issued a powerful appeal against this clause at the time it was proposed to embody it in the Constitution of the State of Georgia. He pleaded with the white people of Georgia not to set themselves against the political rights of the negro by the adoption of any such device. He described the clause as unjust to the white man, because it would take away from him any incentive to prepare himself to become an intelligent voter; and as unjust to the negro, because it would make him feel that, no matter how well he prepared himself by education for voting, he would be refused a vote through the operation of the understanding clause. For thirty years after the War the negro was regarded as the ward of the people of the North. Four or five years ago this wardship of the negro obviously came to an end. Since then he has been left to the people of the South, without any interference from the North; and by one State after another the negro has now been deprived of his right to the electoral franchise. The State of Georgia was bent on following the example of other of the Southern States at the time Mr. Booker T. Washington issued his appeal; and with the treatment of the coloured people in other States in mind there is no ground for hoping that Mr. Washington's appeal will have any effect in staying the people of Georgia from adopting their new anti-negro Constitution.—E. P.

### Housekeeping Made Easy

THE great difficulty which the American housekeeper experiences in obtaining, not only trained servants, but even the rawest untrained girls, is leading to numerous devices for curtailing the domestic work actually performed by any household. Many ladies now find employment in visiting at fixed intervals the homes of their clients to dust and clean bric-à-brac, or even to take entire charge of the cleaning of parlours; and the periodic house cleanings in many families are regularly turned over to professional cleaners. The grand reception given to Admiral Dewey on his arrival in New York in October 1899 aroused one of the great department stores to a fresh venture, which seems a presage of a new era in domestic economy and management. This store advertised largely its readiness to provide a dinner consisting of soup, meat, vegetables, pie and dessert, planned for a family of five persons, for one dollar. This dinner was to be delivered, in part cooked, the remainder all



ready for cooking, in order, as the advertisement put it, to allow the whole household the chance of seeing Dewey, and yet of having an excellent hot dinner. The idea proved successful, and the store was swamped with orders beyond its power to fulfil. It is not likely that the precedent will go unnoted, and many housekeepers will soon be availing themselves of new opportunities of obtaining their meals regularly in a somewhat similar manner, and so reducing the amount of work to be done at home.—E. P.

### American Prosperity and the Servant Problem

THE domestic service problem in the United States, always closer and more disturbing than it is in England, has been aggravated by the present season of unprecedented industrial and commercial activity, coming as it does after an era of bad times. During the years of depression from 1893 to 1897, there was a large falling off in immigration. Fewer women arrived at New York from Ireland, Sweden, Germany, and the other European countries from which the United States draws its immigration. Consequently when the good times began in the summer of 1898, and there was an increased demand for servants, there were fewer women to meet the demand. Immigration increased as the tidings of the prosperity in America spread in Europe, and in the year ending September 1899 there were 116,434 women immigrants as compared with 95,725 in 1898. But this increase in immigration had little or no effect on the servant problem. The demand for servants was larger than ever before in consequence of the prosperous state of the country, and these prosperous conditions also led thousands of women, who would otherwise have gone into domestic service, to go to work in the factories and workshops. A few years ago nearly all the young Irishwomen arriving in the United States went into domestic service. During the prosperous times of 1898 and 1899, Irish women and girls began to show a preference for work in the factories, so that the prosperity of the industrial world, while it created a larger demand for servants, at the same time gave girls of the servant class other opportunities, which thousands of them accepted. Until ten or fifteen years ago Irishmen did all the heavy labouring work in the United States. They built the railways, and dug the sewers, and worked as builders' labourers. Since then, however, Irishmen have been pushing into other lines of work, and have been replaced in their old lines by

Italians. Irish girls, especially those born in America, are now beginning to drift out of domestic service, as Irishmen have drifted out of the rough labouring work which was formerly their lot in the United States, and with this movement of Irishwomen away from domestic service, the ever-present problem of the American housekeeper has been greatly aggravated; so much so that in some of the large cities, notably in Chicago, men are now doing housework even in what in England would be considered middle-class families.—E. P.

### Liberty of the Press in Russia

THE new Russian Minister of the Interior is evidently one of those statesmen who enter an office filled with the best intentions, a man of far more liberal and broad-minded notions than his immediate predecessor. Whether or not he will be able to realise his excellent intentions, and give effect to his liberal ideas, remains to be seen. He has begun well. He has caused it to be known, for example, that he will not interpret too strictly the stringent laws regulating the press, and that newspapers in the two capitals, St. Petersburg and Moscow, will be permitted more latitude in the discussion of the internal affairs of the Empire. It is not generally known that for all practical purposes Russian newspapers are subjected to the strictest censorship. No provincial paper, and only a few of those published in the capital, are permitted to go to press unless their contents, including even the advertisements, have been previously seen by an officer of the Censor's Department, or in his absence by the chief police official of the locality. They are not permitted to refer to the Tsar or to any member of the Imperial family unless the news which they wish to publish has already appeared in some official organ. Matters connected with the army and navy are rigorously excluded from this purview, so also is all criticism of the high official dignitaries throughout the realm. The new Minister recognises the evils attendant on this complete muzzling of the press, and the reforms which he intends to introduce are believed to be the forerunner of a still larger measure of freedom which will follow should this tentative reform prove satisfactory. Constituted and controlled as the Russian press is, it is a mistake not to attach importance to its utterances on foreign politics. No Russian organ of public opinion would be permitted to assume for long any attitude on foreign politics of which the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg disapproves.—M. A. M.



## Over-sea Notes

### The Cure of Drunkenness.

GERMAN medical men during late years have been turning their attention to the treatment of drunkenness, and are coming to the conclusion that this terrible evil, which exercises almost as devastating an influence in Germany as in England, is rather a disease, mental or bodily, than the outcome of mere moral obliquity. Doctor Wilhelm Bode, of Weimar, perhaps the most eminent German physician who has devoted much attention to the proper treatment of dipsomaniacs, has written a remarkable series of articles advocating the establishment of homes for inebriates. These homes, he thinks, might be the work of philanthropic associations throughout the provinces. They would be provided with all necessary comforts, the most healthy influences would be present in them, and, above all, the patients would be supplied with work to which they could devote their entire attention. He points out that a large percentage of drunkards have been brought to their present wretched condition not so much through any deliberate fault of their own as through accident, the mistakes of parents, heredity, or a tendency to epilepsy. Dipsomania, as often as not, is the result of mental aberration. It may be caused by a blow on the head, by sunstroke, by undue exertion either of mind or body. In the institutions of homes of which Dr. Bode advocates the establishment, the patients would, of course, be kept on strict diet, and would not be permitted to taste, touch, or smell intoxicating liquor of any description. It is, he maintains, a radical mistake in some reformers to imagine that the drunkard can be weaned from his madness by impressing upon him the necessity of a moderate as opposed to an immoderate use of intoxicants. *Total abstinence is indispensable* in the reform of the drunkard. Dr. Bode in his own immediate district has had remarkable success in the treatment of inebriates. During the ten years which he has devoted to this great question, he has been instrumental in establishing a large number of homes. Applications for admission, numbering altogether 2,147, have come to him from all parts of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. The space at his disposal, however, only permitted him to deal with 635 of these. The result has been most successful. As cured he reckons only those who, after prolonged trial, maintained their resolution to abstain from all intoxicating drink. During the first year of the existence of his homes, the success was not very marked: only 22 per cent. of the patients were

cured. But the percentage of cured patients has gone on increasing until in 1898 it reached 82. Dr. Bode's agitation on behalf of these homes excites much attention in philanthropic societies in Germany, and it is stated that the Government have been considering whether or not they should devote a sum to their support. It is satisfactory to learn that temperance societies are gradually obtaining a footing in several German States. This is notably the case with the "Blue Cross" Association, an organisation of a religious character. At the present time there are 112 branch associations of the "Blue Cross" in the Fatherland, with a membership of 4,553. It is a small number when compared with the vast membership of some of our British and American temperance orders; but Germany is only beginning to wake up to the importance of this movement. The Good Templars also begin to show considerable activity. One lodge known to the writer of this note contained only 205 members in 1889; to-day the membership is 7,200. The Hamburg lodge, which began in 1893 with ten members, has now 2,800. These examples might be multiplied.—M. A. M.

### A New Universal Language

PROFESSOR ZAMENHOFF, a Russian philologist of considerable eminence, has invented a universal language, which he calls "Esperanto." The new language seems to have "caught on" in Russia, Austria, and Germany, and already numerous little associations are being formed in these countries with the object of making it known in academical and commercial circles. Professor Zamenhoff's vocabulary is a curious mixture of Latin and German roots treated as regards the declensions of the substantives and the conjugation of the verbs in a somewhat arbitrary fashion. An example will suffice. "Frat" in the Esperanto language means *brother*. If one wishes to indicate the nominative case of "Frat" an "o" is affixed, thus—*frato*. All nominatives end in "o." A masculine noun is turned into a feminine by the addition of "in." *Sister* in the new universal language would be "fratino." "Leono" is *lion*, "Leonino" *lioness*; "Patro" is *father*, "Patrino" *mother*; and so on. The first sentences in the Lord's Prayer may be given as an example of "Esperanto." For anyone with a slight knowledge of Latin and German the following sentences present little difficulty: "Patro nia kiu estas en la cielo, sankta estu via nomo, venu regeco via, estu volo via, kiel en la cielo, tiel ankau sur la tero."

M. A. M.

# Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR GREGORY, F.R.A.S., AND J. MUNRO

## The Latest Observations of Mars

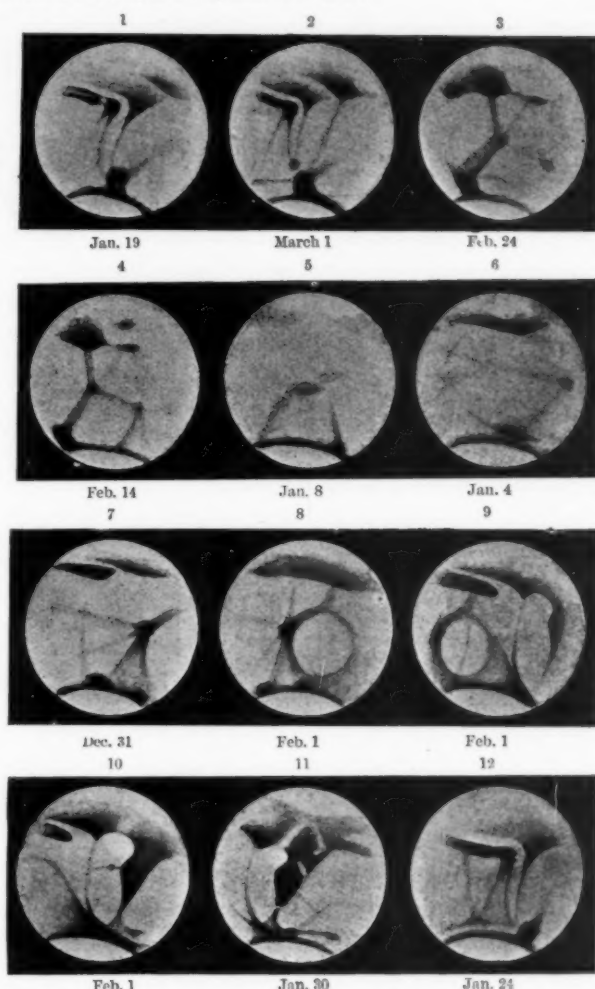
THE Rev. T. E. R. Phillips describes in the monthly report of the Royal Astronomical Society the observations of Mars made by him during the months when the planet was visible last year, and at the end of 1898. The accompanying illustration, reproduced from his paper, shows the markings observed upon Mars by this astronomer. As objects are always seen inverted in an astronomical telescope, the north pole of the planet is at the bottom of each picture and the south at the top. The cap of snow or ice around the north pole was very large and bright while the planet was under observation. The outline of this icy crown was fairly regular, and its edge was generally seen bounded by a dark blue-grey band, which is believed to be water produced by the melting of the ice. The tilt of the planet's northern hemisphere towards the earth rendered the southern snow-cap invisible. As regards the so-called canals, about forty of these objects were seen, and one of them was certainly seen double; in this case the two lines did not seem to be exactly parallel to each other, and Mr. Phillips is convinced that what he saw was two separate and distinct canals. As the doubling of many of the canals is believed by some astronomers to be due to an optical illusion, this observation is important. In the accompanying illustration, the seas, lakes, and canals are represented by the shaded areas. Owing to the rotation of the planet, different parts of the surface are visible at different times; this is well shown in figures 8, 9, and 10, which represent three views of Mars obtained on the same evening.

## Mechanical Scrapers of Water Mains

At a recent meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, Mr. W. Ingham, Borough Water Engineer of Torquay, described mechanical scrapers used by others and himself to clear away incrustations from the inside of iron water-mains. The serious effect of incrustations of this

character may be judged from the fact that though the water of Torquay is obtained from the Dartmoor hills, the delivering power of the mains was reduced in eight years to half their full discharging capacity. To remove the incrustation causing this decrease, scrapers, of the kind here illustrated, are placed in the mains from time to time and forced along by the water. The scraper shown in the illustration is ten inches long, the front portion consisting of four knives and springs supported by a framework, and the rear of two pistons having leather discs, or washers, upon them. The leather discs are

H H

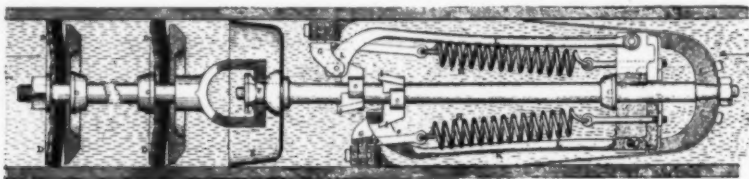


MARS, 1898-99. BY THE REV. T. E. R. PHILLIPS

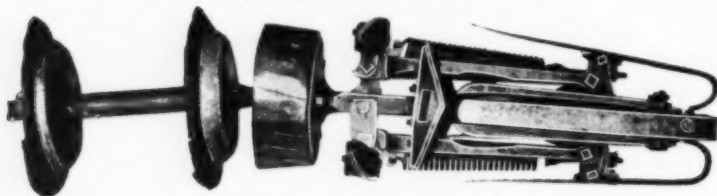
## Science and Discovery

made rather larger than the diameter of the pipe in which the scraper is to be used, and the pressure of water acting upon them forces the whole scraper forward. The steel knives

have collected are dropped into the receiver. The new machine thus does away with the difficulty of cleaning the magnets, which is necessary when ordinary permanent magnets are used.



SCRAPER IN A WATER-MAIN



GENERAL VIEW OF WATER-MAIN SCRAPER

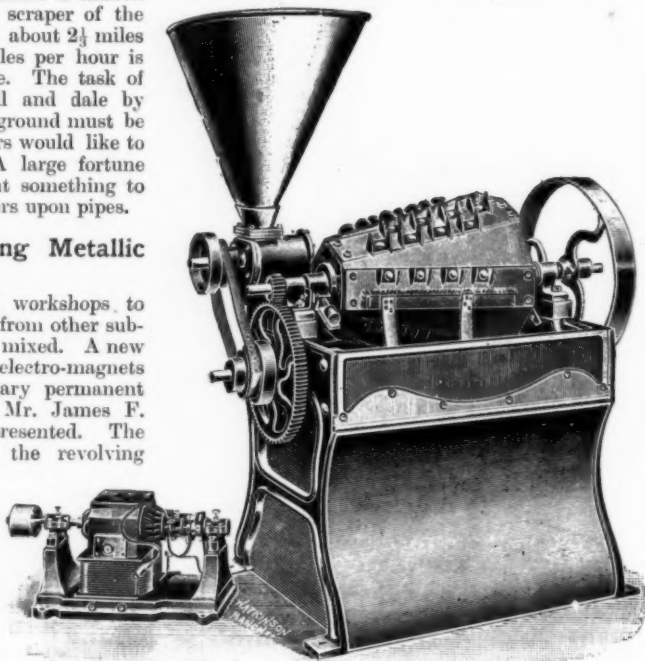
press outwards against the inside of the pipe with a force of about 48 lb., and are so arranged that they give way on meeting a pressure on the point of each knife of 60 lb. After the scraper has been put into a main it can be easily followed by the rumbling noise it makes. The rate of movement of the scraper of the Torquay mains is on an average about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour, but a speed of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour is obtained on one part of the line. The task of following the scraper over hill and dale by listening to its movement underground must be very exciting, but water engineers would like to be able to dispense with it. A large fortune awaits the man who will invent something to withstand the action of soft waters upon pipes.

### A Machine for Separating Metallic Particles

MAGNETS are used in metal workshops to separate iron and steel particles from other substances with which they may be mixed. A new machine for doing this, in which electro-magnets are used instead of the ordinary permanent magnets, has been devised by Mr. James F. Butterworth, and is here represented. The magnets are arranged around the revolving cylinder shown in the illustration, and they attract the iron and steel filings from the mixture running out of the funnel into which it has been placed. For a portion of each revolution of the cylinder the current is automatically turned off, with the result that the electro-magnets entirely lose their attractive force and the iron and steel particles which they

### The Extermination of Locusts

THE destruction of locusts by infecting a few of the insects with a fatal disease and then setting them free to mix with others is being very successfully carried on in Cape Colony. This



MACHINE FOR SEPARATING METALLIC FILINGS

method of exterminating a terrible insect pest was learned from Nature. A few years ago an immense number of locusts were destroyed by a natural epidemic, and an investigation showed that the cause of the disease was a fungus growth, now known as "locust fungus." Experiments showed that if an insect affected with the malady were placed among others, almost all of them became infected. The obvious thing to do, therefore, was to cultivate the disease fungus, infect locusts with it, and let them join the swarm. This has been done, and with very satisfactory results. Locusts selected to carry the disease may be infected in several ways; one is to smear them with the fungus culture and let them then rejoin the swarm; another is to drop a little of the fungus upon places where the insects are feeding; and a third method is to bottle up some of the insects with food covered with the fungus, and after they have eaten to set them free. In one case ten locusts were treated from each of five different swarms, and in four days after the infection the five swarms were lying dead in heaps. Cultures of the fungus are sealed in glass tubes and sent hundreds of miles away to the farmers, planters, and others who wish to use them for the extermination of locusts. To all who are liable to suffer from the ravages of these insects, this scientific method of exterminating the pest will be a great boon.

### A Coke and Coal Breaker

THIS useful machine is the invention of MM. Augé and Blün, of Rouen, and the illustration shows how it is employed. The bigger lumps of



coal, coke, or anthracite are put into the hopper and broken between revolving blocks of steel as they descend to the ground, where the "nuts" collect.

### The Slipperiness of Ice

THE reason why polished surfaces of stone or glass are unsuitable for skating, even though

they may be smoother than ice, was given by Professor Joly a short time ago, and is noteworthy at the present season of the year. It may be taken as a rule that slipperiness is always due to the presence of a liquid or gas between the surfaces in contact. In the case of skating, the lubricating film of liquid is water produced by the pressure of the skate upon the ice. The blade of a skate only touches the ice for a short length of the hog-back curve, and the pressure at the point of contact is very great. The pressure involves the liquefaction to a slight extent of the ice beneath the skate, and penetration, or "bite," follows as a matter of course. On very cold ice the blade of the skate is unable to sink into the ice sufficiently to obtain "bite," a condition with which skaters are familiar. But apparently some penetration must ensue in order to skate at all. Professor Joly's explanation of skating is, therefore, that the skater glides about on a narrow film of water, the ice turning to water wherever the pressure is most intense, and this water, continually forming under the skate, resumes the solid form when relieved of pressure.

### A Sea Telephone

WAVES of sound travel through water much faster than through air, and this fact has been utilised by Mr. Elisha Gray, the well-known American inventor, of Highland Park, Illinois, who conjointly with Mr. A. J. Mundy of Newton, Massachusetts, has brought out a submarine telephone, of a "wireless" order, the sea-water taking the place of the line wire. To this end they have devised an electric bell, giving a very pure tone, easily recognised from other sounds. The note is produced by an alternating or see-saw current of electricity, which passes through electro-magnets and taps the bell very rapidly. The note is continuous, and by breaking it up into long and short sounds, like the "dots" and "dashes" of the Morse telegraph code, a message can be signalled by it. Of course these signals are made by interrupting the current with a signalling-key, as in the ordinary telegraph. This bell is hung overboard of the ship that sends the message to a depth below the surface waves, as illustrated in fig. 1, which represents an officer in the act

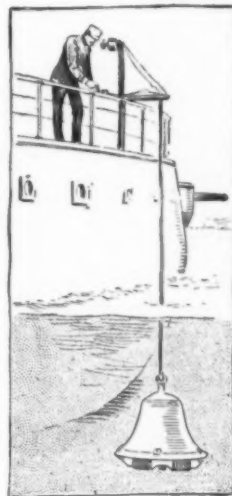


FIG. 1.

in fig. 1, which represents an officer in the act

## Science and Discovery

of sending a message. He is working the key and making the signals. Fig. 2 shows the corresponding apparatus for receiving the message on the distant vessel. It consists of a water-tight box, which is also submerged below the surface agitation. The sides of the box are vibrating diaphragms, and they have microphones

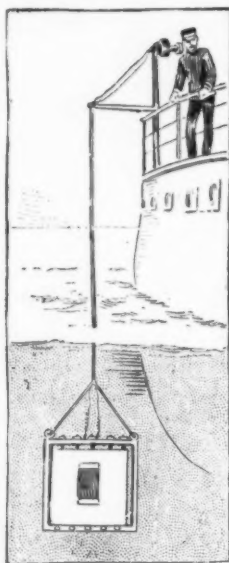


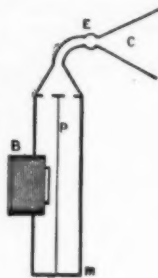
FIG. 2

attached within the box, after the manner of telephone-transmitters. These microphones are in circuit with a telephone on deck, and when the sonorous waves in passing through the water impinge on the diaphragm, the microphones reproduce the notes of the distant bell in the telephone. An officer with his ear at the telephone reads the message by the sound. It is obvious that such a telephone or telegraph should be useful at sea, especially in foggy weather, when other signals are unsuitable. It is also more secret than flag- or lamp-signals, and therefore adapted for the navy. Messages can be sent with it for more than five miles.

### A Telephone for the Deaf

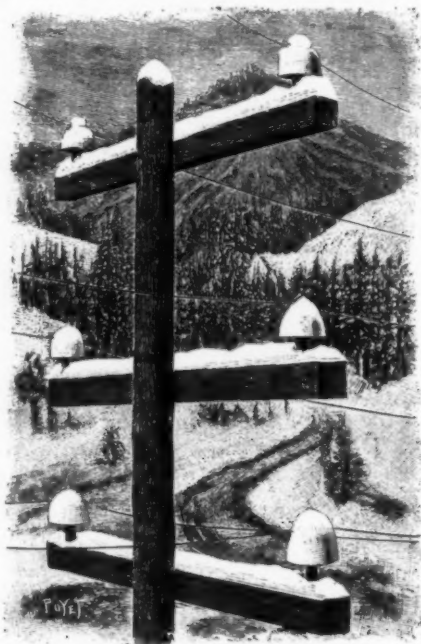
THE voice of the ordinary telephone is too feeble for deaf persons to use it, but M. Dussaud, of the University of Geneva, has produced a loud-speaking telephone which can be heard very well by those who are not stone-deaf. His device will be understood from the figure, which represents a section of the telephone. The bobbin *n* is the electro-magnet of the telephone, and its pole enters the side of a metal box *m*, in which the vibrating plate or diaphragm *p* of the telephone forms a partition. The air on both sides of

the plate is thus able to vibrate, and the vibrations pass up the tube *e* to a horn or mouthpiece *c*, in which they are heard. This telephone enables persons with defective ears to hear a sermon or a lecture, and it is not unlikely that public halls or churches will be provided with a number of them for the use of the deaf part of the audience. M. Dussaud has also applied the same principle to the phonograph, so that speech can be heard and taught to deaf mutes whose organs of hearing are only dull.



### Electric Power by Wire

THE most economical way to transmit electric energy by wire is to raise it to a very high tension (or potential) and send it over the wire, then lower it by transformers to the ordinary tensions required for electric lamps and motors. In this way currents of 50,000 volts and upwards



were recently sent "by telegraph," or in other words by means of iron wires supported by insulators of glass and porcelain on telegraph posts. Our illustration shows a line of the sort near Telluride, in Colorado, working well in winter with snow on the poles. With such high tensions the wire is luminous at night and emits a hissing sound like St. Elmo's fire.





## Varieties

### John Ruskin

THE tributes paid to the memory of Mr. Ruskin within the last few weeks would in themselves make a pathetic volume. They have many of them the note of discipleship; they are more than biography, more than criticism, and yet not eulogy. They have the spirit which Mr. Ruskin himself showed when he spoke of Carlyle as the awakener of his mind. It was this communicative spirit which made him so powerful, and which perhaps even more than his genius makes him memorable. Great lives are not shaped like statues in ideal lines of perfect form or absolute beauty; they are far more often gnarled and knotted and broken, like the lords of the forest, flinging out their strength according to an indistinguishable law. On a hundred points Ruskin might be challenged: he might be held extreme, extravagant, unbalanced, even unjust, but he was a great revealer of life in its higher possibilities. The spirit of the later Century was strong within him, its face towards the light, sometimes dazzled with the splendour of its own visions, dazed, angry, restive, sometimes bound in a darkness that can be felt, beset with prejudices, shouted down, failing where it would achieve, looking out on a vast tumultuous Beyond, yet struggling ever, with a sense of glory and new power in the revelations of God. It was this restless aspiration which more than any man of his time Ruskin embodied. He was both seer and interpreter, a man of his age and yet above it. Thus it was that he intermeddled with the national life; he compelled thought, he aroused to effort, not infrequently he set men thinking who came to opposite conclusions to his own; but even so it was gain. He may be admired while the English language lasts for his perfect prose, and remembered as long as English art has charm for his presentment of things great and fair; but it is not so much as a teacher that he will be honoured as for his influence in the almost magical force with which he quickened tens of thousands of minds. He had one of the rarest gifts, which no nation can buy, which every nation wants in its sons—the faculty of making enthusiasts. It would be a dangerous habit if the nation took to embodying its views of men in its hymns; but

more than a passing interest attaches to the following verses by Canon Rawnsley, which were sung at Coniston at the commencement of the funeral service:

"Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day? And he said, Yea, I know it."—2 Kings ii. 3.

"The prophets cease from out the land,  
The counsellors are gone,  
The lips to kindle and command  
Are silent one by one.

Our master taken from our head,  
In sorrow here we pray—  
Lord, teach us in his steps to tread:  
Be Thou our guide and stay.

Till all the righteousness he loved,  
The sympathy he sought,  
The truth by deed and word he proved,  
Be made our daily thought.

"He gave us eyes, for we were blind;  
He bade us know and hear;  
By him the wonder of the mind  
Of God, on earth was clear.

"We knew the travail of his soul,  
We thank Thee for his rest;  
Lord, lead us upward to his goal—  
The pure, the true, the best!"

### The Guest at Dinner

MR. RUSKIN said some severe things about Society. The following passage, which occurs in "Fors Clavigera," will have new interest now, and not the less when we remember the unexampled circulation last year of Mr. Sheldon's "In His Steps."

"By the way, I wrote a letter to one of my lady friends, who gives rather frequent dinners, the other day, which may perhaps be useful to others: it was to this effect mainly, though I add and alter a little to make it more general:

"You probably will be having a dinner-party to-day; now, please do this, and remember I am quite serious in what I ask you. We, all of us, who have any belief in Christianity at all, wish that Christ were alive now. Suppose then that He is. I think it very likely that if He were in London you would be one of the people whom he would take some notice of. Now, suppose He

## Varieties

has sent you word that He is coming to dine with you to-day, but that you are not to make any change in your guests on His account, that He wants to meet exactly the party you have, and no other. Suppose you have just received this message; and that St. John has also left word, in passing, with the butler, that his Master will come alone, so that you won't have any trouble with the Apostles. Now, this is what I want you to do. First, determine what you will have for dinner—you are not ordered, observe, to make no changes in your bill of fare. Take a piece of paper, and absolutely *write* fresh orders to your cook—you can't realise the thing enough without writing. That done, consider how you will arrange your guests—who is to sit next Christ, on the other side, who opposite, and so on; finally, consider a little what you will talk about, supposing, which is just possible, that Christ should tell you to go on talking as if He were not there, and never to mind *Him*. You couldn't, you will tell me! Then, my dear lady, how can you in general? Don't you profess—nay, don't you much more than profess—to believe that Christ is always there, whether you see Him or not? Why should the seeing make such a difference?"

## The Heliograph

THE heliograph is the scientific adaptation of an old signalling device which we owe mainly to Mr. Francis Galton, F.R.S., who has done so many notable things. He was the first to flash the sun's rays accurately in any given direction by using a stick in front of a mirror, and in improving on this he invented the instrument from which all the heliographs in the various armies have been developed.

Essentially the Mance heliograph is a round, rocking mirror hung with trunnions on to a U frame that can be set at any angle horizontally or vertically. At the back the mirror is joined at the top to a screw-rod that can be lengthened or shortened at will to set the mirror at any angle, which rod is attached to a key, under which is a spring, as in a telegraph sounder, so that it can be worked up and down with the finger, and with a short or long pressure give the dot or dash of the Morse alphabet, and slightly tilt the mirror at each touch. Extended in front of the mirror by means of a rod is a sighting vane. In the very centre of the mirror is a small unsilvered circle. To adjust the vane in the desired direction the signaller faces the instrument and moves his head until he sees in the centre of the mirror the reflection of the place with which he wishes to communicate; and then he moves the sighting vane until the reflection of the sighting spot at its tip is brought exactly in line with the centre of the mirror and the reflection of the distant station. The signaller then moves behind the mirror and directs the reflection of the sun on to the sighting vane. The small circle in the centre of the

mirror causes a small disc of shadow in the centre of the reflected light: this is the shadow spot which has to coincide with the sighting spot on the vane when the key is depressed. The direction can also be fixed by looking through the mirror spot on to the vane.

When the sun is behind the mirror a second mirror is used to reflect the light on to the working mirror. To keep the instrument steady a sand bag is hung between the legs of the tripod on which it rests, or a block of wood is buried in the ground, to which a loop of rope is attached, and to this loop the instrument is lashed. In the more complicated American instrument the flash is regulated by means of a sort of photographic shutter working on an independent stand in front of the mirror, which consequently remains unshaken. The American mirror, too, is square, as in the Begbie pattern originally used by us. Opinions differ as to which is the better plan, the results being much the same. With our ordinary five-inch mirror 70 miles have been signalled over, but the larger the mirror the better, and with a fifteen-inch mirror signals have been read by the telescope at 192 miles. An official limit is placed on the rate of all army signalling so as to allow for the limit of skill of the ordinary man. Large flag signals are not allowed to be sent faster than ten words a minute, with the small flags the limit is twelve words, with the lamps nine words, and with the heliograph ten words. The code is the usual dot and dash alphabet as modified by cipher, which cipher is generally obtained from those well-known devices, the tablet or the wheel.—W. J. GORDON.

## Army Signalling

LIKE many other mysteries, flag-wagging is easy enough when you know how it is done. At first sight it looks as though a man were merely waving a flag in front of him, backwards and forwards in spasmodic jerks; and it takes a minute or so to discover that only the jerks to one side are to be attended to. In fact, the signal is given either from left or right by opening the shoulders so that the flag swings in full fly across the body, the backward movement, in which it is more or less rucked up against the stick, being merely the return to the starting position. The alphabet used—in the early stages at least—is the Morse, the dashes being represented by a full wave of the flag almost down to the ground, the dots being given by a swing through half the distance. The dot and dash code is too well known to be repeated here, but it will be remembered that its simplest signs are E I S H, represented respectively by one dot, two dots, three dots, and four dots. It is with these four letters that the course of instruction begins. When the pupil can signal these at the proper speed of each sign, but with a longish interval between each letter in the twenty-four combinations it is possible to make

with them, he is advanced to dealing with T M O—the single dash, double dash, and triple dash—and with these and the first four he makes combinations of letters—but never of words, unless accidentally—until he can recognise and signal them distinctly. And thus by degrees he learns the whole alphabet, which he is very dull if he does not manage in a fortnight. Then the distances are increased, then three sets of signallers are worked together, those in the middle transmitting the signals received from the terminals; then a chain of signallers is arranged, in which the signals go the round and come back to those that sent them—occasionally in a state that is unrecognisable; for all this time no words are used, the messages being nothing but a grouping of separate letters as if they were cipher telegrams. The signalling of separate words comes next. In ordinary work there are always five signals before the real message. The first is the prefix, which begins with S, that is three dots, if the message originates from the station signalling, or with X, that is a dash, two dots, and a dash, if it is being sent on from another station. Combined with this S or X is perhaps a B or a G or an M, signifying “service,” “working of line,” or “ordinary message,” or whatever other prefixes there may be. The next signal is the time, the signals for which are obtained by lettering the clock face from A to M—omitting J—on the hour marks and filling up each group of four minutes with R S W X, so that, for instance, 2.36 would be represented by B G R. Next comes the call signal, then the number of words, the address, and the message. If the words received do not amount to the number signalled a request is made for the initial of each word to be sent, and in this way the missing word is discovered and repeated on request. In this country the signals made by the small flags, which are two feet square, can on a clear day be read with a telescope at twelve miles—in South Africa, where the atmosphere is clearer, the workable distance is longer—but care is always needed in choosing the stations so as to have a good background for the flags to show up against in every position of the sun. By night, lanterns take the place of the flags, the flash being obtained by means of a shutter. The plain straightaway alphabet is seldom used in war time; then the messages are mostly in cipher, and in many cases the dots and dashes

merely stand for numbers on a code system similar to that used at sea.—W. J. G.

### Astronomical Notes for March

THE Sun rises on the 1st day of this month in the latitude of Greenwich at 6h. 48m. in the morning, and sets at 5h. 38m. in the evening; on the 11th he rises at 6h. 26m. and sets at 5h. 55m., and on the 21st he rises at 6h. 4m. and sets at 6h. 12m. The last of these days is the vernal equinox, the Sun being vertical over the equator about 2 o'clock on the morning of the 21st. The Moon is New at 11h. 25m. (35 minutes before noon) on the morning of the 1st; enters her First Quarter at 5h. 34m. on that of the 8th; becomes Full at 8h. 12m. on that of the 16th; enters her Last Quarter at 5h. 37m. on that of the 24th; and becomes New again at 8h. 31m. on the evening of the 30th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about noon on the 1st; in apogee, or farthest from us, about 1 o'clock on the morning of the 15th; and in perigee again not long before midnight on the 29th. Both on the 1st and 30th exceptionally high tides may be expected, the Moon being near perigee whilst New. No eclipses are due this month; an occultation of the planet Neptune by the Moon will take place on the evening of the 8th, but on account of the strong twilight at disappearance, only the reappearance (the time of which is 7h. 34m. at Greenwich) will be visible to those who are provided with moderate telescopes. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the 8th, and visible in the evening after sunset during the first half of the month, situated in the constellation Pisces; he will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 25th. Venus continues to increase in brightness as an evening star; in the course of the month she will move from Pisces through Aries into the western part of Taurus, passing very near Delta Arietis on the 27th. Mars is not visible this month, rising not long before the sun. Jupiter rises now somewhat earlier and will be due south about 4 o'clock in the morning at the end of the month; he is situated in the constellation Scorpio, and nearly stationary. Saturn is in Sagittarius, and will be near the Moon on the morning of the 24th.—W. T. LYNN.



# The Fireside Club

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS

### PRIZE QUOTATIONS

#### On Letter-writing

1. The very essence of good letter-writing is the full surrender of the writer to the spirit of egotism, amiable, free, light-handed, unpretending, harmless, but still egotism. A good letter, like good talk, must always be an improvisation."—*John Morley*. (Sent by E. M. G.)

2. "Said Sam, 'She'll vish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'."—*Dickens*. (E. A. B. and others.)

3. "Full oft have letters caused the writers  
To curse the day they were inditers."—*Butler*. (B. W. and others.)

4. "Women are especially first-rate letter-writers, and we men are only bunglers."—*Schleiermacher*. (R. V. B.)

5. "A pleasant word is a cordial. I purr very loud over an honest letter that says pretty things to me."—*O. W. Holmes*. (M. M.)

6. "Indeed letters are in vain for the purposes of intimacy; an absence is a dead break in the relation."—*R. L. Stevenson*. (J. S. M.)

7. "To my friend I write a letter, and from him I receive a letter, that seems to you little. It suffices me, it is a spiritual gift."—*Emerson*. (M. W.)

8. "Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,  
Some banished lover or some captive maid;  
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires  
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires."—*Pope*. (E. M. and others.)

Our readers are invited this month to send in very brief quotations on the subject of "Spring." Each quotation to be written legibly on a post-card (only), no person to give more than one. A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS awarded for the best. See rules below.

The "Letter-writing" prize is awarded to E. M. Groom, 32 Braybrooke Street, Hastings.

### SIX GREAT VICTORIANS

#### Third

1. "He's the most amenable and friendly creature in existence. If he likes to fly a kite sometimes, what of that!"

2. "Ma, don't sit staring at me in that intensely aggravating manner. If you see a black on my nose, tell me so; if you don't, leave me alone."

3. "I am in the theatrical profession myself, my wife is in the theatrical profession, my children are

in the theatrical profession. I had a dog that lived and died in it from a puppy; and my chaise-pony goes on in 'Timour the Tartar.'"

4. "I have so many old parchments and papers in my stock. And I have a liking for rust and must and cobwebs. And all's fish that comes in my net."

5. "Among the passengers on board the steam-boat, there was a faint gentleman sitting on a low camp-stool with his legs on a high barrel of flour, as if he were looking at the prospect with his ankles."

6. "While I was a Christian, although humble, I would have natural coloured friends or none."

7. "Who was so bald and had such big whiskers, that he seemed to have stopped his hair, by the sudden application of some powerful remedy, in the very act of falling off his head and to have fastened it irrevocably on his face."

The initials of the seven names of characters referred to above give the name of the author of these passages. A prize of FIVE SHILLINGS will be awarded for the best brief answer in rhyme, giving the name and some characteristics of this Victorian celebrity.

### HIDDEN AUTHORS

A prize of ONE GUINEA is offered for the best answers in this series of Four Authors, which began in January. Answers must be sent in month by month, and one mark will be given for each correct light. The competitor scoring highest wins. See rules below.

#### Third of Four

1. "Alas! for this grey shadow once a man."

2. "Sweet is true love, tho' given in vain, in vain;  
And sweet is death who puts an end to pain;  
I know which is sweeter, no, not I."

3. "O saviour of the silver-coasted isle."

4. "So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life."

5. "I myself sometimes despise myself;  
For I have let men be, and have their way;  
Am much too gentle, have not used my power."

6. "Noa, thou'll marry for luvv, an' we boath on us think tha an ass."

7. "Thou liest beneath the greenwood tree,  
I dare not die and come to thee."

8. "He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak."

The initials of these eight required names spell the name of a world-famed poet. Give the names and the sources of the quotations.

## The Fireside Club

### Answer to Second of Great Victorians

CARLYLE

"Twas *Craigengputtock* knew the toils and throes,  
From which the flame-winged thoughts of Sartor  
rose.

The incisive style our critic-wits contemned  
Cultured *America*, alert, was quick to comprehend.

Splendid with colour, rich in rhythmic prose,  
In flashing scenes the *Revolution* shows.

From *Literature's* ranks, with plaudit of "well  
done!"

Upwards by dint of work to leader's place he won.

Youth nerved by him grew dauntless strong  
To storm the fortress-gates of Wrong.

From *London* heaven-like his thoughts went forth,  
To quicken brains of men from south to north.

In *Ecclefechan* though his ashes rest,  
*Carlyle* still nerves the world to do its best.

The prize of HALF-A-GUINEA is awarded to J.  
CAIRNS, Alnwick.

Answers in the foregoing competitions must be  
received at the "Leisure Hour" office before the  
20th of the month. They must be addressed to  
the Editor, and marked outside "Fireside Club."

Write very clearly on one side of paper. No papers  
can be returned, and private correspondence is  
quite impossible.

## Wives, Mothers, and Maids

TALKS IN COUNCIL

### Sick Nursing as a Profession

SO much has been written on the education and rewards of nurses that the public might be supposed to know all that can be told on the subject, but on inquiry it will be found that most people believe the following items, and no more: that nurses are trained free of cost to them or anyone; that they require three years' training to become proficient; that only those qualify who fail to marry the hospital doctors or students during that interval; that those who gain their certificate usually get on all right, subsequently—how is not known; that to qualify as a nurse is a social advance for the daughters of small tradesmen, but a social retrogression for the daughters of professional or military men; finally, that the friends of doctors are deeply disgusted when they attach themselves permanently to a member of any nursing staff.

In all of these there is just the grain of truth that suffices for the preservation of any error. The education certainly is inexpensive, provided there is an available opening in the hospital at which application is made. Until recently preliminary preparation was not thought of; all that was necessary was that the candidate should be possessed of good health, average stature, and respectable antecedents. A month's trial tested her fitness for the work; if she passed that, she entered as a regular probationer, and was paid a small salary from the first.

Any system of education that is easy of access, or inexpensive, usually results in overcrowding, and hospitals became so besieged by candidates that it was not unusual for their names to be enrolled two and three years before an opening could possibly be available; another result was

that, when qualified, sufficient work for all could not be obtained. Nursing has now reached the level of other kinds of employment. Divested of romance, it has a good deal to recommend it. It is arduous, but it rests on that sure foundation of usefulness which lies at the basis of all self-respect. To do work which will always be of service to one's kind, and to do it honestly, for its own sake and for the sake of those who are served by it, is to attain to a level on the human platform which no celebrity of an hour, no creature of notoriety and machine-made popularity, can ever expect to reach.

The age for nursing probationers has a wide limit, and that also serves to render it attractive to those who have reached the period of reflection. Candidates may be any age from twenty-one to thirty-six, but the favourite period is from twenty-five to thirty, and the majority of hospitals will not enter any candidate under twenty-five. This is because the work requires full physical development. The children's hospitals' probationers may be as young as twenty, but this is not advisable. Candidates who do not know how to fill up the time until they enter for training will sometimes be received in Special Hospitals and Convalescent Homes, where they give their services and pay 10s. 6d. to £1 1s. per week.

The main divisions of a nurse's work are (1) hospital nursing, (2) district nursing, (3) private nursing. The probationer is usually paid from £8 to £15 per annum, with uniform; qualified nurses in hospitals receive from £15 to £25, staff nurses from £25 to £30, sisters from £25 to £50, and matrons from £40 to £200, according to the dimensions and status of the hospital. Provincial hospitals rank quite as high as metropolitan hospitals in the matter of training,



## Wives, Mothers, and Maids

and most county towns possess at least one of these. Nurses who desire military or naval training enter on that when their general training is completed. They then receive, if accepted, six months' special training at the Netley Hospital, after which they may be drafted abroad to various military hospitals. Military nurses receive about the same salary as civil hospital nurses; after sixty years of age they are entitled to a pension amounting to about seventy per cent. of their salary.

Nurses in workhouse infirmaries receive rather more salary, and, like military nurses, are pensioned and superannuated at sixty-five, but for this purpose are obliged to contribute a certain proportion of their salary during their years of work. For civil hospital nurses no satisfactory pension scheme has yet been evolved, though various donations towards a fund have already been contributed.

Two-thirds of the nurses who obtain their qualification, having undergone three years' training and successfully passed the examinations, resort to private nursing. The independent nurse has nothing but her own talents and the favour of doctors who recommend her to depend on. Her income is therefore precarious, but, such as it is, she has it without deductions, and if fully employed may do very well, as her private expenses will be trifling. Other private nurses attach themselves to institutions, which undertake to pay them a regular salary; they send them out and receive their fees, out of which they pay them about £30 per annum, more or less. It is usual now for private nurses to co-operate, working together and taking their own fees, subject to certain deductions. The chief advantage of this is that nurses can assist each other in protracted cases, while establishing that basis of common interests which becomes more essential to the happiness of the wage-earning woman as years increase.

District nurses require less training for appointments than those already mentioned, one year with six months' experience in a nursing home being considered adequate. Parish nurses add maternity nursing to sick nursing. Salaries range from £65 to £80 without board or lodging; with lodging but without board the incomes are £50 to £70; with board and lodging £25 to £35, rising in the sixth year to £50.

Other branches of nursing are the care of the insane in asylums; the nursing of convalescents in convalescent homes; maternity nursing, when the training is from three to six months, and the fees so much per case; and massage, which is a speciality, and has recently become rather discredited.

As to the facilities for marriage, they are considerable, but probably fewer than in any other calling where men and women work together; they would not act as a primary motive with anyone likely to adorn the nursing profession.

The blue ribbon of the calling is an appointment as matron in a hospital, but, like all first prizes, it is difficult of attainment, demanding

consistently good work throughout all the preliminary stages.

All London and most provincial hospitals train probationers, and the matron answers the communications of candidates.

VERITY.

## HINTS AND HELPS FOR THE YOUNG WIVES AND HOME-KEEPERS OF OUR DAY

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON

FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN  
OF THE UNITED STATES, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE  
INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF "THE KING'S DAUGHTERS" AND  
"SONS," EDITOR OF "THE SILVER CROSS."

### The Tyranny of Clothes

THE mother of a family of limited means, with growing daughters all about her, is forced to think more of what they wear than of any other one thing that affects their mortal or immortal destiny. When the problem is not, as it is among the very poor, simply how to secure warmth and decency, it becomes one of dressing one's children as well as the children of other people, that they may not suffer any loss of attention from schoolmates and friends. One step higher in the social scale and the effort is the same; only now it is made because at parties and balls, and everywhere in fact, the well-dressed girl is noticed as the simply and comfortably dressed girl is not. Below a certain standard, changing always, but always arbitrary, it is considered critical to fall. "Whatsoever things are stylish" is written over many a portal where should be read "Whatsoever things are pure."

Nor is the tyranny of clothes exercised over the young alone. As years creep on and beauty wanes, all the more assiduously is the aid of personal adornment invoked to hide the ravages of time. In vain all remonstrance of the so-called reformer in dress. That which is simply hygienic has no chance with that which is or seems to the wearer "becoming"; that which is comfortable is of no account; that which is fashionable carries the day. Now they who profit by the manufacture and sale of apparel will see to it that the fashionable garment shall also be a costly one. Hence, except for the very rich, the struggle to be what is considered "well dressed" is very great, and time and thought and money, all of which ought to find better channels, are poured into the current of dress.

No sensible observer will dispute that some change is imperatively needed, that some remedy should be devised. Naturally, it suggests itself that any change, to be effective, must have the "axe laid at the root of the tree." A change in general sentiment as to the comparative importance of personal adornment is, of course, the thing at which to aim. But growth in general sentiment is the slowest of all growths,

## Wives, Mothers, and Maids

and, as in many other things, the outward has to precede the inward change. When the eye begins to recognise women as lovely, even if their clothing is neither costly nor of the latest style, the work is well begun; but recognition does not precede, it follows sight.

To furnish the examples of simple attire lies obviously with the young, or largely with them, because years have not yet robbed them of a woman's birthright of beauty and grace. If they dared—if only a few of them united together dared—to make their own standard, and to wear only that which should be first hygienic, then comfortable, then in good taste, the millennium in dress would have begun. By good taste we mean more than simply artistic or graceful. Grace there must be, and artistic effects in the sense of harmonious adjustment of colour and form; but good taste also, in the sense of being suited to the wearer's means, to her condition in life, to her surroundings, is the thing we so much lack. No girl can be said to dress in good taste whose dress is befrilled, beflounced, and so elaborately made that it took more of her mother's failing sight to sew it, or her father's wages to pay for it, than either could afford to give. Mothers are weak and foolish enough to permit and desire to put all the finery upon the daughters, forgetting that no girl can be called well dressed, no matter what her attire, while her motherspend little or nothing on her own clothes. It does not follow that the mother should be gaily clad while the daughter is denied. In most cases neither should be gay, and in no case is it necessary that either should be gay in order to be attractive or beloved.

A few brave and pretty girls with multiplication table enough in their heads to enable them to estimate and compare notes as to the amount of time and money actually misspent, or needlessly spent, on their dress, and with good sense and resolution to take the better way, might heaven a very large social lump and inaugurate a decided and beneficent reform. There would be no lack of followers. It is leaders, and leaders only, that such a movement awaits.

### Power of Habit in Babyhood

"I can never get my baby to sleep anywhere out of my arms," said a mother who was not rich enough to keep a nurse, or indeed, a servant of any kind. She had her own work to do for herself, her equally hard-working husband, and her one lovely baby.

"And I not only have to hold him in my arms," she added, "but he must be rocked to sleep; and I don't know how it happens, but he is sure to grow fretful and sleepy just when the kettle is boiling over, or when his father is waiting for his dinner."

"In the latter case, why not suggest that the father do the holding and the rocking?" said her friend, who had found her in the midst of a hush-a-by struggle, with the luncheon dishes still unwashed and the beds unmade.

"Unfortunately the boy will not be hushed and rocked by his papa. He seems to have made up his mind at ten months old that tending babies is woman's work, and kicks and rebels at all his father's experiments. But why am I telling you all this when you have a baby boy of your own, and know all about it?"

"Yes, I have a baby boy, but I haven't your experience, thanks to a good, kind mother-in-law. She told me that she learned, when my husband was a baby, that he could be a dear little comfort or a dear little tyrant, just according to the way I began with him. Of course my temptation was, as every mother's is, I believe, to hold and snuggle the child on all occasions. The closer and the longer I held him the happier I was. But while I indulged myself and the baby the fire went out, the dishes piled up on the kitchen sink, the beds lay unmade, the floor unswept, and, worse than all, my disposition suffered cruelly. I had married Harry, knowing his salary would not allow us a servant, but now I began to pity myself and blame him because I had none. Just then his mother came to visit us, took hold and helped me plan my work, showed me how to make my head save my hands, and, best of all, taught me how to train the baby to be a great deal more comfortable and a great deal less care. There was a little rebellion and a few fits of crying that nearly broke my heart, but the result was that the rocking chair was abandoned, and when nap time comes—which it does at the same time every day—my baby is fed and laid in his crib or on the middle of my big bed, where he crows himself to sleep. He sleeps at night, too, in his crib instead of in my arms."

"I shouldn't like that," said the other mother; "I should miss my child as much as he would miss me."

"To be sure you would; but think how much better is the cool pillow than your warm neck for his little head—the freedom to move the limbs about—fresh air for the lungs. And the real mother-love cares first for what is best for the child. Come and spend a day or two with me and see how my plan works."

"I would like to come so much," said the tired young mother, "but since baby came I never have time to go out."

"That's all wrong. Bring the baby, and I'll invite your husband for dinner, and I promise you that you will make up all your lost time, if you will learn how to use the time you have and to regulate your little boy's life while he is a baby, so that the mother is not all killed out of you and only the drudge remains."

### Making the Home Attractive

Except in rare instances, the woman who has a home of her own, be it ever so simple and plain, desires to make the spot as pretty as she can. The instinct toward neatness and beauty dies hard in womankind, but it can be utterly destroyed by the slow process of discouragement

## Wives, Mothers, and Maids

and the fact that nobody cares. The truth is, that human beings need not only to see cleanliness, but to see freshness and variety and change; and the house cleaning should be no more an object of pleasure and interest to the woman than to the man. There is much she can do without him. She cannot paper the walls, perhaps, though many a farmer's wife has done even that; but give her the money, and she will buy the paper and find some one to hang it. Any man who can handle tools can make bookshelves and ornaments for the house. If, beside this, he buys the prepared paints and little by little gives a fresh coat to the various rooms, it is no more than his share of the task. Yet there are women who only ask the paints and will attend to the rest for themselves. Without the background of occasional fresh paint and paper, the scrubbing is of little avail. With it, the woman has a fair field on which to display her taste and skill. Give her these, and you may trust her for clear shining windows, spotless and pretty curtains, fresh and bright coverings for lounges, chairs, and tables; dainty wall-baskets, well-dusted book-shelves, a few fresh ferns or flowers or a growing plant in the window. Give her the house with the essentials which she cannot get for herself, and you may trust nineteen out of every twenty women to make a pretty and attractive home.

And when she has made it, it helps wonder fully if her husband acts as if he knew he had it, and enjoyed it. It is no special pleasure to a woman to create a comfortable and cosy sitting-room, in which to sit and sew of an evening, while her husband sits by the cooking-stove in the kitchen and smokes his pipe and reads his paper, as if the pleasant and attractive corner were not the place for him. Cleanliness may be next to godliness, and a very nice thing in its way; but why should we be content with being clean, when a little care and trouble and money would make our houses attractive and homelike as well? We all look forward to beauty as one of the charms of the many "mansions" toward which we surely and swiftly hasten. Why not cultivate our love of the beautiful here? We are not thinking of the people who are so poor that they cannot make any small outlay except for clothing and food; but of those who can. And of these we are only asking that which can be done consistently with their duty to others and to themselves. But a part of one's duty to oneself is to give every side of the nature its chance to grow.

### Forgotten How to Play

Gentle mother, whose life is full of work and care, have you forgotten how to play? If so, let your own children teach you over again. Join in their frolics, share their sports, learn to play their games. It may seem loss of time to you, but it means infinite gain to the children for the mother to be also the playfellow.

This cannot always be done, but it can be done

often enough to increase many-fold the child's delight in sport. There is no opportunity like it for inculcating the doctrine of fair play and of unselfish sharing of toys. From being pleased and proud to have mother play with them they can easily be led to the desire to make her have a good time, and from that to the consideration and practice of giving other people pleasure.

Remember the playtime is his best time for the average child. They learn quite early enough that they can have good times without the mother. Do everything to postpone that evil day, and, leaving the welfare of the child out of the question, the play will do the mother good. It takes away the worry, and makes at least one bright and sunny half-hour in a day that may be full of cares.

We have no space to enumerate the advantages, but they are many. Try them for yourselves, dear mothers, and help each other by reporting the results of the trying upon your heart, and also upon the temper and spirit of your child.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*A.R.*—Some delay is inevitable in judging of the competitions. Prize-winners will hear from the editor about the time the awards are made public.

*A Knitter* would thank Fourply and Nansen Cap who wrote in issue of last November if they would kindly give directions for making both caps and indicate the wool required

*Isabel.*—Butter that has been kept too long may be restored in flavour by breaking it into small pieces and soaking these for one hour in fresh new milk, then pour off the milk and wash in salted water. If not sweet, mix in some borax, two salt-spoonfuls to the pound, and place again in a milk bath for one hour or more, then wash off as before. Should this not suffice, then the butter must be reserved for frying purposes. The expediency of adding borax to milk to keep it sweet was recently debated at the Health Congress, but no definite conclusion was arrived at. When added to milk of course it remains in the milk, but it can be washed out of butter.

*F. B. D.*—You will find directions for making a wool tea-cosy in the "Knitting and Crochet Instruction Book" which Messrs. Fleming Reid & Co. of Greenock will send free if stamped addressed newspaper wrapper be enclosed in the application.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—

"Verity,"

c/o Editor, "Leisure Hour,"

56 Paternoster Row,

London, E.C.

# Our Chess Page

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS

### Fifteen Guineas offered in Prizes

#### BRILLIANT GAMES COMPETITION

##### Award

The prize of two guineas in the London League Competition has been won by Mr. Philip W. Sergeant, 20 Maclise Road, West Kensington, for his game played for West London against Hampstead (Board No. 1) on October 26, 1899. The game submitted by Mr. Frederick W. Flear is deserving of high commendation.

In the other competition the two best games sent in are those by Mr. J. E. Parry, 1 Hammer Villas, Bishop Street, Shrewsbury, and Mr. William Ward, 16 King Street, Cheapside. In both games the brilliancy is somewhat discounted by weak opposing play, and it is so difficult to decide which is the better that the total of the two prizes has been divided equally between them. Each of these two players therefore receives one guinea and a-half. Mr. Parry's game (an Evans Gambit) was played for Shrewsbury against Wellington on November 14, and Mr. Ward's (a Giuoco Piano) for Kent v. Sussex on November 18.

The games submitted by F. E. Dryden (Peterborough), F. R. Gittins (Small Heath), and R. Noble (Huddersfield) are commended.

Nearly all the other games sent in were marred by hopelessly one-sided play.

Here are two of the prize games:

#### GAME BETWEEN P. W. SERGEANT (WEST LONDON) AND R. C. GRIFFITH (HAMPSTEAD)

WHITE (P. W. Sergeant)	BLACK (R. C. Griffith)	WHITE	BLACK
1 P-K4	P-K4	15 Q-Q2	Kt-B3
2 Kt-B3	QKt-B3	16 Kt-Kt5	QKt-Qsq
3 B-Kt5	Kt-B3	17 Q-K3	Q-B3
4 Castles	Kt x P	18 Kt x RP	K x Kt
5 P-Q4	B-K2	19 Q-R3 (ch)	K-Kt sq
6 P x P	Castles	20 Kt-B6(ch)	P x Kt
7 R-K sq	Kt-B4	21 P x P	Kt-Kt4
8 P-QKt3	P-QR3	22 Q-R6	QKt-K3
9 B-QB4	P-QKt4	23 P x B	P-B3
10 B-Q5	B-Kt2	24 P x R (ch)	R x Q
11 B-Kt2	Q-B sq	25 B x P	Kt-R6 (ch)
12 Kt-B3	Kt-K3	26 P x Kt	K-B2
13 Kt-K4	Kt-R4	27 B-Kt7	Kt x B
14 B x B	Q x B	28 R-K7 (ch)	<i>Resigns.</i>

#### GAME BETWEEN W. WARD (KENT) AND H. F. CHESHIRE (SUSSEX)

WHITE (W. Ward)	BLACK (H. F. Cheshire)	WHITE	BLACK
1 P-K4	P-K4	20 B-B4	Kt-B3
2 Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	21 B x P (ch)	K-R sq
3 B-B4	B-B4	22 R-K7	Q-B4
4 P-B3	Kt-B3	23 P-Kt4	Kt x P
5 P-Q4	P x P	24 P x B	Kt x R
6 Castles	P-Q3	25 Kt-B7(ch)	K-R2
7 P x P	B-Kt3	26 R-Kt sq	Kt-B sq
8 Kt-B3	B-Kt5	27 Kt-Kt5(ch)	K-R sq
9 B-K3	Q-K2	28 Kt-B7 (ch)	K-R2
10 R-K sq	Castles(QR)	29 Q-Kt3	Kt x B
11 B-Q5	B x Kt	30 Q-Kt6(ch)	K-Kt sq
12 P x B	Q-Q2	31 Kt-R6(ch)	K-R sq
13 B x Kt	Q x B	32 Kt x P	R-Q2
14 P-QR4	B-R4	33 P-R6	Q-Kt3(ch)
15 Kt-Kt5	Q-Q2	34 K-B sq	KR-Q sq
16 R-K2	P-B3	35 R-Kt5	Kt x R
17 Kt x RP(ch)	K-Kt sq	36 P x P (ch)	K-Kt sq
18 P-Q5	P-B4	37 Kt-R6	
19 Kt-Kt5	Kt x KP	mate	

#### PROBLEM-SOLVING COMPETITION

##### Solutions

##### PROBLEM IV

The key move is K x P and, in spite of the double check, white can mate in two more moves.

##### PROBLEM V

To give the full solution of this would take up a large amount of space. The key move is R-Kt5, and not Kt-Q3, as many competitors suggest. Black has five possible moves: 1. K x P; 2. K-Q4; 3. P-Q6; 4. P x P; 5. P-R6. To these White can reply respectively by 1. Kt-B3; 2. Kt-Q3 or K-Q3; 3. KP x P (ch); 4. Kt-Q3 or R on Kt5 x P; 5. Kt-Q3 or P x P; and the finish in each case is a comparatively easy matter.

##### ADJUDICATION

The Problem-solving Competition attracted hundreds of competitors, and the work of adjudication has been no easy matter.

## Our Chess Page

Broadly speaking, the solvers could be ranged into six classes: First, those who solved but did not send. Second, those who sent in solutions to only some of the problems. Third, those who gave one or more incorrect key moves. Fourth, those who gave correct key moves, but without enough evidence that they had mastered the leading variations. Fifth, those who solved the problems satisfactorily. Sixth, those who, in addition to solving the problems, discovered some, if not all, of the duals in Problem V., in reply to black's first move. These duals are indicated in the printed solution.

To those solvers who discovered them the highest credit belongs, and to them therefore the prizes have been awarded.

Many attempted to solve Problem III. by 1. Q-K8, and Problem V. by 1. Kt-Q3; but further examination will show that in both cases black can avoid mate in the specified number of moves.

### Prize Winners

#### Fifteen Shillings each:

REV. GEO. J. KNIGHT, Newbury; A. WATSON, Crowthorne, Berks.

#### Twelve Shillings each:

ARTHUR JAS. HEAD, 256 Marylebone Road, N.W.; EUGENE HENRY, 19 High Street, Lewisham, S.E.; FLORENCE M. RAMSAY, 3 Oxford Buildings, Cheltenham; REV. ROGER J. WRIGHT, Kilverstone, Madeira Avenue, Worthing.

#### Seven Shillings and Sixpence each:

F. R. GITTINS, Rookwood Cottage, Glover's Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; J. K. MACMEIKAN, Repton School, Burton-on-Trent; WM. M. MEARS, Brockett Hall, Torquay; W. B. MCIB, 21 Devonshire Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester.

The following also solved all five problems correctly:

NORMAN ALLISTON, F. W. ANDREW, T. H. BILLINGTON, RALPH H. BRIDGWATER, H. BRISTOW, CHAS. H. BROUGHTON, CHAS. BYATT, S. H. CARTER, WM. COCKBURN, SAMUEL COLCLOUGH, GEO. WM. CUTLER, FREDK. DRYDEN, RALPH EASTMAN, P.G.L.F., PASTEUR P. FAREL (France), CHAS. P. FUCHS, J. Y. FULLERTON, THOS. P. GARBUTT, G. H. GLEESON, L. B. GAYWOOD, WM. H. GREENBROOK, W. H. GROVE, JAS. P. DE LA HAYE, MRS. H. M. HOULING, EDWARD R. HUGHES, WALLACE H. KING, REV. R. H. KILLIP, W. KIRK, FREDERICK KIRSOPP, THOMAS LENTON, FREDERICK LIBBY, JAS. A. MCKEE, W. B. MCMASTER, FRANK MARSHALL, REV. F. J. MIDDLEMIST, G. W. MIDDLETON, R. THEODORE MILFORD, JOHN W. MORLING, G. C. MORRIS, J. E. PENISTON, R. SAUNDERSON, ANNIE SIFTON, J. T. SIFTON, FREDK. W. SOUTHEY, G. A. TENGELY, JOSEPH H. TODD, JACOB VERRALL, REV. H. W. WALSH, R. H. P. WANDESFORDE, H. WHEELER.

The following gave all the key moves correctly, but their solutions were too incomplete for us to be sure that they had really mastered the problems:

MRS. BIGGINS, JAMES LOCK, JOHN PRITCHARD, R. SHUFFLEBOTTOM, PERCIVAL H. SIMON, W. H. THOMPSON (Tenerife).

### NEW COMPETITION

Again we offer Five Guineas in Prizes for brilliant match games, this time to be played during the months of March or April 1900 anywhere in the

United Kingdom. First Prize Two Guineas, second One Guinea, and four prizes of Half a Guinea each. The conditions are that the games must reach us by May 5 and that each must be accompanied by full particulars of the match in which it was played, including names and date.

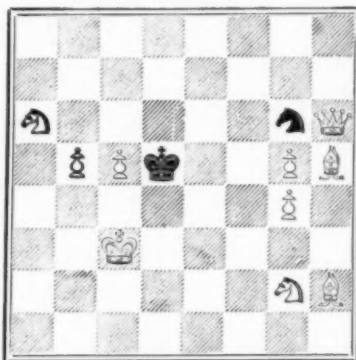
### OTHER COMPETITIONS

The Problem-Composing competition (Six Guineas in Prizes) does not close until March 5, so that there is still time to compete. Particulars will be found in the January part.

The End Games Competition (Four Guineas in prizes) closes on April 5; full particulars were given last month.

#### A NEW PROBLEM BY MRS. W. J. BAIRD

BLACK—2 men

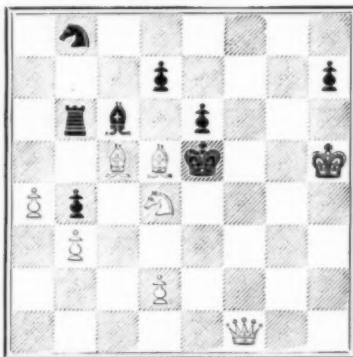


WHITE—10 men

White to play and mate in two moves.

#### PROBLEM BY F. MORRIS

BLACK—8 men



WHITE—8 men

White to mate in three moves.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope.



# The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

## REPORT OF THE EXAMINERS

### COMPETITION 8

For the Musical Competition (No. 8) of the "Leisure Hour" Eisteddfod 191 compositions were received. The average quality of the work was higher than we had anticipated, the majority of the competitors showing at least a rudimentary knowledge of harmony. The tunes, moreover, were for the most part appropriate for hymnal purposes. There were not more than half a dozen worthless compositions sent in; on the other hand, few of the settings displayed marked originality. The work of the prize-winner, Mr. William Ellis, Mus. B. Dunelm. (organist of Richmond Parish Church, Yorkshire), is, however, most original, and an admirable setting in every respect. It will be found on page 447 of this number. Mr. R. E. Thompson, Mus. Bac., sends a very well-written tune, but it is not spirited enough for the words; and the contributions of the Rev. L. Meadows White and of Mr. Lewis Meunich deserve to be honourably mentioned.

### COMPETITION 7

*The best copy, in water-colours or oils, of our November Frontispiece: "A Stranger in the Land."*

#### First Prize Three Guineas:

MISS H. ROBBINS, 1 Lansdowne Crescent, Bath

#### Second Prize Two Guineas:

B. LEMMON, High Street, Hythe, Kent.

#### Third Prize One Guinea:

M. HELEN TESSIER, Westfield, Sevenoaks.

#### Very Highly Commended:

MRS. J. W. WORSICK, Rawtenstall, Lancs.

#### Highly Commended:

MISS FRANCES MILLER, 104 Brecknock Road, London, N.

#### Honourable Mention:

E. A. J. WRIGHT, Vauxhall; GERTRUDE S. IRVING, Highbury New Park; BEATRICE PRITCHARD, Bedford; A. SHIELDS HUNTER, Rothesay; ROSALIE FRANKS, Blackrock, Dublin; M. E. VARDY, Maidenhead.

### TO COMPETITORS

Competitors who may wish their paintings returned can have them on personal application or

by sending stamps to cover postage. No painting will be returned unless applied for before March 31, 1900.

### COMPETITION 9

#### Best Original Christmas Card

#### Prize Half-a-Guinea:

MISS CATHARINE M. PARSON, Southfield, Coates, Cirencester.

#### Very Highly Commended:

MARY EMMILINE LIGHTFOOT, MISS A. G. SIMMONDS, EMMA C. SMITH, MARION MACPHERSON, MRS. CATTERMOLE, HATTY ROGERS

#### Highly Commended:

KATHLEEN E. CLARK, MISS A. M. PHILIPS, MISS THOMPSON (Dufftown), DOROTHY KIMBELL, MISS MARRIAGE, MAY RICHARDS.

#### Honourable Mention:

MISS M. MARTIN, MISS YOUNG (Torquay), MISS C. G. COCORDA, GERTRUDE SMITH (Athlone), EDWARD T. WELLS, MISS MADELENE POTTERTON, L. C. OLIVER.

### COMPETITION 10

#### SINGING

*Silver Watch Chain Badge, awarded for the Soprano Solo "I will sing of Thy great mercies," sung at a Competitive Concert on or before December 30, 1899. The prize was awarded by local judges, not less than one hundred persons being present when the solo was sung.*

The following (in alphabetical order) have obtained the badge:

NAME AND ADDRESS	WHERE SOLO WAS SUNG
MISS BESSIE EVANS Ailybryn, Borth, Near Dolgelly.	English Presbyterian Church, Dolgelly, Christmas Night, 1899.
MISS BESSIE EVANS 9 Approach Road, Manselton, Swansea.	Libanus Cwmburla, Swansea, Christmas, 1899.
MRS. LAURA PRICE Post-office, Beaufort, Mon.	Zoar Chapel, Beaufort, Annual Eisteddfod, Christmas Day, 1899.
MRS. ROBERTS (Llinos Aled).	Nautglyn Eisteddfod, Christmas Day, 1899.
MISS ETHEL THOMAS 1 Arran Street, Castle Road, Cardiff.	Cardiff Eisteddfod, Wood Street Chapel, December 26, 1899.

# The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

## COMPETITION 11

### Needlework

#### CLASS A: BEST KNITTED MUFFLER

##### First Prize Two Guineas:

M. GAITSKELL, 1 Church Street, Kensington, W.

##### Second Prize One Guinea:

Mrs. McCULLOUGH, 127 Glenfield Place, Ormeau Road, Belfast.

##### Very Highly Commended:

MISS HULBERT, Chippenham, Wilts; Miss A. M. PROCTER, Witton Vicarage.

##### Highly Commended:

JANE EDWARDS, Stratford-on-Avon; Miss TAYLOR, Barnwood; MARJORIE DREDGE, Margate.

#### CLASS B: BEST PAIR OF CUFFS OR MITTENS

##### First Prize Two Guineas:

Mrs. BARTLETT, 38 Hamilton Road, Reading.

##### Second Prize One Guinea:

MISS ALICE W. BROWN, Preston House, Redhill, Surrey.

##### Very Highly Commended:

MISS MARY DOLRÉE, Colwich Vicarage; FANNY D. PARSON, Coates; A. M. McALLUM, Bothwell; CAROL MEDEN, Windermere; Miss FOSTER, Cambridge; EMILY CHOMIE, Co. Derry.

##### Highly Commended:

Mrs. L. MATTLAND-KERWAN, Castle Douglas; MARGARET JOSELIN, New Wandsworth; Miss M. F. FLOWER, West Stafford; Mrs. LIGHTFOOT, Thame; KATE BATCHELOR, Sunbury; L. E. LAIDLEY, Reading; MABEL FOOKS, Yeovil; MARGIE DREDGE, Margate; F. BUCKLE, Cheltenham.

#### CLASS C: BEST BED-JACKET

##### First Prize Two Guineas:

MISS TAYLOR, Laburnum Villa, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

##### Second Prize One Guinea:

Mrs. BARING, Eggesford Rectory, North Devon.

##### Very Highly Commended:

MISS L. PROCTER, Witton Vicarage; Miss E. M. BROWNE, Redhill.

The mufflers, mittens, and bed-jackets were given at Christmas to workers in East and South London for distribution among the poor, and we have received most grateful letters of appreciation.

## COMPETITION 18

*Prize Essays for teachers, on "Troublesome Pupils and How I Dealt with Them."*

### BOYS' SCHOOLS

##### Prize One Guinea:

J. PIKE, B.A., 2 Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol.

##### Very Highly Commended:

"A LOVER OF EDUCATION," Ramsgate.

##### Highly Commended:

"KHARKI," Holland Park, London, W.; JESSIE CREIGHTON, Stroud Green, London, N.

### GIRLS' SCHOOLS

##### Prize One Guinea:

"HANNAH," Gloucester.

##### Very Highly Commended:

"CAROLINE," Stroud; "EUREKA," Winton, Bournemouth.

##### Highly Commended:

"EXCELSIOR," Broomhill, Acklington, Northumberland; ALICE COX, Parker Road, South Croydon; "EXPERIENCE," Boyne Park, Tunbridge Wells.

## A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND OR A HOLIDAY TRIP AT HOME

We have pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the arrangement which we have made with Dr. H. S. Lunn for **Two Ten-Guinea Tickets** for Swiss Tours in July, August, or September.

One of these Tickets will be given to any of our readers (except booksellers and newsagents) who will obtain the largest number of new subscribers to the *LEISURE HOUR* before May 25, 1900.

The other of these Tickets will be given to the Bookseller or Newsagent who obtains the largest number of subscribers before the same date.

Those who are not successful in obtaining the tickets for the Swiss tour may, however, obtain tickets for a trip at home.

**Three Two-Guinea Tickets** will be given to those who secure the Second, Third, and Fourth largest number of subscribers. The places may be selected by the successful competitors.

**Two Two-Guinea Tickets** to the Retail Newsagents who stand Second and Third in the number of new subscribers obtained by them.

For full particulars and conditions, see our Advertisement Pages.

There is still time to secure the prizes by doing all you can for the March, April, and May numbers of the *LEISURE HOUR*.

